MOVIE MADNESS SPECIAL: BEST SUMMER FLICKS

Stuff

THE STUFF SURVEY

Ever slept with your gun?

U.S. soldiers shoot off their mouths (and more)

SEX Without Trying

Less dating More mating p.100

Homicidal Hoboes!

Murderous tales of rail-riding lunatics

A Guy Walks into a Bar

And gets lucky. Here's how! p.132

IZA DOES IT!

REIGN OF FIRE'S IZABELLA SCORUPCO

007's hottest babe p.58

PLUS

Busta Rhymes

The Crocodile Hunter

Pictures of Ugly Fish

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JULY 2002

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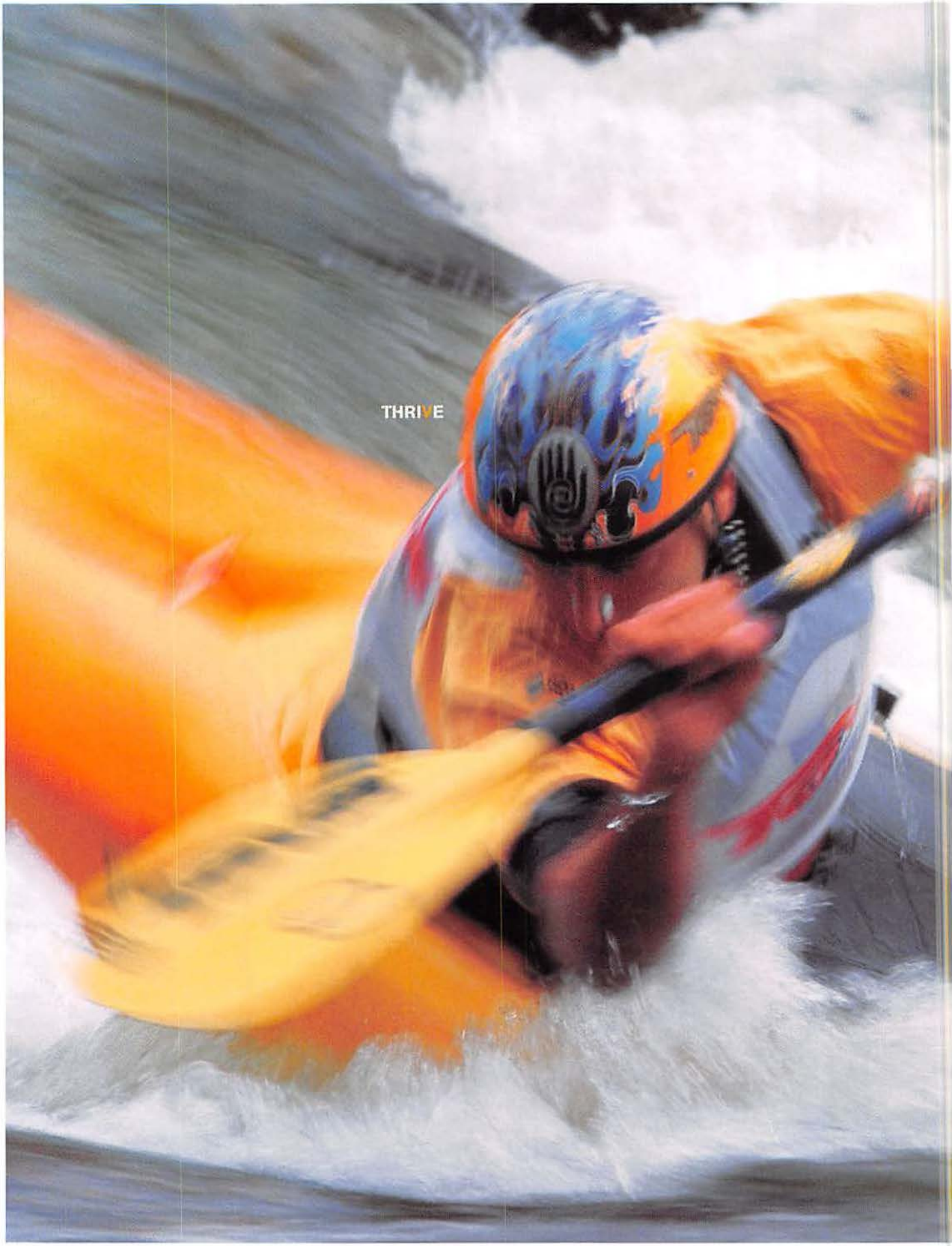
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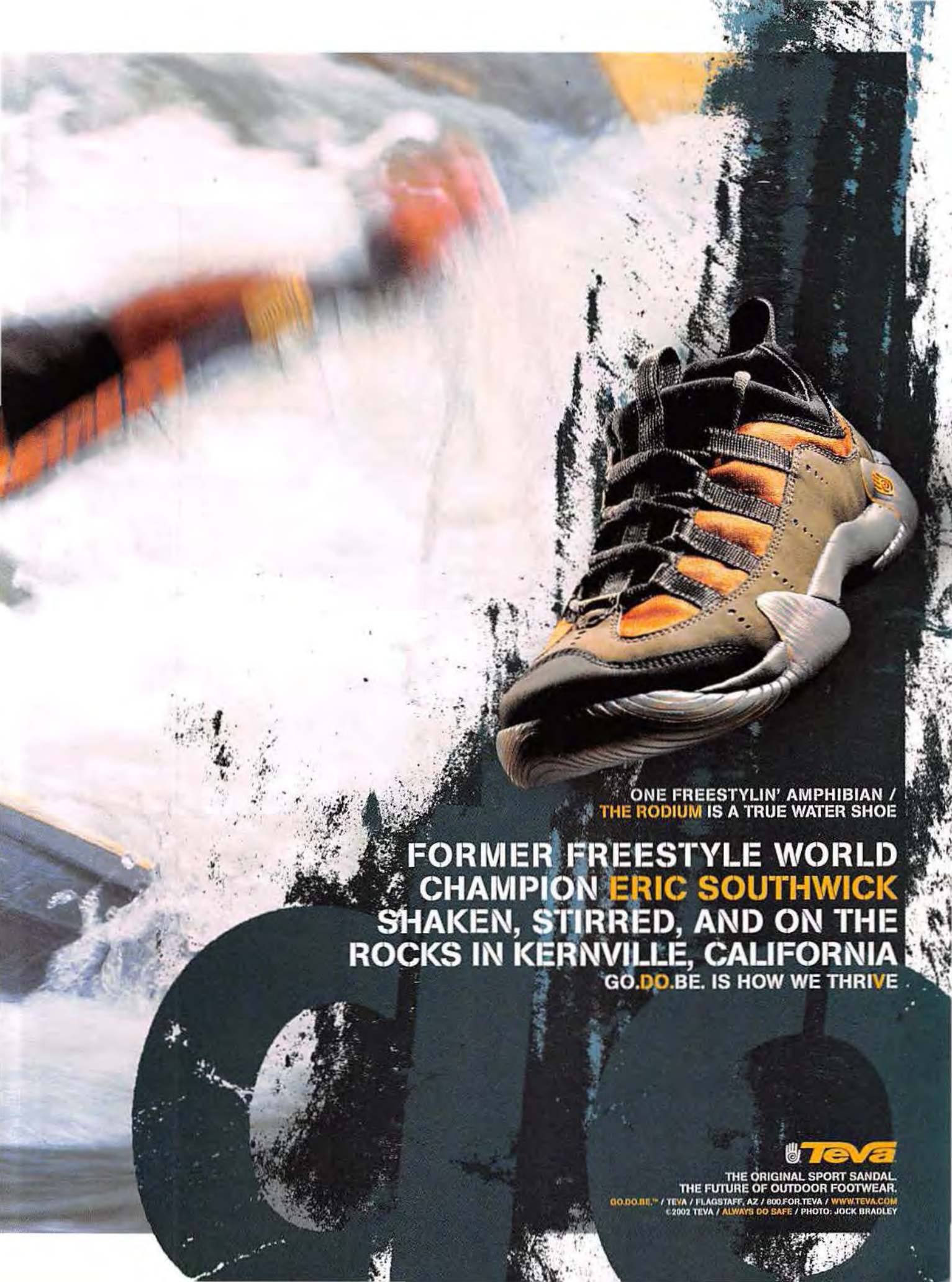
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Cue the fan. You already did? Man, we really contribute nothing to these photo shoots. p.58

Stuff

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Reign of Fire's dragon-battling babe likes ABBA almost as much as she hates our interviewer. Amen on both counts, sister!

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Two swimsuit models wearing a whole lot of attitude and not much else frolic in the surf. With a special cameo by Rat Bear!

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On the Cover

Izabella Scorupco

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE SHAW

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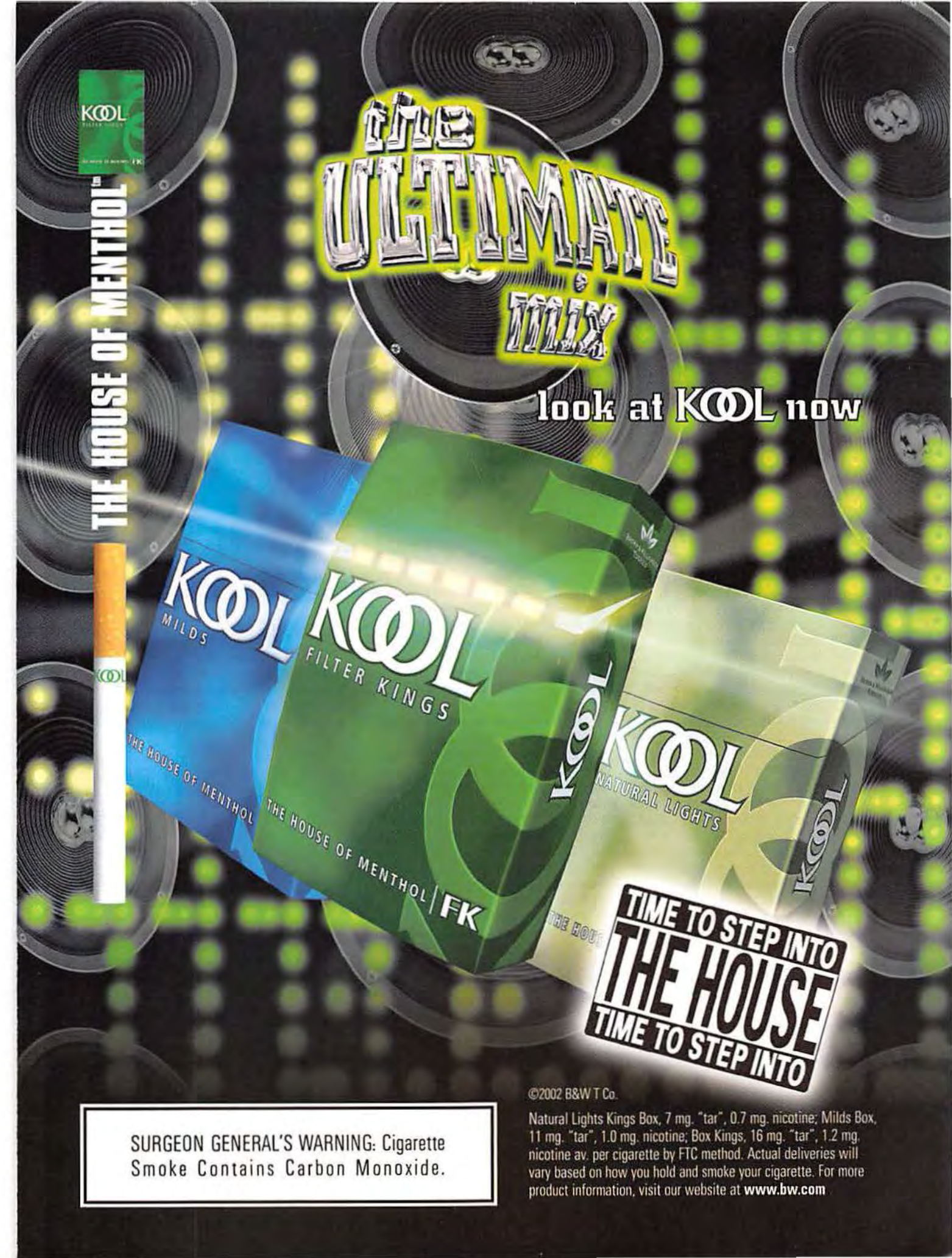
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Barry the Bean Counter says:
"From a budget standpoint, I really don't see the point of using all these words and pictures on this page. From this time forward, I want you to spend the company's money as wisely as you spend your own. Just *bean* resourceful!"

Stuff MOVIE SPECIAL

July: A Four-Letter Word

1

2

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4

JULY IS BOTH a hot month and a cool month—a study in opposites, much like my feet. One goes left, the other right—yet both of them are taking me straight to you, dear readers.

I love two things more than anything else. I love revenge, and I love to travel. I use my magazine for revenge, and my feet are perfect for travel—unlike Continental Airlines,[1] which charged my 77-year-old mother hundreds of extra dollars to fly just because she changed her ticket right after 9-11. There are many other airlines, and some of them even treat their customers like human beings. Not Continental, and not Expedia.com, who put me on hold for hours, then spoke to me rudely. I explained, pleaded, begged—they wouldn't budge. "I'll remember that," I said to myself. I even wrote it on my forearm, so I could see it every time I had a sniffle. It reminds me to remind you that before you even think of using Continental Airlines, it might be wiser to trust yourself to Air Cleo, the airline of psychic travelers. At least you can predict how you'll be ripped off.

There's one other thing I like a lot, and it's this magazine, which simply soars with great stuff. So I'll put my love of revenge aside and let you, beloved readers, find out for yourselves how good Continental is. Think of it as a voyage of discovery.

Besides, too much revenge makes me want to sleep with my gun, whose name is Scott. Have you ever slept with your gun? Roughly 60 percent of the U.S. military has cuddled with a carbine,[2] according to our exclusive survey. Are the guns loaded? Probably. Are the soldiers, too? Who knows? I rarely sleep with a gun... unless I'm drunk. Then I'm a semiautomatic slut. And when I'm really drunk, my standards really drop. I'll sleep with anything, even a DSHKM 12.7mm—Russian-made, toted by Afghans, but lousy in bed. Not good for much except an occasional gang bang. But I will say this: I'll never have to worry about getting a gun pregnant. I always shoot blanks, and I always aim for the headboard. That's where I put my Continental Airlines travel poster.

Speaking of bad aim, firepower in Hollywood these days is noticeably weak. Movies suck. Yet if you listened to the critics, you'd think otherwise. They love anything and everything (except guns, of course; for some reason, those frighten them more than Whoopi Goldberg does—go figure). In our special Movie Madness issue, we don't care what critics think. In fact, we use them for target practice in "Two Thumbs Up...Your Nose" (page 86), in which we take to task all the movies we've been told are classics again and again by that fat guy and the dead guy[3] (can't remember which is which). Neither of those chaps could shoot straight or fly right. Which brings me back to air travel.

Eh, maybe we should all just take the train. Like the tramp gangs we cover in "Hoboes from Hell" (page 94). In this tale of the intrigue beneath the bandannas, we detail the murderous madness of rail-riding reprobates who not only kill humans, but also eat puppies![4] Yep. That's disgusting, but somehow, well, admirable. How could you eat an adorable puppy? These guys skin 'em and fry 'em. It's true! That takes guts—which you discard after deboning. Having a sharp knife on hand helps, too.

For a real slice of life, go to page 66 and check out our special summer-concert roundup. In it, you'll find lots of interesting bands, some that are actually good. We won't tell you which ones, however. You'll just have to risk it. Consider it Russian roulette, but with lots of bullets.

GREG GUTFELD EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Another Phone Message From My Mom

"Hi. Thank your crew for the lovely time I had in New York. They had a lot of patience putting up with you and me at the same time. I'm not always that drunk. The flight back was nice. Half empty. The only bad part was we had to fly over Canada. Oh, well. I got the new issue. I like Filter. I went and bought jelly beans for the cow. I love the cow. I also liked the ugly rock stars....I told you that last month? Mmm...there was one missing, though...the lady sitting next to us at the restaurant."

A Special Gift to Readers

Is there someone you hate—someone in your cell block, office or country who wronged you or maybe just irritated you a little? Send us his name and address and we'll take care of him for you.*

DEAD PETS SPEAK FROM THE DEAD!

All over the issue this month you'll find any number of dead animals offering cool advice about all sorts of stuff—from relationships to health. It's a lot like what you get every morning from Katie Couric and Matt Lauer, but without all the scratching and licking. 'Cause, you know, these pets are dead.

*Because so few readers will respond to this, it is highly likely that if you do contact us, your matter will be taken care of promptly.

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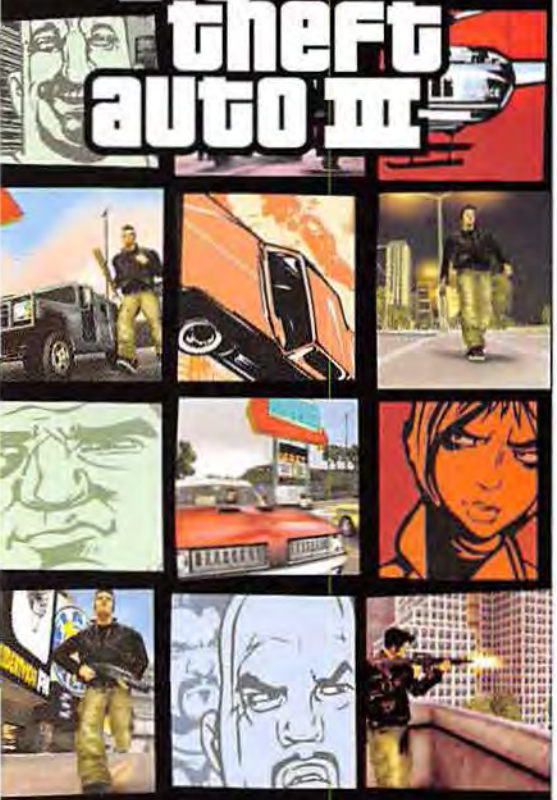

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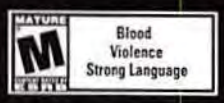

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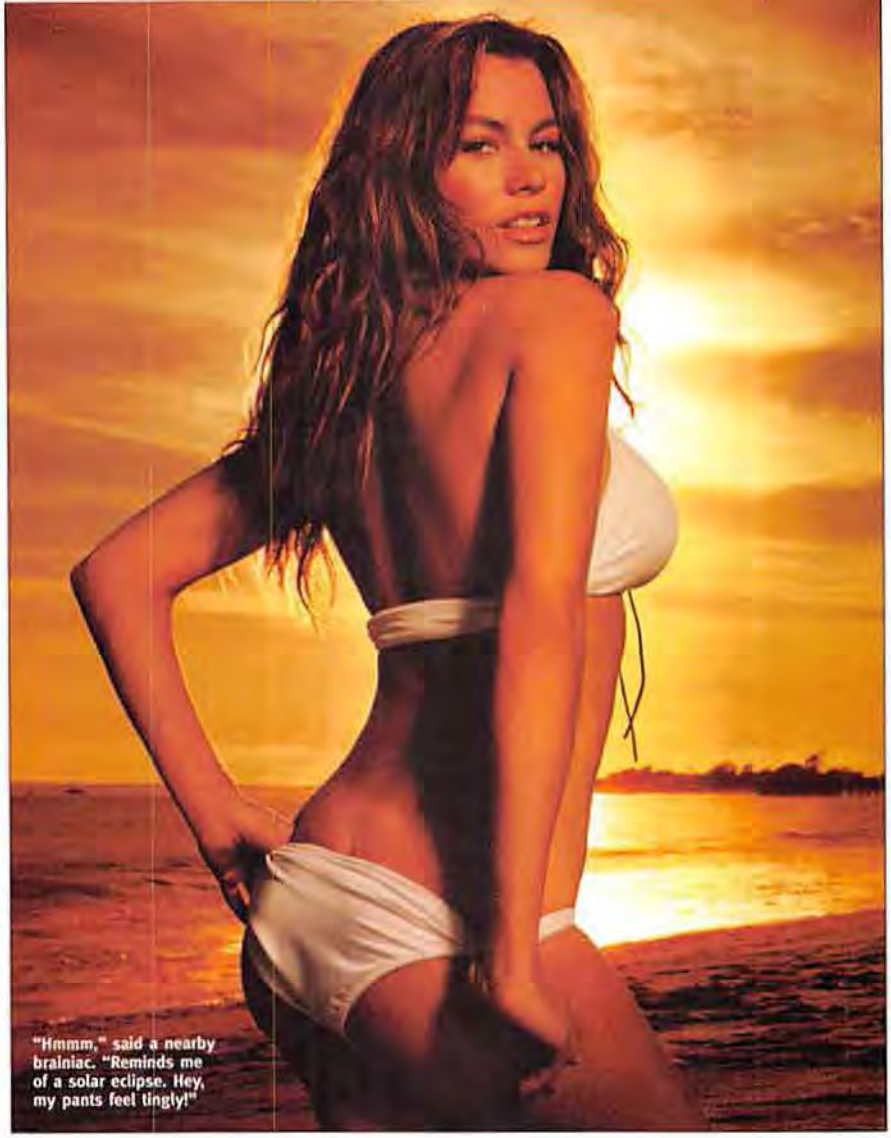

"Hmmm," said a nearby brainiac. "Reminds me of a solar eclipse. Hey, my pants feel tingly!"

Sofía, so good

Do women get any better-looking than Sofía Vergara? When I opened my mailbox and saw her gracing the cover of your fine magazine (May), I wept with joy. Thank you.

—David B., via e-mail

You wept with Joy? We wept with Joy once, or so we thought. Turns out Joy was actually a guy named Steve, and the weeping was from glaucoma!

So very lonely

I'd like to know: Is there one person who writes your entire magazine?

—Ed Mooney, via e-mail

I get that question all the time.

Under the Weber

I had never heard of Amy Weber before seeing your May issue. What a treat! She's one of the most beautiful women I've ever encountered. In many ways, she resembles a Vietnamese woman with whom I was once erotically involved. If you could forward her this letter so that she would know I'm into her, I would be in your eternal debt.

—Steve Martindale, via e-mail

Steve, if Amy Weber had a nickel for every time she's heard the line "You resemble a Vietnamese woman with whom I was once erotically involved," she'd have exactly one nickel. She would then throw this nickel at your face while fumbling in her purse for her pepper spray, which she would also throw at your face. Our advice? Dude, grab a shawl and cover your face. It's hideous!

One pain in the ass

I'm confused. In your May interview with the Rock, you ask him, "In your autobiography, you say you lost your virginity at 14. Was he gentle?" The Rock answers, "He was gentle... took his time. He was in fifth grade—I was in ninth." I don't know what that's about. Can you please clear it up?

—Andrew C., Panorama City, Calif.

We'll try, Andrew: Public school systems are generally divided into academic levels, or "grades," from first through twelfth. Each one takes about a year to complete, unless you're an idiot. In that case, you may be a guidance counselor. Ask the nice lady at the front desk.

And another

I was shocked when I read the May Letters prize giveaway. Do you really not know who Keyser Soze is [in *The Usual Suspects*]? I clearly see that it is Kevin Spacey when he starts walking straight and goes off with Kobayashi. This should've been easy.

—Oleg Zeltser, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sorry, Oleg—you must have gotten a different version of the movie. In ours, Keyser Soze is Verbal Kint. And vice versa. ▷▷▷

AN X GAMES BIKE AND SKATEBOARD

WIN!

We've been waiting for the new line of official X Games products. Painting the word X GAMES on our picnic table, hair-dryer and windshield just isn't the same. Well, the wait is over. Scream hello to the X Games–brand BMX bike, with oversize frame tubing to accommodate beefy riders, and seven-ply maple skateboard. Don't be hurt if they fail to respond—they're shy. Anyway, both of them are yours if you send us next month's best letter. Use a business-size envelope, unless you're e-mailing your letter. In that case a small envelope will do. **Send your letters and consumer watchdog alerts to: Letters and Consumer Watchdog Alerts, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or e-mail 'em to: letters@stuffmagazine.com. Say hi to Vic, our lonely mailboy. You may not win a prize, but you'll make his day! For rules, see the Where to Buy page.**

Photography: (Sofía) Sheryl Nields; Styling: Laura Duncan for aRTmiX the agency; Hair: Keiko Hamaguchi for Celestine; Makeup: Elan Bonjourno for Celestine.

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LETTERS

Color us embarrassed!

In reference to the "Wacky Workout Roundup" in the Filter section of your April issue: There is no pink Teletubbie! There is a purple one (Tinky Winky), a green one (Dipsy), a yellow one (Laa-Laa) and a red one (Po). Of course, the only reason I know this is because I have a child who watches the show.

—Leslie H. Parker, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Your child is a weirdo, Leslie. And if you ever want to see her again, send us a big bag of potato chips (the ruffled kind).

When you're done beating it, it hangs neatly in your closet.

Who you calling ugly?

Having an ugliest rock stars list in your April issue is an infantile idea in the first place. These are people with real emotions, and it hurts them to be mocked and told they are ugly. Also, A.J. McLean of the Backstreet Boys may not be a pretty boy, but he is gorgeous—and there are millions of people who agree with that. I think it would improve your magazine if you published positive information and not juvenile "ugliest" lists.

—Suzanne, via e-mail

You're missing the whole point, Suzanne. There is nothing wrong with being ugly. Didn't your parents tell you that?

Some guy named Dylan

In your May feature "169 Lies You Can Tell," the number one lie you list is: "I am the great-great-great-grandson of James K. Polk." I take issue with that because I am, in fact, a great-great-great-grandnephew of the 11th president of the United States, and I resent that many people will now go around pretending to be an (albeit distant) relative. Perhaps next time you can pick a more obscure president, someone like Millard Fillmore.

—Dylan Hrncir, via e-mail

Millard Fillmore killed our parents.

Hair we go again!

Up until your March issue I really enjoyed your magazine, but I've got to tell you that the article on Bo Derek and braids was nothing but fluff. In fact, you guys are full of shit. Black people brought braids to this country on the slave ships, and we were braiding our hair long before Ms. Derek was even thought of. Next you'll be telling your readers that whites invented jazz and hip-hop.

—Fred Turner, Vallejo, Calif.

Our one-page article briefly stated that after seeing Bo's braids in the 1979 movie *10*, many women copied her look. Due to a lack of space, we neglected to outline the entire history of braids. Oh, yeah—also due to a total lack of relevance. Thanks for writing, though. Isn't it neat seeing your name in a magazine?

Words hurt

I saw what you wrote about Stephen Baldwin, you motherfuckers!

—Jason Brown, via e-mail

How did you know about that? Oh, right, we printed, like, millions of copies. ▷▷▷

***I think I totally nailed it,* thought Stephen as he left the hemorrhoid-commercial audition.**

STUFF ANSWERS OTHER MAGAZINES' LETTERS

From the April 2002 issue of *Doll World*

I have been a doll collector for about 12 years and have around 1,000 dolls. I have started many times to catalog them and somehow never finished. Doll World has been a great help. I find it very hard to sell my dolls—any of them. Many of the dolls I have, I have not seen duplicates of. The dolls of long ago are so beautiful, the way they were made, the expressions on their faces. Their eyes and mouths are made to seem alive. Oh, the stories that could be told if our dolls could come alive. We doll collectors would be captivated forever.

—Marilyn Messenger, Ontario

Most of our dolls' stories are actually pretty boring. "So, there I was, having tea...." That's how they always start. Then they usually end up broken and naked all over our bed.

PALMS LAS VEGAS

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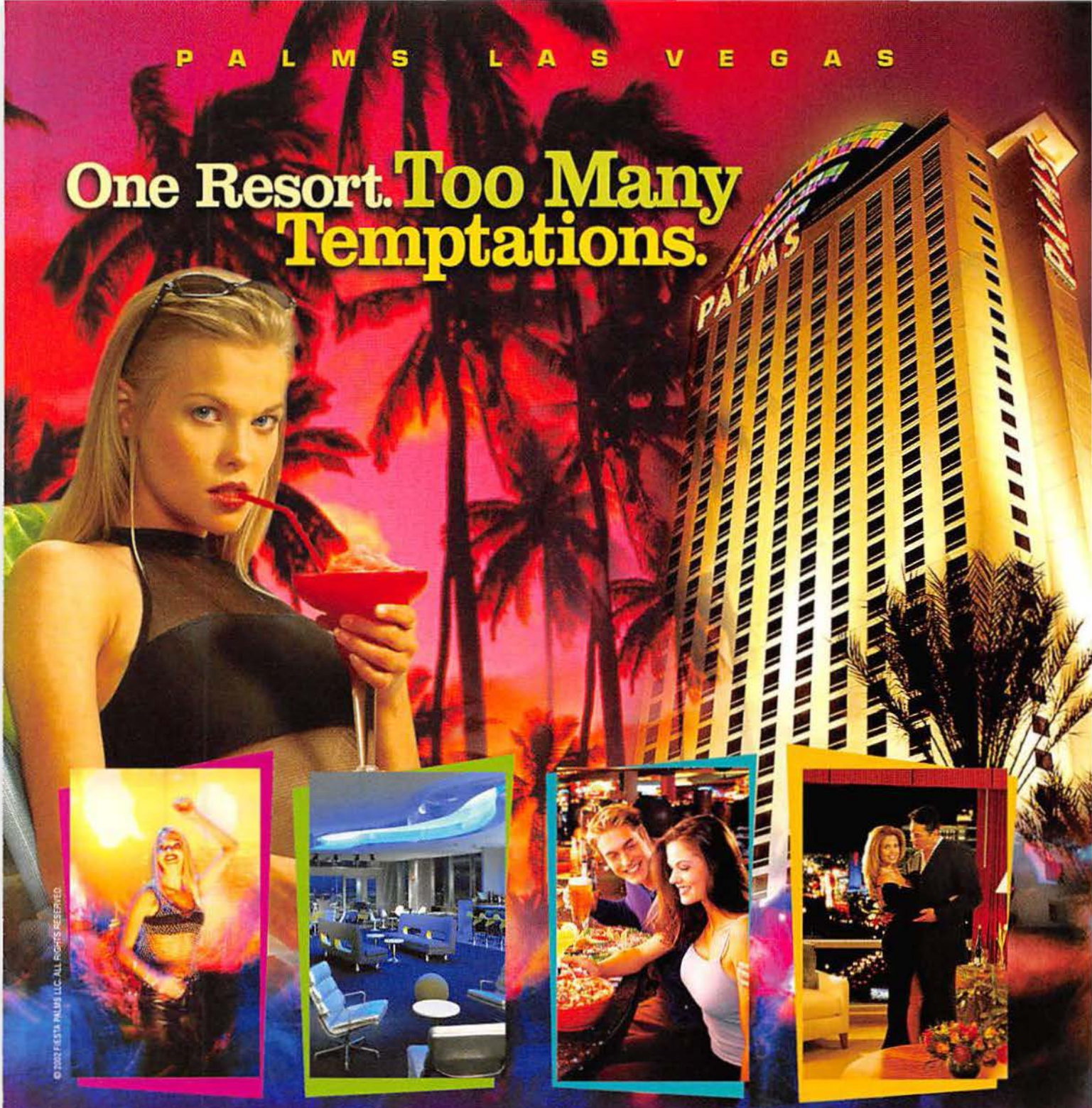

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LETTERS

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I took your April issue with me on a flight from Las Vegas to L.A. Big mistake. "How to Stop a Hijacking" was not a good article to be reading while some fat sack behind me was still bitching about being searched at the gate. The attendant asked me to put away the magazine until we landed, because some people were uncomfortable. *Stuff*, you've been banned from flying!

—*S. Giolitti, Las Vegas*

In a situation like that, it's best to take a deep breath, put away your copy of *Stuff* and read something more appropriate, such as *How to Stop a Fat Sack from Bitching*. (We just love Deepak Chopra, don't you?)

And to make sure you never turn into a fat sack yourself, we're giving you a one-year gym membership and a year's supply of Degree deodorant. How much deodorant can you possibly use in one year? At least $15 worth, if you press really hard!

Supa fan!

I just 'scribed ya magazine again. The shorties in ya magz are on point. What I'm wonder'n is, when ya go'n to have a pictorial of Dawn from the Powder Room? Girl's off the heezy! I know ya like to feature celebrities for sales purposes. Baby girl *been* on celebrity status. I'll be wait'n for 12 issues. If ya ain't print a pictorial and interview of the Lovely Dawn by the end of my script, I ain't put'n another cent in ya wallets.

—*Chino, Manchester, N.H.*

Fair enough.

Get ova yourself!

A few captions from your May issue will stay with me forever. (My favorite: "Yeah, it's a pacifier. Go hump your mom!") However, one caption was very disturbing. In the "Screw Everything" article, the photograph of the latex woman was twisted enough. But reading the caption ("Well, look who's up! I made you some eggs. They came from me.") gave me nightmares. You guys are geniuses! I was offended, horrified and amused all at once.

—*Dale, via e-mail*

***Genius* is a very overused word, Dale. But in this case it definitely applies. By the by, if you're a chick, send pics.**

Not pictured: funny caption

Were you guys recently given a vacation by the editors at *GQ*? Your captions just aren't funny anymore, though they make a vain attempt to be (in an annoying sort of way). Please take the umbrellas out of your drinks and come back to work. The public sorely misses you.

—*Jeremiah, via e-mail*

They're not umbrellas, Jeremiah. They're parasols. Get your facts straight and maybe we'll talk. P.S.: Send more umbrellas. ▷▷▷

THAT TIME OF THE MONTH

You forgot to add a 134th lie to your May issue's "169 Lies You Can Tell" piece. It should have said, "This article is well-written, concise and not at all pointless." I would also like the names of people who read the entire thing without taking a break. There's a new Get a Life store opening in my hometown, and they're looking for a manager. I would be more than happy to submit an application for a few of them.

—*Dan, via e-mail*

Dan is just kidding. We just made his letter up. He's also a bed wetter. Back in school they called him Dan the Bed Wetter. That's why he dropped out.

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LETTERS

Screw that!

In the May issue, writer Al Ridenour gives the pregnancy and lactation fetish the highest rating on his Freak Factor chart. That's being way too hard on those of us who enjoy this pleasure! How can Ridenour rate screwing a statue or a tree as only a three? How can those things be somehow more normal than wanting to do it with a real, live woman who's pregnant? For me, nothing's better than giving it to her doggie-style, while reaching around and rubbing her big, pregnant belly.

—Todd E., Lansing, Kan.

Todd, your letter caused quite a stir here at *Stuff*. After much serious discussion, finally we all agreed: We are never, ever coming within 100 miles of Lansing, Kansas. This will be extraordinarily easy.

Proof of Randy

Your magazine used to include nifty stickers that I could place on the walls at work or on unsuspecting people. I have not gotten any stickers lately with my *Stuff*. This oversight will end immediately or your pineapple won't live to spout another helpful saying. I will give you one more issue to resolve this matter. If my demands are not met, your pineapple gets it.

—Julius "Linus" Farkas, via e-mail

What are you going to do, "Linus"? Cut Randy into chunks? Throw him into a blender with a peeled, frozen banana, some strawberries and a dollop of yogurt? Blend till smooth? And then serve this cool, refreshing treat to guests with a sprig of fresh mint as garnish? If so, Randy couldn't blame you. As he used to tell us every day, "Fruit smoothies are a tasty way to get a daily dose of fiber, vitamins and minerals! Just FYI!" Frankly, we're glad he's gone.

ART CORNER

Con artist

I'm in Colorado's max prison, where they don't allow a lot of things, like pencils. Just a generic pen and colored pencils. It's hard to draw, but I've been doing it for a while. Here's a piece I did just for you guys at *Stuff*. I hope you enjoy it!

—Jose Brannigan, Canon City, Colo.

The real crime is that a talented artist like you is locked up. And vehicular homicide. We've discovered that's also a real crime—even if you're *really* angry when you do it! Live and learn!

CORRECTIONS

✔ "How to Get Out of a Speeding Ticket" (March) erroneously claimed that "giving the officer a terse 'whatever'" and then "going for his gun" is an effective way to bypass a fine.

✔ After a recent trip to the Hoover Dam, we stated that it "sucked." But that was before we learned that the American Society of Civil Engineers named it one of America's Seven Modern Civil Engineering Wonders. Now we've changed our mind: It's really the American Society of Civil Engineers that sucks. Have you *seen* their newsletter?

✔ Remember your last birthday when we brought the piñata to your party? We didn't actually buy that thing. We just found it lying in an alley. That's why all those cockroaches fell out!

✔ Golden retrievers cannot be taught to fly, as reported in our May issue. Turns out the one we saw had simply fallen out of an open window a few floors up.

✔ Some readers were confused by our May food column, "Home Preserves Made Easy." To clarify: Jam is made with whole fruit, while jelly is made only with fruit juice. They're both, however, equally effective at preventing pregnancy.

✔ In "Step Right Up: Build Your Own Ladder" (D.I.Y. Corner, May), our instructions called for using a dozen wooden slats that were one inch thick and 18 feet wide. That's just stupid! Unless a bunch of people want to climb the ladder at the same time. But we can't imagine why they would.

When you have to take matters in your own hands...
grab new body-heat activated Degree Gel.
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TRUE LIES

See how I'm posing with my glasses? I invented that, yo.

True tales from your twisted lives.

True Lie of the Month

I used to work at a marina on Cape Cod. One summer I got my girlfriend a job there so we could spend more time together. On her first day, a brand-new, 42-foot yacht pulled in for fishing supplies and gas. I took care of the owners in the shop and asked her to gas up the boat. After helping them select their gear, I noticed that the gas was still pumping. I've filled up many a boat, but I'd never seen one take so long to refuel. I went to check on her, and she greeted me with a big smile. The pump was at 150 gallons and climbing. Then I noticed that the nozzle wasn't in the gas tank—it was in a hole designed to hold a fishing pole! She had flooded more than 150 gallons of gasoline into this couple's $750,000 boat! Just then, my boss came out with the couple to see what was going on. I didn't know what to do. So I just shouted, "We quit!"

—*Jay M., South Yarmouth, Mass.*

YOU'VE WON! Eight pairs of Rider sandals! Wear them every day of the week and twice on Sundays!

A kiss before vomiting

While working as a high school janitor, I was bothered by teenage girls who put on their lipstick and then made kiss imprints on the bathroom mirror. The waxy lip goo was difficult to remove, and it happened every day, so I told the principal. He called several girls from each class to a meeting in the bathroom. "Our janitor works very hard," he said, "and I would like you to see for yourselves how difficult lipstick is to remove." The girls giggled until I took out my disgusting, hair-caked mop, sloshed it around in the filthy bucket-water and used it to wash the mirror. One girl actually vomited! Which was pretty funny, although I had to clean that up, too.

—*Karann, Ridgefield, Wash.*

Bait and twitch

I used to do a lot of heroin. If you're an addict, you need to know some emergency medical procedures in case a fellow junkie overdoses. First we'd try to slap the guy awake. Next we'd force coke into his system. Finally, as a last-ditch effort, we'd shove ice cubes up his ass. One time, at my friend Pete's house, this guy Dave OD'd—we had no coke, and there was no more ice. But since Pete's dad was an avid fisherman, there was all this frozen fish. We grabbed a smallish one and shoved it straight up Dave's butt. He awoke screaming. We saved his life, but the scaly, spiky, dead fish was stuck inside him. So we had to take him to the emergency room. Most of us are now clean and sober, with no small thanks to the horror of the ass fish.

—*S.M., Santa Barbara, Calif.*

Bar most untender

One afternoon I was training this new, hot bartender named Sheila at a pub I'd recently renovated. As I walked her through the drink specials, a big, nasty-looking biker came inside and sat down. It was just the three of us. Customers like that only hurt business in the long run, so to teach her the proper way to dispose of such undesirables, I had her follow me to the back room. As we watched the dude pick his nose through a two-way mirror, I told her the best thing to do was to ignore him and people of his ilk until they got fed up at the terrible service and left. Unfortunately, he just sat there. After about 15 minutes I said, "I can't believe this guy won't leave." To which Sheila replied, "Well, he's waiting for me—he's my brother."

—*Mike A., via e-mail*

A WEEKEND TRIP AND PARTY

WIN!

E! Entertainment and Kahlúa called to tell us they were having a wild party on the weekend of September 19 and asked us to invite some of you along. Funny thing is, they didn't even invite *us*! So send in next month's best True Lie and you and a friend will earn an all-expenses-paid trip, worth $1,500, to an exclusive party at a mystery hot spot. Probably someplace other than Selma, Alabama. There you just may boogie with E!'s hottest hosts. Or maybe you won't. Frankly, your decision to boogie or not to boogie is all up to you. And Satan.

For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

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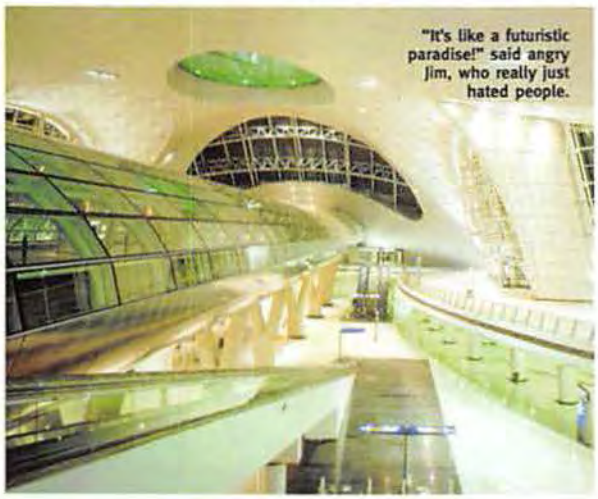
FILTER

THE ONLY STUFF THAT MATTERS

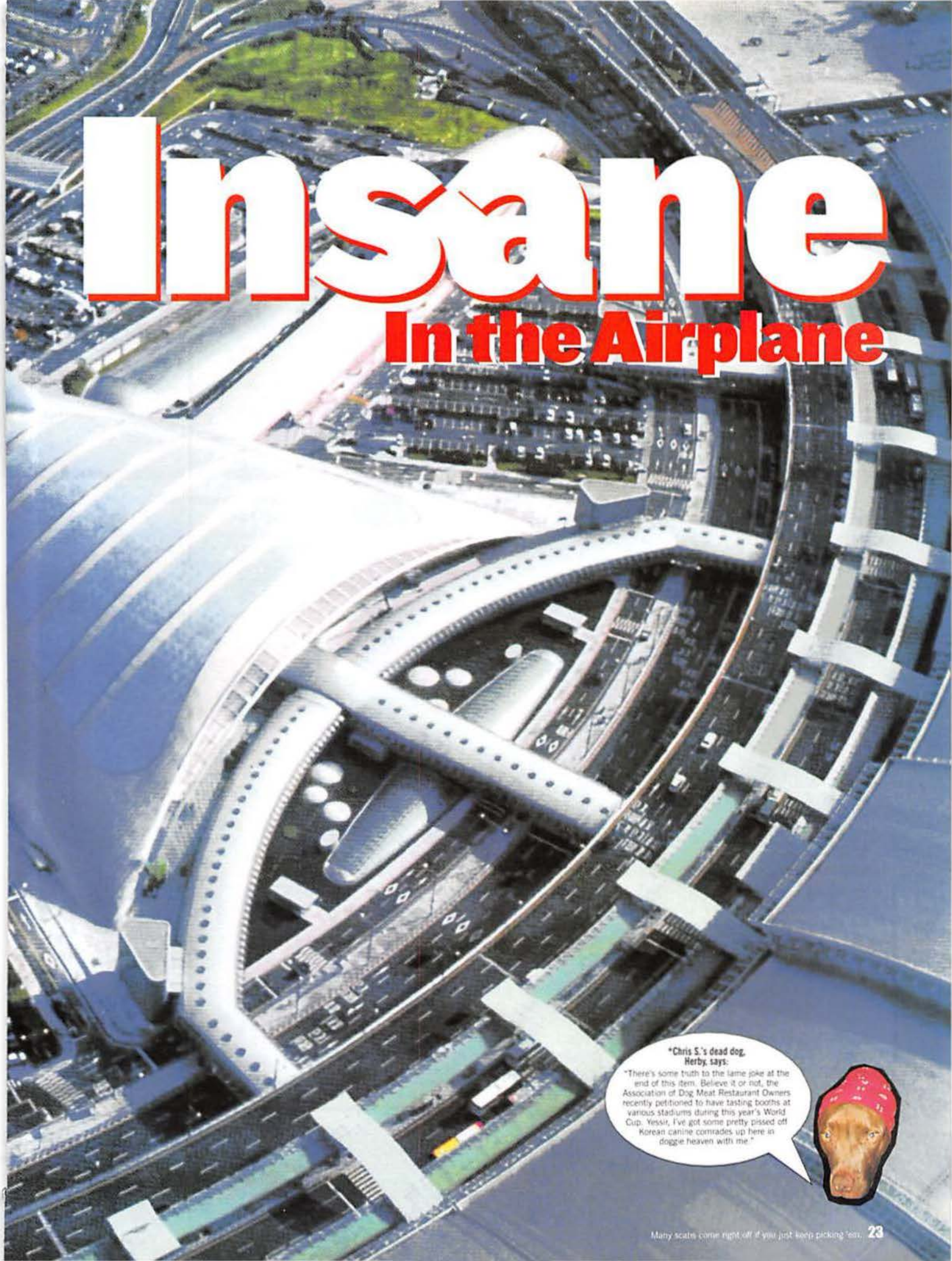


"It's like a futuristic paradise!" said angry Jim, who really just hated people.

SOUTH KOREA'S INCHON International Airport is as weird-looking as it is big. It's the world's largest, as a matter of fact. Newly built to accommodate the scores of football fans (that's soccer to you!) who visited the World Cup–hosting country, this ode to awful architecture also acts as a giant gob of glue, effectively connecting two Korean islands whilst sitting atop fantastic amounts of landfill. Terry Farrell & Partners—the architects responsible for this, uh, thing—claim the port to be "a metaphorical design that celebrates the potential for the reunification of North and South Korea." Whatever you say, Terry—we just hope they don't serve dog in the terminal.*

Used to be a skyscraper until it passed out.

Insane In the Airplane



Just then, someone's cell phone went off. Hold it—do you mean to tell me that even *chocolate eggs* have cell phones, possibly also made of chocolate? Has the world gone completely delicious?!

BIZARRE

One Size Squashes All

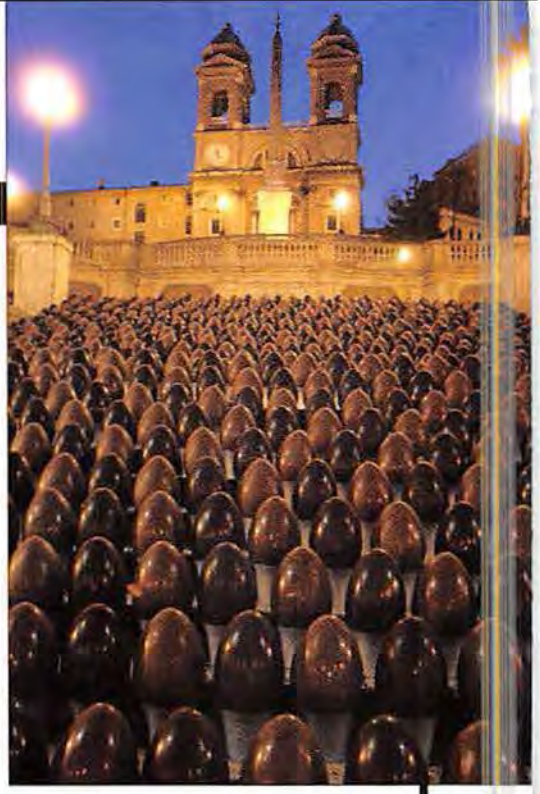
And two other terrifically true stories of things that make you go, "Huh?"

Everyone needs a hobby. Ours is making fun of guys like this.

WITH THE AID of his leather loafers, cobbler James Syiemiong might just help America *stomp* out terrorism after all! Eh, don't blame us for that awful pun—blame this college dropout (are you surprised?), who inscribed the word *terror* upon the soles of these 12-foot feet covers. For, as the 30-year-old resident of Shillong, India, explains, terrorism "needs to be trampled." Syiemiong hopes his creation "will bring a smile to the children of the September 11 victims." Uh...how generous and appropriate of you, James! That'll help pay for their college educations.

▷ Malformed marsupial

Your eyes ain't lying, mate—that there is a three-legged joey. The Australian Kangaroo Rescue and Information Service found the little bugger in an irrigation system and kindly took him in. Jethro, as they've named him, then underwent a successful operation to remove the extra appendage. Since then, one of his kanga-caregivers has reported that he's struck up a special friendship with a resident 'roo girl. Word on the street is, she was quite taken with his *other* third leg, as it were. Hoo-ha!



△ A stairway to heaven... *and* weight gain!

Enterprising organizers of an upcoming Euro-chocolate exhibition garnered some free publicity after lining the famous Spanish Steps in Rome with 3,000 chocolate Easter eggs. The prank began February 22 at 5 A.M. and was promptly (and a bit mysteriously) cleaned up by 9 A.M. sharp the next day. And how did the fun-loving exhibitors manage to make the bunny balls go bye-bye so quickly? Eh, what do we care? We're still bitter because no one on our staff got a press pass to the event. We're all confirmed chocoholics, don't you know! (Fun fact: We're also addicted to crystal meth, heroin, cocaine, mescaline, PCP, ether, Special K and six other types of veterinary tranquilizers.)

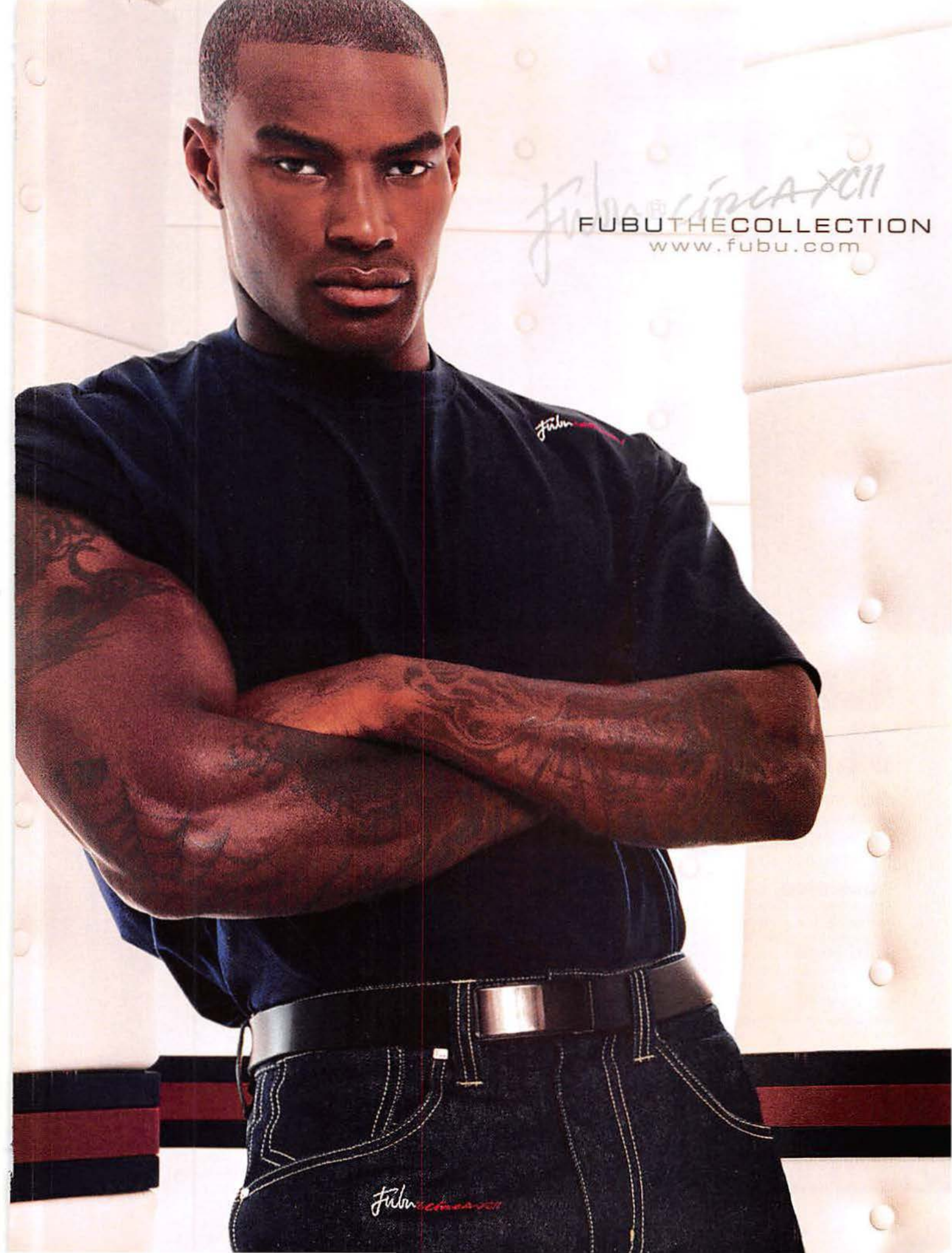
Three legs? Hope we have enough dipping sauce!

USELESS FACTS

If you unfolded your brain, it would cover the surface of an ironing board.

In the mid-'80s, Clint Eastwood received hair transplants, but he told his children that the bandages were the result of a bicycle accident.

 Baby chicks make cute pets, until they grow up. That's when you flush 'em!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1 INSERT HAMBURGER HERE

Chris C.'s dead cat, Clemson, says:
"Two years ago, artist Tracy Emin relieved herself in a toilet, took a picture of it and dubbed the piece *My Toilet*. If that is what's being called art these days, I could have made zillions off my litter box. Hey, that's not a bad idea! Gotta go!"

2 POOPY COMES OUT HERE

We predict that in five years poop-making machines will be half the size and twice as powerful.

Crappy Art

Forget the postmodern movement—welcome to the post*movement* movement! Here's conclusive proof that modern art stinks.

△ *Cloaca* (2002)

Belgian artist Wim Devoye created this masterpiece, which makes poop that looks like it came from people. Well, weird people, anyway. If fed twice daily, the 33-foot-long apparatus chews its food, churns it through a tube lined with juices used in human digestion and, at 2:30 P.M. sharp, excretes the results onto a conveyor belt. "I chose shit because it's cosmopolitan," explains Devoye. "It speaks to everyone." It sure spoke to us! And we spoke back—sparking a long conversation that ended only after security threw us out. Live and learn!

▷ *Shit Hare* (1975)

Germany's Dieter Roth fashioned a bunny that is chocolate in appearance only. Roth used fecal fudge (our art department's rendering of the artist's, uh, rendering, is to the right) as a way of exploring how art, like his now-dead body, decomposes over time. Upon acquiring *Hare* last year, Harvard University Art Museum's directors complained that they didn't know how to honor Roth's wish to have his work turn to mush, since they're used to *preserving* art, rather than watching it decay. Just another example of our alumni donations hard at work! OK, OK—we're not really Harvard grads. We should probably stop sending them money.

We always bite the ears off first! But enough about our job at the slaughterhouse....Check out this bunny.

▷ *Merda d'Artista* (1961)

More than 40 years ago, Italian artist Piero Manzoni crapped into 90 small cans, signed and numbered each tin, sealed them according to industry standards and aptly named the project *Merda d'Artista* (*Artist's Shit*). Manzoni then sent them to galleries around the world, which ate them up—until the cans started to self-destruct. Experts in Denmark tried to repair the corrosion, to no avail. Odder still, X rays revealed even smaller cans within the rectal receptacles. What an appropriate use of expensive hospital equipment! We're only kidding, you fjord-bathing assholes! —*R.M. Parrish*

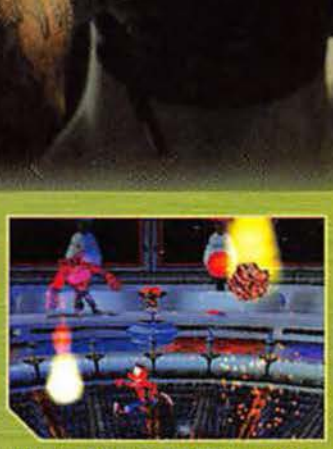
You call that art? You should see what we just did in the bathroom. (We painted a mural featuring children of all races playing together.)

USELESS FACTS

Papaphobia is an intense fear of the pope.

In Atlanta, it is illegal to tie a giraffe to a telephone pole or a streetlamp.

The Bandicoot's running with a whole new crowd.



Here comes Crash, in the biggest character-based game to hit Xbox. The Wrath of Cortex. Lightning-fast load times. Super-enhanced graphics. Fully detailed environments. He's really going all out for this one.

Crash. Maxed.

crashbandicoot.com

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THE KIDDIE MENU

Know What You Ate

We uncover the nutrients in a normal child's diet.

BOOGERS

Consisting mostly of sugars, proteins, inorganic salts and dead white blood cells (all perfectly, disgustingly edible), mucus is produced by the mucous membrane to keep the inside of your smell-enjoyer moist. The nose produces approximately one cup of mucus every day. Dirt, lint, cooties, pollen and other microscopic goodness get trapped in tiny nose hairs, called cilia. When mucus dries, a booger is born. (Note: If it is flicked rather than eaten, the booger is considered stillborn.)

PENNIES

Newer ones are 97.5 percent zinc. You need to get eight to eleven milligrams of this trace mineral per day, because it's essential to the proper functioning of your prostate gland. Of course, considering how old you were when you last consumed one of these coins, that particular reproductive organ was about as useful as a penny is now.

CRAYONS

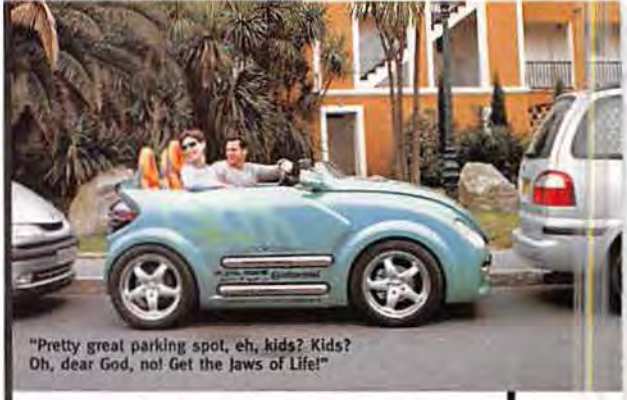
Beyond wax, crayons contain stearic acid, a saturated fatty acid that is also present in beef and pork. One study showed that foods high in stearic acid reduce the risk of blood clots (our own study links a diet high in crayons with periwinkle-blue feces). The colors come from pigment powders, typically made from iron oxides, which are produced by exposing metal to chemicals and heat. Think *rust*. You done? All right, now think *bunnies*.

GLUE

According to Elmer's Products, its Glue-All ingredients are top secret. So make your own damn glue and consume to your heart's content. Here's how: In a saucepan, combine one cup sugar and one cup flour. Add four cups water and cook over medium heat, stirring until thick and clear. Use the remaining, uneaten glue to stick a note on your forehead for the arriving medics stating whether or not you're allergic to penicillin.

PLAY-DOH

Play-Doh is yet another closely guarded secret in the high-stakes game of kid crafts. While Hasbro was busy assuring us that all the ingredients were safe and nontoxic, we found an inside source who whispered that the colorful shape changer is primarily made of water, salt and flour, making the molding clay a second cousin to bread, and a *third* cousin to beloved character actor Ned Beatty. —*Colleen Rush*



"Pretty great parking spot, eh, kids? Kids? Oh, dear God, no! Get the Jaws of Life!"

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING CAR

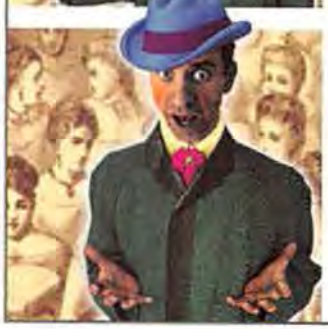
Take a look at this self-compacting sedan by the name of Presto. Faster than you can say Optimus Prime, this marvel of engineering transforms from a 12-foot-long four-seater to a nine-foot-long, two-seat, parallel-parking wonder. After Presto debuted at this year's Geneva Motor Show, its makers admitted that there is no immediate plan to mass-market this minimizing mother. The problem: The design doesn't allow for doors. Just like our offices! (We work in an abandoned crackhouse.)

WEIRD GESTURES OF THE PAST

The "Nice Rack"

Back in the day, politeness dictated that horniness was shown, not told.

When strolling along, spot a well-endowed woman—preferably one who cannot see you (perhaps you are hiding). Point with reckless abandon.



Cup hands as if holding two overripe melons. Madam's boobies have been officially looked at! Now go home. *Jeopardy!* is almost on!

Photography (KWYA) Damien Donck, Illustrations Jovana Jovijevic

USELESS FACTS

Someone on earth reports seeing a UFO every three minutes. In the U.S., reported sightings are most likely to occur in July at 9 P.M. or 3 A.M.

Every day, blinking causes the eyes to be closed for about half an hour.

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The best way to break the ice™

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Dirty, Rotten Scoundrels

Our monthly ranking of the truly rank.

All royals are inbred. Next!

PRINCE ALBERT OF MONACO

The playful prince was recently caught groping two former *Stuff* girls at the World Music Awards. Al greeted pop star Kylie Minogue by giving her firm fanny a healthy squeeze. Bert then moved on to model Victoria Silvstedt and greeted her by way of another ample ass-cupping. "I was a bit surprised," confessed Kylie. "I certainly didn't expect him to be all hands." Uh-huh, well, we didn't expect to be all feet—but that's how we were born! It's a wonder we can type at all.

Loves kids. They taste just like chicken!

MIKE TYSON

While "training" in Maui, a bloated and blitzed Tyson was photographed taking a couple of healthy hits off the hookah. After several rounds of pipe-passing with a group of college-age beachgoers, Mike got all silly, claimed eyewitness Daniel Gariga. Tyson even allowed one of the more attractive girls to try his patented Holyfield move on him. "He let her suck his earlobe while he giggled in that high voice of his," Danny reported. Then he ate her left arm. Hey, the munchies can't be stopped, people!

Makes bath time fun!

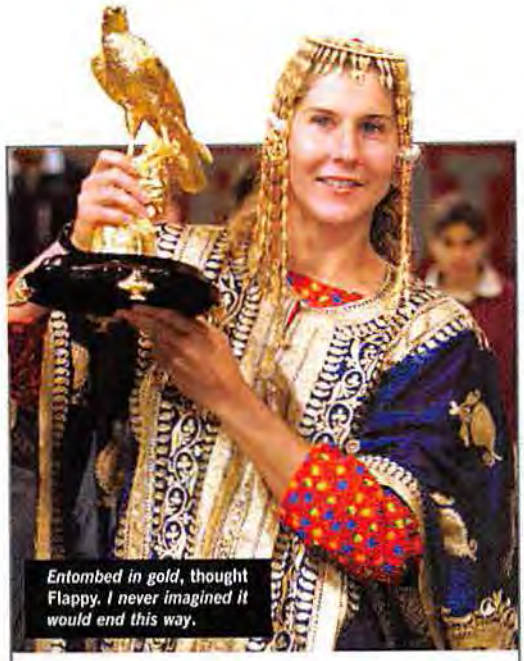
JIMMY SHEA

"I'm not saying not to drink; I drank a lot in this school," said Olympic gold medalist Jimmy Shea to the ecstatic students and stunned teachers at Conard High School in West Hartford, Connecticut. An odd point, considering Jim's grandpa was killed by a drunk driver and Jim himself was once arrested for DUI. "What kind of message does it send when a gold medalist says something like that?" asked social studies teacher Christopher Islaub. Uh...a bad one? (We hate it when teachers call on us!)

Fish tea? We're *hooked* on hilarity!

ENGLAND'S WATER

A recently completed five-year study states that nearly half of the male fish found in Britain's rivers are either producing eggs in their testes or developing full-on fishy female genitalia—with one quarter of them sporting damaged sperm and one tenth having been rendered sterile—due to the country's rampant water pollution. As a result, a U.K. scientist quickly issued a warning for Limeys far and wide to avoid the blessed isle's water. He then went back to fondling his own ample breasts.



Entombed in gold, thought Flappy. I never imagined it would end this way.

GAME, SET, DOESN'T MATCH

Heads turned as tennis ace Monica Seles modeled this fabulous ensemble at the recent Qatar Open. After beating Thailand's Tamarine Tanasugarn to win the Middle Eastern tournament, a triumphant Seles was inspired to slip into this traditional local outfit. Tradition sure has a sick sense of humor!

SELF-DEFENSE 101

The Way of the Shut-In

There are all sorts of bad people posing as pedestrians in the world outside your home, and the only surefire defense against those who could do you harm is to silently cower within the most sealed-off of rooms. Don't have a basement? Hide in a cupboard. Be sure to stock it with treats!

Illustrations: (Scoundrels) Ollie Bland, Gary Brandham and Simon Brown; (Self-Defense) Gary Brandham

USELESS FACTS

The kea, a two-foot-long bird that lives in New Zealand, likes to eat the strips of rubber that seal car windows.

It's illegal to drink beer out of a bucket while you're sitting on a curb in St. Louis.

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ROLL OUT.

STRETCH YOUR TONGUE™

Stuff Picks

The latest items sent to us by readers and publicists. Above are things that made us smile; below are things that made us scowl. And below that? Dude, that's your lap.

Mezco Toyz
According to Mezco's press release, these "koollectible" dolls, which celebrate urban-graffiti culture, "will ascend from the underground and onto retail shelves in 2002." It's the perfect gift idea for any mother looking to nurture her child's talent for rampant vandalism. And if they're not so talented? Nurture 'em anyway. Untalented graffiti artists need the most love!

CookiesByDesign.com *Stuff* arrangement
They're like ornately designed bouquets of flowers, but edible! Oh, who are we kidding? We eat bouquets of flowers, too. Especially roses. It's an aphrodisiac that really puts the "horny" in *thorny*, don't you know.

Teddy bear encased in plastic
This airless individual accompanies H&M clothing's new promotional CD, which showcases its threads by way of a 10-minute horror movie titled *Dr. Raven V*. The viewer is supposed to take Teddy out of the plastic wrap should any of the scenes get too scary. Uh, the only thing scary about this press kit is the bear itself. Homie looks like a week-old stool sample!

EH...

Anurex hemorrhoid relief
After reader Chuck Finkbeiner told us about this ass aid, we actually bought it at—no lie—Butt-Ice.com. Who says pharmacists don't have a sense of humor? (Note: It was us, and we stand by that comment.)

The Clitourist
Karen Salmansohn's new book dares to ask the question, "If we can put a man on the moon, why not on a woman's clitoris during intercourse?" Jeez, we know where the clitoris is. But what's this "moon" you speak of, Karen?

Microwave Pork Rinds
Some genius took a look at regular pork rinds and came to one conclusion: "These things'd taste better warm. Also, I'm in love with a goat." Guess that's *two* conclusions.

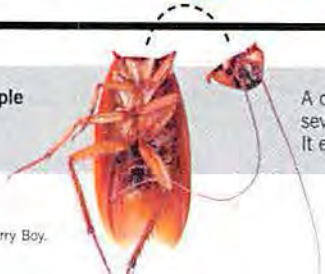
WIN!

Hey, readers: Found a perplexing item and don't know what to do with it? Don't eat it! Send it to us! So we can eat it! And if we print said item, we'll send you $200 worth of Nike Battlegrounds footwear and apparel. Just send it on over to: Crap Editor, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Photography: Damien Donck.

USELESS FACTS

In 1999 alone, 5,945 British people required hospital treatment for "trouser accidents."



A cockroach can live several weeks with its head cut off. It eventually dies from starvation.

 Make your superhero costume out of leaves and berries. That way you can be either Leaf Man or Berry Boy.

Jack Daniel's. Enjoyed in **135 countries**, made in a town with one stoplight.

Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.

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Please visit us at www.jackdaniels.com.

WHERE STUFF COMES FROM

Reddi-wip

It looks like shaving cream. It feels like shaving cream. But it tastes like vanilla! Is it from the devil? Sort of!

◁ In the early 1900s, horse-drawn carts carry huge drums of whipped cream from town to town. Folks wait in line for hours as men pump a giant bellows that forces air into the drum, dispensing whipped cream onto parfaits, hot chocolate and other sweet treats.

◁ November 1932: At a stop in Fulton, Mississippi, a faulty valve causes a massive explosion. A boy named Thomas Reddi Jr. is killed, still clutching a wedge of pumpkin pie. "No parent shall again endure such a loss at the hand of a dessert topping!" vows his tearful father.

◁ By 1934, Thomas Sr. has perfected individual canisters of pressurized whipped cream. He calls it Lil' Squirt—his nickname for Thomas Jr. When his topping is found to cause hair loss in young boys, Reddi goes insane. Liqui-Foods buys his patent, tweaks it and renames it Reddi-wip. "It's crazy good!"®

POP QUIZ

Diva or Drag Queen?

One sings in cabarets and dresses glam, the other sings in, er....This is hard!

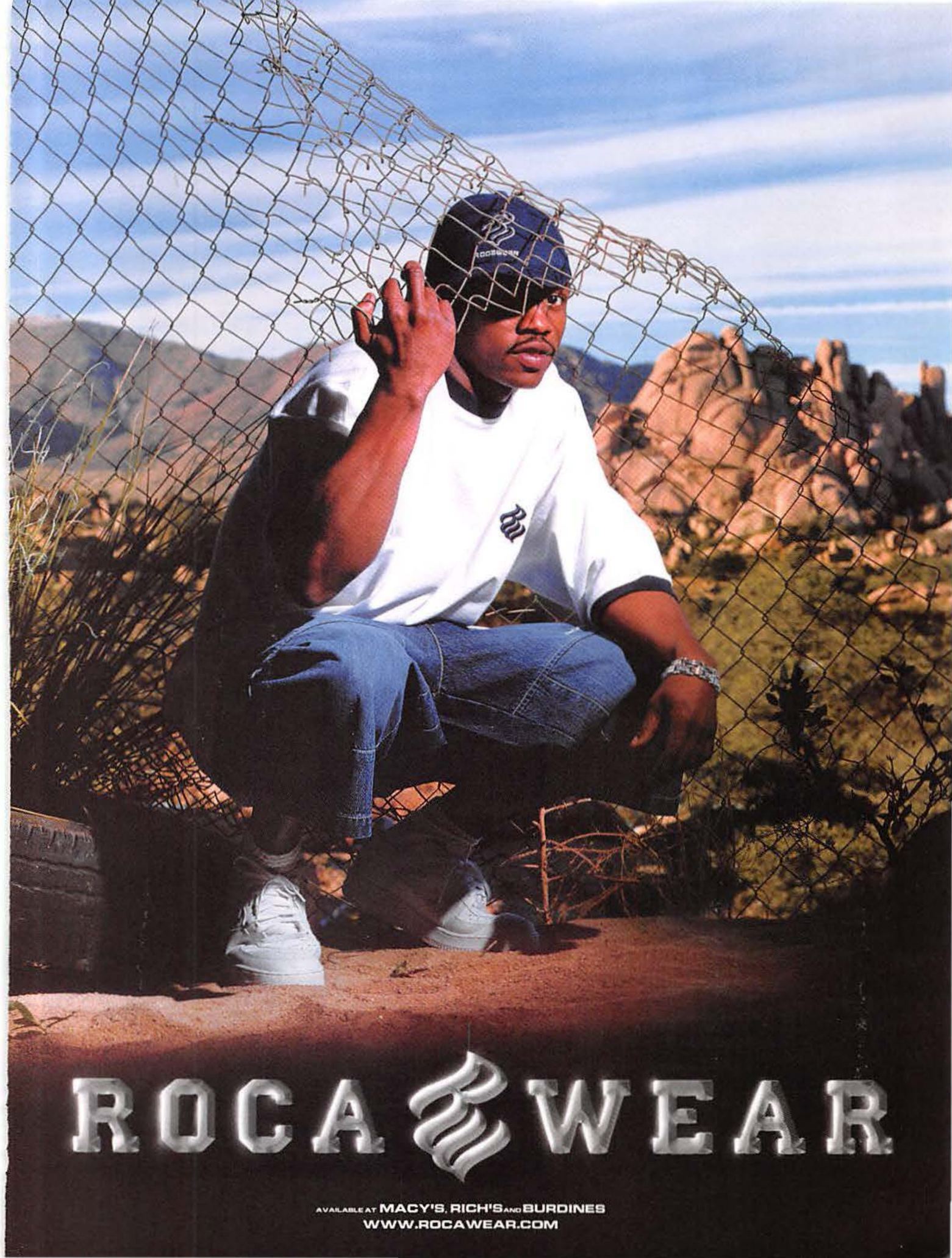
Answers: 1. Diva: Julie Newmar; 2. Drag queen: Madonna impersonator; 3. Drag queen: Madonna impersonator; 4. Diva: Mae West; 5. Drag queen: Judy Garland look-alike; 6. Neither—this Barbra Streisand impersonator is a chick!; 7. Diva: Eartha Kitt; 8. ???!!!

Photography: (Reddi-wip) Damien Donck. Illustrations: Simon Brown.

USELESS FACTS

Your foot is approximately the same length as your forearm.

A jiffy is an actual unit of time—specifically, 1/100 of a second.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1

2

3

MOST WANTED

Sup upon this month's latest crop of gadgets. Make sure to check for weevils!

BY SETH KELLY PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA

4

5

6

7

8

1 Sony DVP-PQ1 $150
When you're not playing DVDs, you can customize the DVP by replacing the existing art under the clear, plastic faceplate. While you're at it, why don't you knit a dust ruffle to match your window treatments...Sally.

2 Motorola V70 $450
Motorola presented each Oscar nominee with one of these nifty new phones. Feeling left out? Buy one for yourself and throw it at Ron Howard.

3 Line 6 GuitarPort $170
Plug your guitar into your PC and jam with your favorite MP3 files or CDs. For now, we'll have to settle for playing air guitar in front of the mirror, since we can't afford a guitar or a PC. OK, we can't afford a mirror, either. Happy?

4 Lumix DMC-LC40 $700
The Lumix from Panasonic has a Leica 3x optical lens and—hold on to your hat—a whopping four megapixels of resolution. Don't wear a hat? You should. You look good in hats.

5 Eagle Creek Matrix $225
Attach a portable music player and crank tunes out of the flat-panel speakers hidden in the bag's side pockets. Want to know something you *can't* hide? A goiter.

6 Adidas Fevernova $160
Slice into the official ball of the 2002 World Cup and you'll find the gas-filled microballoons that make the Fevernova the most responsive ball ever. Yes, we were hoping for a baby leprechaun, too.

7 Spork Free
We dare you to find another utensil that can spear gobbets of chicken while holding small pools of gravy, then deliver all that sustenance to your hungry maw. Seriously, what are you sitting there for? Chop-chop!

8 Go Video DVR4000 $350
This dual-deck party in a box is perfect for those of us who just don't have room for both a VCR and a DVD player. It really is a lot to eat in one sitting.

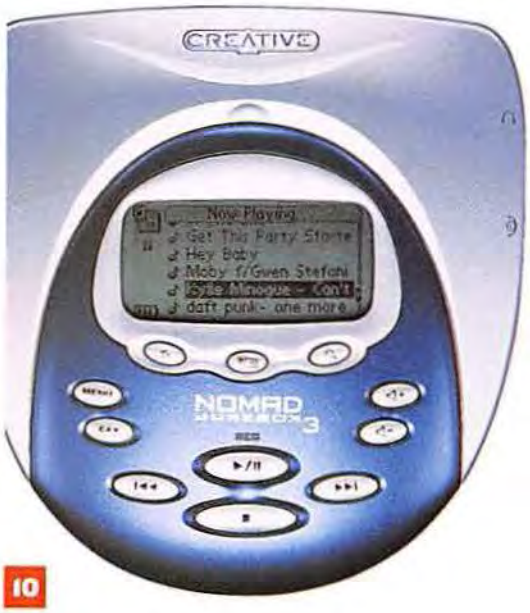
9 Rio EX1000 $300
The Rio plays regular CDs or MP3-encoded discs. Hell, slap a frozen waffle in the tray if you want. You will? Great, um, hop on one leg. OK, now send us 20 bucks, little puppet!

10 Nomad Jukebox 3 $400
With a 20-GB hard drive and both USB and Firewire connectivity, the third iteration in the Jukebox line is the answer to all your needs. Forget all that crap we said about the first two.

11 Bushnell Night Vision $430
Screw in the directional mic on this infrared monocular and scope out screech owls in their natural habitat—or just see what that Raoul guy is doing skulking around your girlfriend's house at night. Pool boy, our ass!

12 Panasonic SV-AV10 $450
At about the size of a deck of cards, the Panasonic takes digital stills and even makes little movies in MPEG-4 format. That's a hell of a lot more than our brother makes. That deadbeat's been "applying to grad school" for eight years.

9



10

11

12

HYPE

STRAP ON YOUR POP GOGGLES AND GO!

First lady

Auto Body

Marieh Delfino is jumping from NBC's teen comedy *All About Us* to the big screen in *Auto Focus*. OK, now you can look at the pretty picture.

STUFF: Your character on *All About Us* is a self-absorbed rich girl with a heart of gold. You do realize that having a heart of gold is biologically impossible?
MARIEH: Definitely. It probably caused a lot of unnecessary confusion.

Your character is also clueless. But rumor has it that you're pretty brainy in real life.
I was a merit scholar. I got to go to D.C. and go to meetings with my senator. It was cool.

Nice. You love horseback riding. Ever ridden bareback?
I gave bareback a shot, but it didn't work out. I almost fell off. Too much soreness and way too slippery.

Your sister Majandra is on UPN's *Roswell*. Have you ever discussed the difference between extraterrestrial and human sex?
No, she keeps that to herself. She doesn't kiss and tell, especially when it comes to aliens. Plus, we're Latina—and you know how Latina girls are.

Ha-ha! Not really. Would you be up for a ménage à trois with your *Auto Focus* costars Willem Dafoe and Greg Kinnear, even though Dafoe is ugly?
Hey! I think Willem Dafoe is handsome, but I would never consider an on-screen threesome. That's a career killer. I don't think I'll be doing too many pornos either. It's not a very smart move.

Speaking of smart, you once pursued a psychology degree, studying Freud. Does that mean you can see through our implicitly sexual questions?
Oh, definitely. All your anal and oral fixations are seeping through.

We've been meaning to have that taken care of. *—R.M. Parish*

Photography: Giuliano Bekor. Styling: Jennifer Mallini.

Parking garages just aren't as fun when you don't have a car. Word!

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

DJ SHADOW
THE PRIVATE PRESS
MCA ★★★★★

Put this CD in your stereo, crank it up and turn out the lights. Do you notice anything? Right—it smells! You really should clean out your fridge. But do you also notice a disjointed collage of beats burrowing into your skull? That's DJ Shadow. After years of churning out underground trip-hop records, the California beatmaster has decided to just flat-out mind-fuck his audience with found sounds including Spanish TV announcers, jazzy drum breaks and DJ scratches. Take the track "Giving Up the Ghost"—Shadow starts with a simple plucked guitar, then adds random chimes, psychedelic noise and menacing drum breaks to the riff, warping the song beyond recognition. Kind of like how we soak our scrap paper in tea until it looks like old-fashioned parchment. (We use it to make treasure-map party invitations!) On the whole, *Press*' downtrodden vibe makes recent Radiohead sound downright sunshiny. Except the nine-minute epic "Blood on the Motorway," which finds a way to combine spoken-word samples, funeral organs and '80s synth in a way that renders Moby's last album obsolete. Now it just sits there, ruining the feng shui of the room. Oh, well. Back to Pottery Barn. Yay! —*Kirk Miller*

SOUND ADVICE

		THE BUZZ	DID YOU KNOW?	WE SAY
	DOVES **THE LAST BROADCAST** CAPITOL ★★★★	The trio returns with the U2-on-Vicodin epic, "There Goes the Fear." Not that we've ever done Vicodin. Or Votoral, Lortab or Baclofen. So back off.	How cool are these guys? Last year on their sold-out U.S. tour, the Strokes opened for *them*. And Ryan Adams? He was working the door!	The many familiar influences (the Stone Roses, the Beatles) and the mix of pop and '80s Manchester club vibes give us the chills. You know what cures the chills? Baclofen.
	FATBOY SLIM **LIVE ON BRIGHTON BEACH** MINISTRY OF SOUND ★★★★	Fatboy wins us over with his choice cuts and high-energy big-beat mix. And also with his homemade cards. (Today he left one in our lunch bag!)	On one track, the crowd is asked to disperse for "safety reasons." That's Fatboy for you—safety first. Like when he's on his scooter. Helmets *rule*!	It's like having the world's best DJ in your home, spinning a master set just for you. Except, when the CD is over, you don't have to say, "Get the hell out of my house!"
	GUIDED BY VOICES **UNIVERSAL TRUTHS & CYCLES** MATADOR ★★★★	GBV record an abrasive, lo-fi indie-rock record. Usually when we say that, we mean a poorly recorded crapfest. But this time it's a compliment!	According to a French fan site, "*Guided by Voices était un nom que j'avais écris sur un carnet, et j'ai pensé qu'il était cool.*" Whatever, Frenchy!	With the punky rave-up "Skin Parade," the band finally learned that a little variety can be a good thing. Now if only they could learn to open up. We're not mind readers!
	NOFX **45 OR 46 SONGS THAT WEREN'T GOOD ENOUGH TO GO ON OUR OTHER RECORDS** EPITAPH ★★★★	The originators of joke punk put out two CDs of their rare and unreleased songs, including three versions of "Fuck the Kids." Four would have been overkill.	They suggest "a break after the first disc... with an episode of *The Larry Sanders Show*." What's that? Garry Shandling terrifies you? Join the club!	Three-chord rock that's actually funny and rocking. Except for songs such as "See Her Pee" and "Please Stop Fucking My Mom," which hit a little too close to home for our taste.
	OAKENFOLD **BUNKKA** MAVERICK ★★★	What do you do after creating the U.K. house-trance scene? That's easy: Pay off your loan on the Geo! Then make your first all-original CD.	Oakenfold started as an A&R man in the '80s, where he signed acts such as Will Smith and Salt-N-Pepa. He spent his nights laughing diabolically.	The beats are Ibiza-worthy. Its sub-Crystal Method pseudo hip-hop and quality guest vocalists make for quite a *mixed* CD. Ha-ha. Get it? Neither do we.
	SWIZZ BEATZ **G.H.E.T.T.O STORIES** DREAMWORKS ★★★	This producer's first CD features guests such as Fat Joe and Cassidy, who promises to "get in that ass like Preparation H." Nice product placement, Cass!	Some wonder if the album's Ja Rule–Metallica collaboration ("We Did It Again") is unrivaled in its stupidity or is sheer genius. It's the former.	Though it's not a Neptunes-like breakthrough, *Stories*' stylistic range and talent base make it the hip-hop CD of the summer. It says so right there in the press release!
	MESHELL NDEGÉ-OCELLO **COOKIE: THE ANTHRO-POLOGICAL MIXTAPE** MAVERICK ★★	The singer-songwriter mixes a little spoken word and lots of hip-hop into her wacky jazz-funk meanderings. And, boy, does it meander. Just like books.	*NdegéOcello* is Swahili for "free like a bird." Everyone's name means something. Except for Gus. That name's just completely pointless.	We don't have a problem with social criticism, musical ambition or hard-to-pronounce names. We just have a problem with Gus. Don't get us started on him again! —*K.M.*

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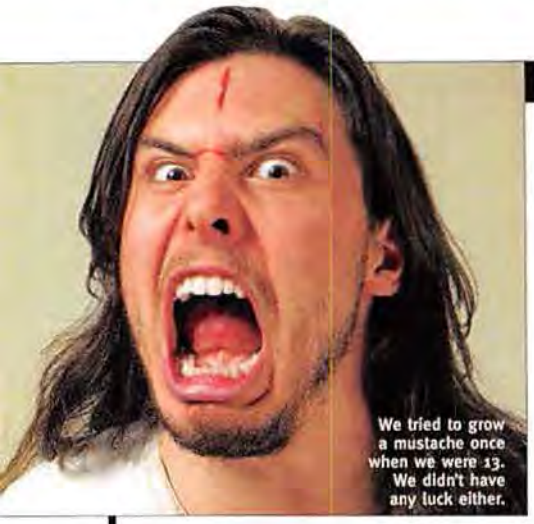


We tried to grow a mustache once when we were 13. We didn't have any luck either.

ADD IT UP

Andrew W.K.

Piano lessons suck. At least for us they did. We were stuck indoors practicing our scales while our friends were outside playing their violins. Plus, Mom always made us wear a dress. We look terrible in polka dots! Not so for Andrew Wilkes-Krier. The Michigan-bred W.K. was able to parlay his classical-piano training into arena-rock success. But don't be fooled—the man still loves to party. Just look at the way he slammed himself in the face with a brick for the cover of his debut album, *I Get Wet*, which turns glam metal and hard-core piano into the next big thing. To some, this brazen bit of bloodletting would seem like a cheap gimmick meant to shock record buyers and get press. (It sure worked on us!) But his first stateside release actually captures the pain and fun that he's been striving for. Just take it from the man himself. "Whatever you do in life, if you go full bore, you're bound to get wet—with blood, sweat, urine, semen or girls' lubricant," he explains. Wow! Maybe Grandma was right after all. —*Kirk Miller*

THE DICTATORS
THE DICTATORS GO GIRL CRAZY!
(EPIC) 1975

Three songs with *party* in the title? W.K. reminds us of these rockers, who served up the three-chord anthem with a wink. Here's a thought: If you had one eye, nobody could tell if you were blinking or winking. Phew! Time for a nap.

MEAT LOAF
BAT OUT OF HELL
(EPIC) 1978

A big, fat guy unleashing melodramatic proclamations of love over piano: It's a recipe for musical genius (and major cardiac arrest). The tinklings of "Ready to Die" prove that W.K.'s classical-piano background came in handy for something. Piano playing, mostly.

AC/DC
BACK IN BLACK
(ATCO) 1980

W.K.'s "Party Til You Puke" sounds exactly like his "Fun Night," which sounds like, well, every other song on the album. He borrowed that idea from AC/DC, another rock band that's been recycling itself for almost 30 years. We've got a parka made entirely of Bon Scott!

BON JOVI
SLIPPERY WHEN WET
(MERCURY) 1986

One listen to "Girls Own Love," with its guitar riffs, excessive keyboard action and catchy "Hey! Nah, nah, nah!" chorus and suddenly we're transported to a more innocent time, when we were riding our steel horse and livin' on a prayer. Last week, to be specific.

REVOLTING COCKS
BEERS, STEERS + QUEERS
(WAX TRAX!) 1990

Why do you feel like hurting someone when "Party Hard" comes on? It's those industrial-strength drums. You'll find similar mayhem on this Ministry side project, which made the goth-industrial scene cool. All it needed was leather pants!

TONY ROBBINS

"I see the absolute truth....There is nothing that can hurt me or anyone else....I will work every day to feel OK...." So claims W.K. in his Web-site manifesto. That sounds like motivational speaker Tony Robbins, who taught us to love ourselves. Turns out the key is using baby oil.

ANDREW W.K.
I GET WET
(ISLAND) 2001

"You ready to rock? No? How about in, like, another 15 minutes or so?"

THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG

Tenacious D "Tribute"

"'Tribute' is about writing and then forgetting the greatest song in the world," say Jack Black and Kyle Gass, the corpulent crooners who make up the lovable duo Tenacious D. "The song saved our souls and then vanished into the cosmic void with all the other lost masterpieces. The lesson in this? Always press RECORD."

SHAMELESS PLUGGING WITH BANNER AND YVETTE

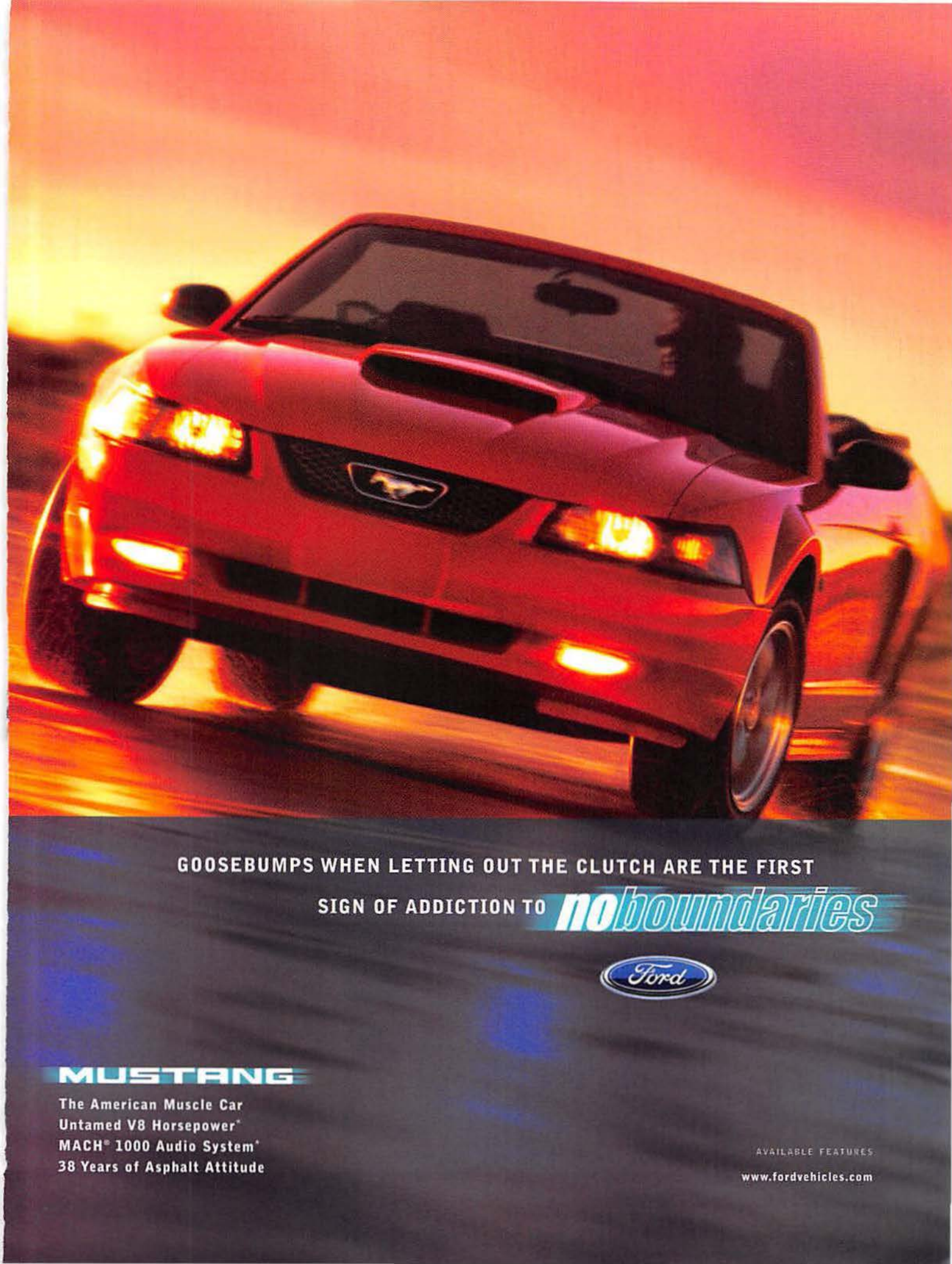
Part Seven: Lust in Space

Banner: "Space is cool, honey, don't you think?"
Yvette: "Yeah, it sure is. I just hope that we're back home by June 18."

Banner: "Isn't that when *Return of the Pink Panther* makes its DVD debut?"
Yvette: "Exactly. Peter Sellers was a comic genius."

Banner: "You might say his bumbling portrayal of Inspector Clouseau was out of this world!"
Yvette: "Banner, you are the living end!"

Photography: (Banner and Yvette) Damien Bonck. Props by Loren Talavera/Stormdriver Productions.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Wrestled by the Crocodile Hunter? Scaly's friends would never believe it! They didn't, either. Scaly was such a liar. (He's totally still a virgin!)

The Crocodile Hunter

Steve Irwin moves to the big screen with *The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course*. Is Hollywood ready for the overactive Aussie? In a word: You bet!

STUFF: In your movie, you protect a croc that swallowed a U.S. satellite beacon. Is that plot realistic?
STEVE: I've seen crocs eat bizarre things, mate. A satellite ball coming from outer space would be warm, and crocs detect warm things, like most reptiles. So he bites it and swallows it down. It's completely feasible.

Wouldn't you be more appropriately named the Crocodile Stalker? We never see you kill anything.
It's a play on words. We're trying to get people to shoot crocs with cameras rather than guns. We are wildlife warriors, crusaders trying to promote worldwide conservation.

A few years ago there were rumors you died of a drug overdose. Did you?

Q&A

Mate, I have died of absolutely everything. I've had spiders, snakes and crocs kill me. A shark got me. The best one I've heard is that a beetle crawled into my ear and bored a hole in my brain. But I am an antidrug man. I go fast enough without jamming chemicals into my body. There's an alternative to drug abuse, and it's wildlife.

Apparently another is merchandising. There are Crocodile Hunter dolls everywhere. Do you like them?
Oh, mate, I absolutely love 'em. But people do weird things with them.

Like what?
Oh, they take [my wife] Terri's pants off and get my head down there and go, "Have a look at this little beauty!"

Fantastic! You're a sex symbol. Have you been propositioned by groupies?
I have, and I don't agree with it. You know what I reckon, mate? As long as you get a big crocodile out in front and me in the background, maybe there's some kind of rugged, good-looking thing happening. But I reckon I'm one ugly bloke.

What's better: great crocodile hunting or great sex?
Oh, boy. Let's see. Rescuing and loving crocs is my life. But if you've got great sex, then you're gonna be happy no matter what you're doing. I'm married and I have one sexy wife, so sex is like turning on a tap, mate. You can turn it on hot or cold. Great sex would have to win.

I know a certain croc who'll be sad to hear that. —*Mike Olson*

Steve loves educating kids about snakes. Even if it means chasing the kids into a corner.

PORN BLOOPER OF THE MONTH

LOVE MACHINE

$30, NEW SENSATIONS

When various women drop a dime into a fortune-telling machine and then kick it, they're transported to a mystical room containing a topless gypsy woman. The gypsy's crystal ball shows the ladies their sexual future—and later these saucy scenarios come to pass. But are they seeing the future? Or is it nothing more than a self-fulfilling prophecy? If it's the former, it's silly—the very notion of a predetermined future flies in the face of a thing called "free will." If it's the latter, it's just boring. Either way, we'll pass.

"I see you fast-forwarding to the double-penetration scene."

POSSIBLY DEAD

Wilford Brimley

Born September 27, 1934, Brimley won the hearts of movie audiences everywhere with his bushy mustache and avuncular charm. If dead, he would be survived by a wife and three sons, whose names we could not find in a Web search. Brimley was not ill at press time, which makes his possible death that much more shocking.

Not for nothing, but we would kill Kyle MacLachlan, too. He's such a little shit.

DVDs OF THE MONTH

BLUE VELVET SPECIAL EDITION

$25, MGM HOME ENTERTAINMENT

We find human ears all the time. At least, we assume they're human ears. They're so badly decomposed, they might actually be old apple cores. Either way, they certainly taste funny. When Jeffrey Beaumont (Kyle MacLachlan) finds an ear in *Blue Velvet*, he winds up in the middle of a sexy mystery involving a disturbed nightclub singer and a nitrous-huffing sadist. Soon Jeff is trapped in a strange, dark world—like that time we got locked in the closet. Special features include a collection of deleted scenes titled "Are You a Pervert?" The answer is no. The judge said once we did our community service the slate would be wiped clean.

RAMBO SPECIAL EDITION TRILOGY

$60, ARTISAN HOME ENTERTAINMENT

Ex-Green Beret John Rambo has turned 20 years old, and while he still can't legally drink, he *can* fight bad guys digitally. Follow Rambo as he battles his inner demons and some asshole cops in *First Blood*, goes back to Vietnam to save prisoners in *Rambo: First Blood Part II* and goes to Afghanistan (how topical!) to save Richard Crenna in *Rambo III*. You'll also get a fourth disc with seven featurettes (like features, but more feminine), including a Rambo trivia game. And it all comes in a collectible tin. Just like Granny's ashes. (She smokes like a chimney!)

What can we say? The guy knows how to tie a mean headband.

FLICK PICKS

		THE PITCH	MONKEY SAYS
	JUWANNA MANN JUNE 21 MIGUEL A. NUNEZ JR., TOMMY DAVIDSON, VIVICA A. FOX, LIL' KIM, KEVIN POLLAK DIR: JESSE VAUGHAN	An NBA star (Nunez), kicked out of the league for his on-court antics, poses as a woman to join the WNBA. Will there be a scene in which he gawks at his naked teammates in the locker room? We sure hope so!	
	MINORITY REPORT JUNE 28 TOM CRUISE, COLIN FARRELL, SAMANTHA MORTON, MAX VON SYDOW DIR: STEVEN SPIELBERG	In the year 2080, police can ID a crime *before* it is committed. Believe it or not, a cop (Cruise) winds up being pursued for a murder he hasn't committed...yet. We just love using those three little dots...don't you?	
	MR. DEEDS JUNE 28 ADAM SANDLER, WINONA RYDER, STEVE BUSCEMI, PETER GALLAGHER DIR: STEVEN BRILL	When Deeds (Sandler) inherits a giant media corporation, a TV reporter (Ryder) sent to debunk him falls in love instead. Winona *steals* the show! Ha-ha! Look, we're not getting paid by the joke here.	
	MEN IN BLACK 2 JULY 3 WILL SMITH, TOMMY LEE JONES, ROSARIO DAWSON, RIP TORN, PATRICK WARBURTON DIR: BARRY SONNENFELD	Muhammad Ali teams up with Tommy Lee Jones—again—to protect the earth from alien douche bags. Johnny Knoxville has a cameo as a two-headed alien. You might remember him. We don't.	
	REIGN OF FIRE JULY 12 CHRISTIAN BALE, MATTHEW McCONAUGHEY, IZABELLA SCORUPCO DIR: ROB BOWMAN	Dragons attack a postapocalyptic England, so a U.S. militia leader (McConaughey) and a British fireman (Bale) join forces to kill them. The dragons—not the actors. You people can be so heartless.	
	ROAD TO PERDITION JULY 12 TOM HANKS, JUDE LAW, JENNIFER JASON LEIGH, TYLER HOECHLIN, PAUL NEWMAN DIR: SAM MENDES	A 1930s hit man known as the Angel of Death (Hanks) sees his family murdered, flees with his son (Hoechlin) and plans revenge. Then Wilson the volleyball shows up with a plan of his own—a sexy plan!	

MOVIE-STAR BREAKING POINTS

They used to be big. Now they're jokes. Where did it all go wrong? Here's where—right down to the exact frame.

BEFORE	BREAKING POINT		AFTER
Raising Arizona, Moonstruck, Leaving Las Vegas	**NICOLAS CAGE**	**CON AIR** 1997 ELAPSED TIME—8:13 Before he can climb aboard a plane full of convicts, Cameron Poe has to kill some time in jail. His crude, *Rocky IV*-style workouts are terrible. So is his offering Hostess Sno-Balls to a fellow inmate. But his credibility really crumbles when he sits on his bunk and stares wistfully at an origami crane he made. Origami is for losers! So is wistful staring.	*City of Angels, Snake Eyes, 8MM, Captain Corelli's Mandolin*
Mr. Mom, Gung Ho, Beetlejuice, Batman	**MICHAEL KEATON**	**MULTIPLICITY** 1996 ELAPSED TIME—1:03:36 There's just not enough time in the day for contractor Doug Kinney. Luckily, his latest job is working for a scientist looking to test out his new cloning technology. The ultimate (and annoying) result is four Michael Keatons on-screen at the same time. Ever wonder how they filmed scenes like this? They used special effects!	*Inventing the Abbotts, Desperate Measures, Jack Frost*
Death Race 2000, Rocky, First Blood, Cobra	**SYLVESTER STALLONE**	**JUDGE DREDD** 1995 ELAPSED TIME—29:41 *Judge Dredd* was supposed to mark Sly's return to action superstardom. But it was just another pothole on the road to Crapville. It's not the clunky effects or cheesy dialogue. It's the way this spandex-clad superjudge of the future stomps around with a gait like the guy who led our high school marching band. (Hey, Sal, you suck!)	*Assassins, Cop Land, Get Carter, Driven*
Heathers, Young Guns II, True Romance	**CHRISTIAN SLATER**	**BED OF ROSES** 1996 ELAPSED TIME—47:04 It's bad enough that Slater plays a florist. What really got us was the scene in which he and Mary Stuart Masterson visit the planetarium. As they gaze up, Slater crosses the thin line from sensitive son of a bitch to sensitive asshole. And there's nothing worse than a sensitive asshole. Every trip to the john is torture!	*Broken Arrow, Hard Rain, Very Bad Things, 3,000 Miles to Graceland*
The Blues Brothers, Trading Places, Ghostbusters, Spies Like Us	**DAN AYKROYD**	**EXIT TO EDEN** 1994 ELAPSED TIME—30:44 It's easy to overlook Dan, what with Rosie O'Donnell running around in dominatrix gear. But before Rosie's character dons leather and chains, her partner, Fred (Aykroyd), has to do the same. Just when you think things can't get any worse, he removes his mask to reveal a horrifying mustache. It works better on Rosie.	*Sgt. Bilko, Celtic Pride, Blues Brothers 2000, Loser, Pearl Harbor, Crossroads*
Swamp Thing	**SWAMP THING**	**THE RETURN OF SWAMP THING** 1989 ELAPSED TIME—THE ENTIRE FILM What was Swamp Thing thinking? After his 1982 feature-film debut, he had it made. All he had to do was sit back and count his money. Instead, he went for a sequel. But his battles with evil geneticist Dr. Arcane and flirtations with Heather Locklear left a lot to be desired. Popcorn, for instance. It goes great with movies!	*Swamp Thing* the TV series

"Being victorious *rules!*"

SPOILER ALERT!

We ran once. Didn't like it.

Do movies have to be so darn *suspenseful*? Not if we can help it!

Rocky I-V Sylvester Stallone wins at the end, either literally or morally.

Forrest Gump Forrest impregnates Jenny, who later dies of AIDS.

Old Yeller The dog contracts rabies and is taken out behind the woodshed, where he contracts a bullet between the eyes.

Predator Everyone except Arnie and Elpidia Carillo dies, including the Predator, which takes its own life after Schwarzenegger drops a log on it.

Fight Club Brad Pitt and Ed Norton are the same person.

American History X A happy ending: Eddie Furlong dies!

Leprechaun A four-leaf clover shot down the leprechaun's throat ends his villainous quest for gold.

Seven Gwyneth Paltrow's head is in the box. But get this: Her body isn't!

Memento Joe Pantoliano's character didn't kill Guy Pearce's wife. Guy Pearce did.

A Beautiful Mind Russell Crowe's roommate, his roommate's niece and his army-intelligence chief are all figments of his imagination.

Side Out Monroe Clark and Zack Barnes beat Billy Cross and Rollo Vincent in the beach-volleyball tournament.

Primal Fear The altar boy (Edward Norton) didn't have multiple personalities and was really the murderer all along.

Basic Instinct Sharon Stone did it. Not just sex—murder, too!

The Usual Suspects Kevin Spacey is Keyser Soze. And vice versa. (You thought he was really crippled, didn't you?)

The Others Nicole Kidman and her kids are ghosts.

The Last Temptation of Christ Christ dies. But don't worry—he comes back.

Saving Private Ryan Tom Hanks is killed in the final battle.

Point Break Patrick Swayze chooses to die while surfing instead of going to jail.

The Sixth Sense Dunno. Never saw it.

"Where my gold at?"

His wristwatch shamed him. It wasn't a ladies' watch, but it was often mistaken for one!

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS!

Stuff magazine .com

COVER GIRLS

Check out all the beauties of *Stuff* in our expanded Cover Girl Gallery. Is it just us, or are these women really hot? Oh, wait: That's the cat—on fire again. A few days in the freezer will chill Whiskers out. PLUS: Exclusive images of this month's cover girl, Izabella Scorupco!

SEX SPIES

We're in a pickle. We've got loads of Web-only pictures of the Sex Spies—including exclusive images of this month's 39th & Sixth girls and Women's Studies applicant—and just one place to put them: the SEX section. Luckily our pickle is Internet-ready. Tangy!

ONLINE CONTESTS

We're going to Hell...and we're taking you with us. We've partnered with Degree Gel to send 100 lucky winners and their friends to Hell in the Cayman Islands to party with *Stuff* girls and a special guest band. Enter now—or suffer the eternal torments of...not going to Hell.

PLUS!

Jokes, Hype!, Gear and Style: all the goodness of *Stuff* in a travel-size Web site—provided your computer travels with you. Ours insists on separate vacations.

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Worst part? Their wives are home, totally cheating on them.

GAME OF THE MONTH

MEDAL OF HONOR FRONTLINE PS2

War games get a bad rap, but they can be fun for the whole family. For example: Next time Grandpa falls asleep, wheel him up to the television, toss in *Medal of Honor Frontline*, proceed to the D-Day level and crank up the volume. He'll freak. The old bastard really hates loud noises.

Frontline is the latest and greatest in the *Medal of Honor* series (or *MOH*, for those who like acronyms—or TWLAs), which seems determined to scoop out every last bit of World War II for our interactive pleasure. But that doesn't mean it's scraping the bottom of the barrel. Actually, despite its resemblance to other PC games, the action of *Medal of Honor*'s first outing on PlayStation 2 is aimed squarely at console gamers—you know, all those guys and gals who are into crazy, balls-out action. Well, unless they're the shy, retiring type. In which case, balls-in is totally acceptable.

The exhilarating action includes blowing up naval bases, scaling bridges under heavy fire and enduring all those harrowing Omaha Beach landings. For more than 20 missions, you choose your approach: Throw caution to the wind and go in solo or beat the bad guys with a pack of troops by your side. You can even lay low as a sniper and pick off enemy commanders one at a time. (Serves them right for being tall.)

No matter which option you choose, with Nazis, allies and civilians all on-screen at once, this game is total pandemonium. And let's not forget all the falling buildings and exploding vehicles. Their birthday's coming up! —*Simon Munk*

Note to Art Department: Could you find a more boring army-man pic? One doesn't exist? Excellent job!

THE PLAY LIST

GUN METAL XBOX

If we were a robot that transforms into a plane, we wouldn't save the world. We'd start an airline with robot stewardesses that morph into luggage carts! Sadly, it's a moot point. Unless we play *Gun Metal*. That's where, as a giant robot, you can stomp tanks, level cities or unleash hellfire from above. Unless you're afraid of heights. Then you should just keep stomping tanks.

HUNTER: THE RECKONING XBOX

Everyone's a zombie. That's what we've been telling our shrink for years. (She just chuckles and tightens our restraints.) But *Hunter: The Reckoning* proves it. As the hero, you have been given the special power to kick undead ass with gun-firing, jaw-smashing, kung fu-kicking mayhem. Use it wisely. Or recklessly. After all, it's just a game, people.

IGI 2: COVERT STRIKE PC

David Jones doesn't have much of a warrior name, but that doesn't stop him from trying to save the world. As this former British Special Forces officer, you wander through Europe battling highly intelligent enemies and shooting realistic weapons. And, unlike its predecessor, this version actually has a decent save feature! We sure hope you know what that means.

GRAVITY GAMES BIKE: STREET. VERT. DIRT. PS2, XBOX AND GAMECUBE

We hate gravity. It's what keeps us from flying. Well, that and the court order. Anyway, these BMX maniacs use quarter-pipes, hills and small buildings to soar across the sky using different tricks. Every time they do, shout: "Fly, sweet riders, fly! Slip the surly bonds of earth!" Repeat it until you have the couch all to yourself.

TEST DRIVE PS2 AND XBOX

Breaking the law is dangerous. (Especially if you do it at home, which is where most accidents occur.) That's why we commit our crimes virtually, using *Test Drive*. In this game you earn cash by avoiding the cops and racing through cities such as Tokyo, London and Monaco. OK, you caught us—Monaco is a principality, not a city. Oh, and we stole your wallet. Sorry!

FREEKSTYLE PS2 AND GAMECUBE

In *Freekstyle*, you're part of the Metal Mulisha, a bike posse that rules the road *and* irreverently misspells its name. In this motocross-meets-snowboarding game, you'll pull stunts for speed on courses crammed with sneaky shortcuts and nasty hazards. "All in a day's work," says an anonymous biker as he lays out his clothes for the next morning. (It's Family Picture Day!) —*S.M.*

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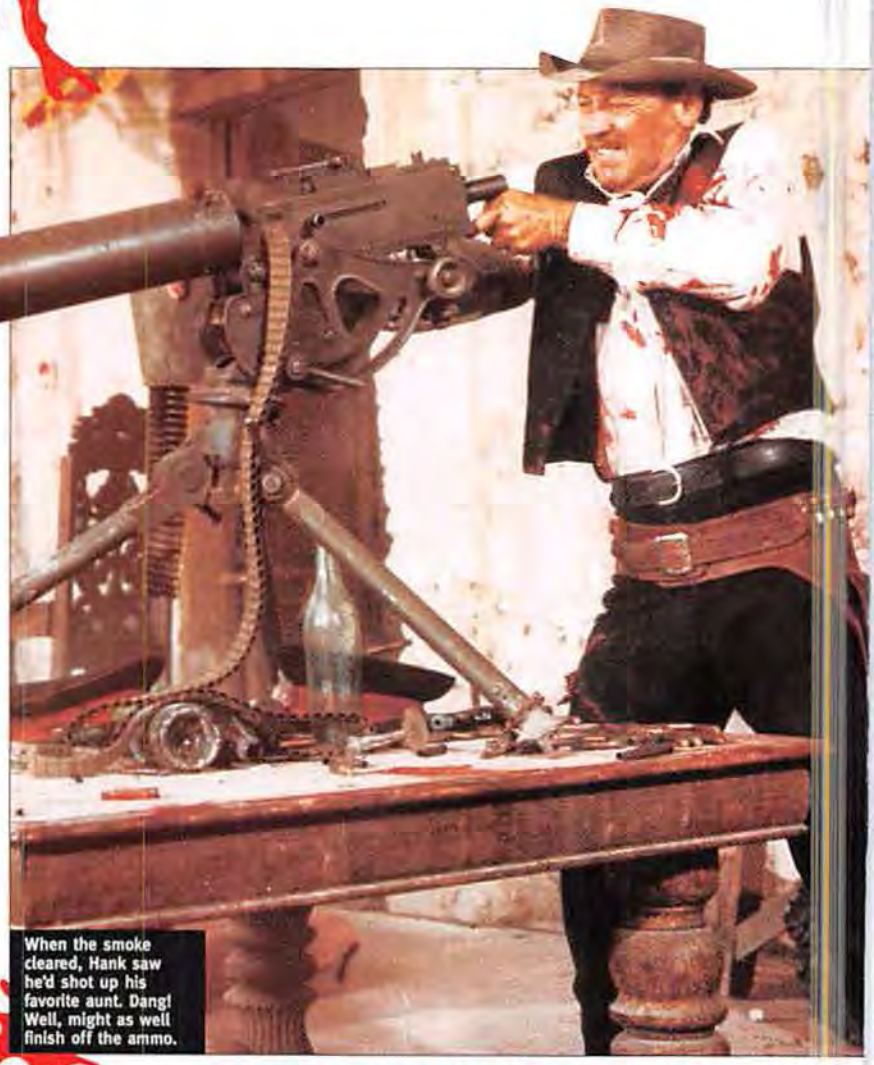
Sam Peckinpah

Hollywood's prostitute-loving, whiskey-guzzling, Liberace-enraging director killed at the box office. Literally.



When the smoke cleared, Hank saw he'd shot up his favorite aunt. Dang! Well, might as well finish off the ammo.

Sam Peckinpah's savage movies earned him nicknames such as Bloody Sam and the Picasso of Violence. And with good cause. When his film *The Wild Bunch* was shown to Nigerian troops in 1969, they began firing their weapons into the screen and, according to Peckinpah biographer E. Jean Carroll, marched off to battle while supposedly shouting that they hoped to die like the film's star, William Holden. Back on the home front, one *Wild Bunch* viewer ranted, "It's not art! It's not cinema! It's pure, wasted insanity!" In other words, it was a peek at the goings-on within Sam's tortured brain.

Peckinpah lived the way his antiheroes lived, fighting a doomed but dogged rearguard action against his many enemies. "I was blackballed by the industry," he said, "because I'm a rebel and an asshole." Hired to work on Liberace's television series in the '60s, Sam arrived dressed in his usual outlaw garb. When the crown prince of sequins demanded that Peckinpah change into a business suit, Sam refused—and was fired. He seemed to enjoy butting heads with the higher-ups, sometimes for no reason at all. Critic Pauline Kael recalled an incident in which a film producer asked why he had targeted him as an adversary. Peckinpah responded, "I do not suffer fools graciously and detest petty thievery and incompetence. Other than that, I found you charming and, on occasion, mildly entertaining."

While Peckinpah did have respect for actors, he wasn't above terrorizing them in the name of drama. On the set of 1965's *Major Dundee*, he berated Charlton Heston for leading a cavalry charge too slowly. Incensed, the actor galloped straight at Peckinpah and came within a whisker of skewering him with a saber. "I was fucking pissed off," said Heston. "But, see, he got what he wanted." During an emotionally charged scene in the 1971 movie *Straw Dogs*, he reminded actress Susan George that her ailing father "might not even live to see the release of this film." Susan began to sob. "Action," said the director.

Peckinpah liked his women—and everybody else's women, too. The bordellos and cathouses he conjured up in his films were born of his own experiences in Mexico, in the High Sierras and as a marine in China, where he visited an establishment tenderly referred to as the House of 10,000 Assholes. Hollywood was poontang heaven for Peckinpah. According to the biography *"If They Move...Kill 'Em": The Life and Times of Sam Peckinpah*, he ran his own harem out of the Warner Bros. lot. Amid the fornication, he even got married—five times, to three different women.

"I WAS BLACKBALLED...I'M A REBEL AND AN AHOLE."**

Between 1961 and 1983, Peckinpah directed 15 features but made a lot more enemies. He stretched tiny budgets until they snapped and was increasingly forced to work outside the system. When cutbacks led to a camera malfunction on *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* (1973), he unzipped his pants and pissed on the screen used to show the rushes. By 1984 he had been living in a trailer and was directing two videos for Julian Lennon. That alone would be enough to kill most men—but instead it was heart failure that felled him that year at 59.

"Sam," actor Burt Young once said, "is a pain in the ass, but we all want to be part of his gang. He's a genius. The bastard."
—*David Bennun*

PECKINPAH YOUR LIFE

Make your day a bloody one!

Say goodbye to dishpan hands—and your brother.

Whoops...didn't see you there, Paco!

Don't forget to add the fabric softener, silly!

Illustration: Gary Brandham

Gaffe alert: You can see the photographer in Sam's glasses! Second gaffe alert: We're terribly lonely. Not so much an alert as a desperate cry for help.

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She was the most beautiful midget he'd ever seen. So beautiful, she had to die.

Jay Mohr

The host of ESPN's *Mohr Sports* talks about his favorite possessions and how much he'd enjoy shooting anyone who tried to steal them.

BY SETH KELLY

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"IF YOU BREAK INTO MY HOUSE, YOU WILL LEAVE WITH A VERY LARGE HOLE."

1 Guns

"I have my .357 Magnum Smith & Wesson next to my bed. It's kinda nice. Very macho. I am a law-abiding citizen—I've got the permit and all. But if you break into my house, you will leave with a very large hole. And when the judge asks me, 'Why did you shoot 'em seven times?' I'll say, 'That's all the bullets my gun would hold.' I am not a gun enthusiast. I am an if-you-come-into-my-house-I'm-going-to-shoot-a-large-fucking-hole-in-you enthusiast. You know what's really cool is taking your wife with you to the range. There's really nothing sexier. We all love female police officers. So when you have a 5'11" blonde holding a .357 Magnum with seven inches of flame shooting out the barrel, you tend to draw a crowd. Then we go home and play Rough Up the Perp. That's what we're calling it now—the Perp."

2 E!'s Golden Hanger award

"I have my Golden Hanger that I won from that Joan Rivers show on E! I won a Golden Hanger for the male fashion breakthrough of the year, which basically means you're not famous enough to get the real Golden Hanger, but they think you look sharp. I don't think it's real gold, otherwise the E! part wouldn't have fallen off. Joan Rivers, she's had so many facelifts her ears are touching. She looks like a Korean man."

3 Religious bric-a-brac

"My wife and I have got all the religions covered. We have a cross and a Buddha. We have a mezuzah by the door. It's there to keep evil spirits away and for good luck for the house. I hope none of this sounds ignorant or disrespectful to anyone's religion. We're just keeping ourselves covered."

4 Rolex watch

"You can wear sweatpants to the Playboy mansion as long as you've got that $20K on your wrist. You're like, 'Hey, no matter what I'm wearing, look at this shit!' It looks good at strip clubs, too. You keep your arm up on the rail. Just so they know what you got—it's all about the *bling-bling*."

5 Baseball mitt

"I still have my baseball mitt from high school—a long, black Rawlings No. 37. That's probably the single most important piece of stuff that I own. It's my mitt. It's my hand. It's every out that I've ever recorded. It comes with me everywhere, because you never know when a game is going to break out. I've taught my housekeepers very important English: 'Holy Grail.' I hold it up and say, 'What's this?' and they say, 'That is the Holy Grail.' Don't touch it."

6 Autographed Yankees ball

"I have a 1956 World Series baseball signed by the entire New York Yankees team. It's got Casey Stengel, Yogi Berra, Phil Rizzuto, Mickey Mantle—the year he won the Triple Crown—and Elston Howard, the first black Yankee. My grandfather gave it to me when I was 10. All the sports stuff that I have was given to me. If you buy it, you're not really in the game. That's the cheap way. Anybody can go buy a Hank Aaron bat. But to meet Henry and ask him for something? I think for him to give it to you because he likes you or finds you nonoffensive enough is more important."

7 A Marine coin

"I was the first comic at the Washington, D.C. Improv after the Pentagon attack. There were a lot of Marines and firemen at my show. One of the Marines came up to me afterward and said, 'Really appreciate it. We really needed it. You spread a lot of love up there. So, here...' and he gave me his Marine coin. It is basically about the size of a silver dollar and says SEMPER FIDELIS. And it has that raised globe, the Marine logo. So I carry that. It's nice when I fly and they make me empty my pocket and I go, 'Hold on, let me take this out'—clank!—'Yeah! *Semper Fi*, baby!'"

8 Mexican baseball leagues

"I joined a Mexican baseball league in California, and I was the only one there who spoke any English whatsoever. A little rule they had: Dot the gringo. I had three at bats, and I got hit in the back three times. And then I thought, *You know, that's OK—they can keep hitting me, and I'll just keep stealing second*. Then I got thrown out twice stealing second, and I thought, *This isn't really that much fun anymore*. I went back to American softball."

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BEST BETS

Men's Wimbledon Champion

Pete Sampras	4-1
Andre Agassi	6-1
Our pick: Goran Ivanisevic	**20-1**

Odds by N.A.S.A. Sports Betting. Picks by betting guru Aaron Marshall.

Men in tights? Funny. Men in underwear? Not so funny. Still, we have to admire Croatian Goran Ivanisevic, who stripped down to his tightie-whities at a celebration following his shocking Wimbledon win last year. With a serve that is the fastest thing on grass since Snoop Dogg on a water slide, he is ready to win it all again. Goran, this year just use the briefs as a party hat.

Will Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta-Jones separate by the end of 2002?

No	1-20
Our pick: Yes	**12-1**

Fame, money, power. Douglas may have it all, but there's no plastic surgeon alive who can make him look younger for much longer. He already resembles Kirk Douglas' dad. Meanwhile, his movie-star wife is as sexy as ever. The end will come this year when she finds herself looking at Al Gore and thinking, *God, he's hot!*

Wow, they look great. Oh, and Catherine and Michael make a nice couple, too.

TWO STUPID JOKES

Ha...

A bunch of racehorses are hanging out at the track stable. One of them starts to boast about his record: "Of the last 15 races, I've won eight of them!" Another horse breaks in with, "Well, in the last 27 races, I've won 19!" "Oh, that's good, but in the last 36 races, I've won 28!" says another. At this point, they notice that a greyhound has been sitting there listening. "I don't mean to boast," says the greyhound, "but in my last 90 races, I've won 88 of them!" "Wow!" says one horse, after a hushed silence. "A talking dog!"

Ha!

Two elderly couples are playing bridge when the wives go into the kitchen. One of the men says to the other, "Last night we went to a really fantastic restaurant. I highly recommend it." The other man says, "That sounds great. What's the name of the place?" The first man thinks for a while and then asks, "What's the name of that flower...you know, the nice-smelling red one with thorns?" "You mean a rose?" "Yeah, that's it!" Then he turns toward the kitchen and yells, "Rose, what's the name of that restaurant we ate at last night?"

Send jokes. Win cash!

Do you fancy yourself a laughmeister? Then never use the word *meister*, and send your humor in the form of a written joke to: *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or go to www.stuffmagazine.com. If we use your joke, you'll score $50.

THE PRANK

BIG RED RASH

The pregame

Pick up a pack of Big Red gum and head to a bar. Hang out by yourself until someone approaches you with a vapid question. (Like, "Hot enough for ya?") Engage in a retarded chat to gain his trust, and then propose a bet.

The execution

Take out the gum and bet him that he can't make the wrapper adhere to his forehead. Say that he can even lick the inside of the wrapper to make it stickier. He'll probably do so and try to stick it on his forehead. Guess what? It sticks!

The happy ending

You owe him a beer, but for the next few hours he'll have a painful burn on his forehead in the shape of a wrapper. Mixing saliva with the gum powder creates a paste that irritates skin. Even more irritating: when he kills your family!

THE LONELY PUNCH LINES

Payoffs so funny, you don't need the joke.

- ▷ So that's what the straw was for!
- ▷ Boy, that turtle *does* have a hard shell!
- ▷ It's all right—he's from Haiti.
- ▷ And that's why she got the new sink.
- ▷ That's why it's called happy hour.
- ▷ Oh, sorry. Hi, Dad.

Illustrations: (Joke) Jason Johnson; (Prank) Gary Brandham; (Punch) Olivie Blanc.

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Whaddaya Know?

Presenting Heinz Krankelschnit, newly appointed Professor of Yummy Carnology at the Meat Institute in Spambucket, Minnesota.

If a person is blind, can he see images in his dreams?

—Lonnie Van Gundy, Clearwater, Fla.

Die blinden who have had some experience of sight, however small, may have nights full of brain movies. But people blind since birth will dream in sound only. And a person who has been stupid, shallow and unimaginative since birth will have incredibly boring dreams and then insist on telling you every single godforsaken detail the next day. Kill them all!

Can cops really commandeer your vehicle like they do in the movies?

—Danny O'Keeffe, Bronx, N.Y.

Well, *mein kinder*, bad cops can. Also, in some states, codes endorse *posse comitatus*, which obliges private citizens to assist *die polizei* in the apprehension of miscreants when called upon to do so, although taking private property to accomplish this has never been tested in court. I personally volunteer for the local vice squad and help bring prostitutes to justice in my gray Ford Econoline *mit der* leopard-skin jump seat in the back. "Citizen's arrest" is the first phrase in a successful negotiation—right after *sieg heil*, that is.

What is dry ice, and why can't you touch it?

—Elizabeth Sammon, Chicago

Easy, *mein liebschein*. Calm down and let us take this one point at a time. Dry ice is the frozen form of carbon dioxide. It transforms from a solid straight into a spooky-looking vapor without passing through a liquid stage, making it popular with wrinkled old goth bands and *der kinder* with the glowsticks and suchlike. It is dangerous to touch because, like anything else at a temperature of minus-109 degrees Fahrenheit, it will take off your skin. That is bad, *ja*? But the good part is that after it takes off your skin, it preserves it in a crispy, frozen state, which makes for a tasty snack.

He spent his downtime crafting miniature surfboards. Everyone needs a hobby!

What is the worst drug for your brain?

—David Ayala, Tamms, Ill.

Picture an egg. This is your brain. Take the egg and dye it like a Bible-thumper's Easter fantasy. This is your brain on drugs. Now, drop the egg into a tank full of gasoline with a burning match. This is your brain on solvents. Inhaling glue, hairspray, paint thinner, aerosols and so on strips away the fatty tissues protecting the nerve cells in your brain until you become too *dummkopf* to even realize you are in deep trouble. Such huffing and puffing can kill you slap-bang-dead the first time out. In the unlikely event that you are not an idiot when you start, you sure as *scheisse* will be when you finish.

How much noise would it take to kill you? And how exactly would you die?

—Jon Starr, Jacksonville, Fla.

A lot. *Und mit* misery. Noise is simply air forced by pressure into a certain shape at a certain speed. Which is the scientific explanation for that shrill little *liebschein* Celine Dion. When the noise is Wayne Newton singing "Danke Schön," then all is well. But when the noise is a high-energy-impulse sound that reaches 200 decibels, such as that caused by a nearby explosion or by Frau Krankelschnit having sex *mit der* pool boy, it can turn the hollowish parts inside you (ears, lungs, intestines) to confetti and mulch—even while your skin remains intact. You would become a giant Beanie Baby—like David Crosby, whom I detest on all decibel levels.

"This is one smokin' show!" exclaimed a 34-year-old guy wearing a KISS ARMY T-shirt, moments before collapsing in tears.

Still bewitched, bothered and bewildered? Send your questions to:

Professor Heinz Krankelschnit, *Stuff*,
1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018

or via e-mail to letters@stuffmagazine.com. Do not shove letters into your hard drive.

Photography (Prof.) Warren Salowe

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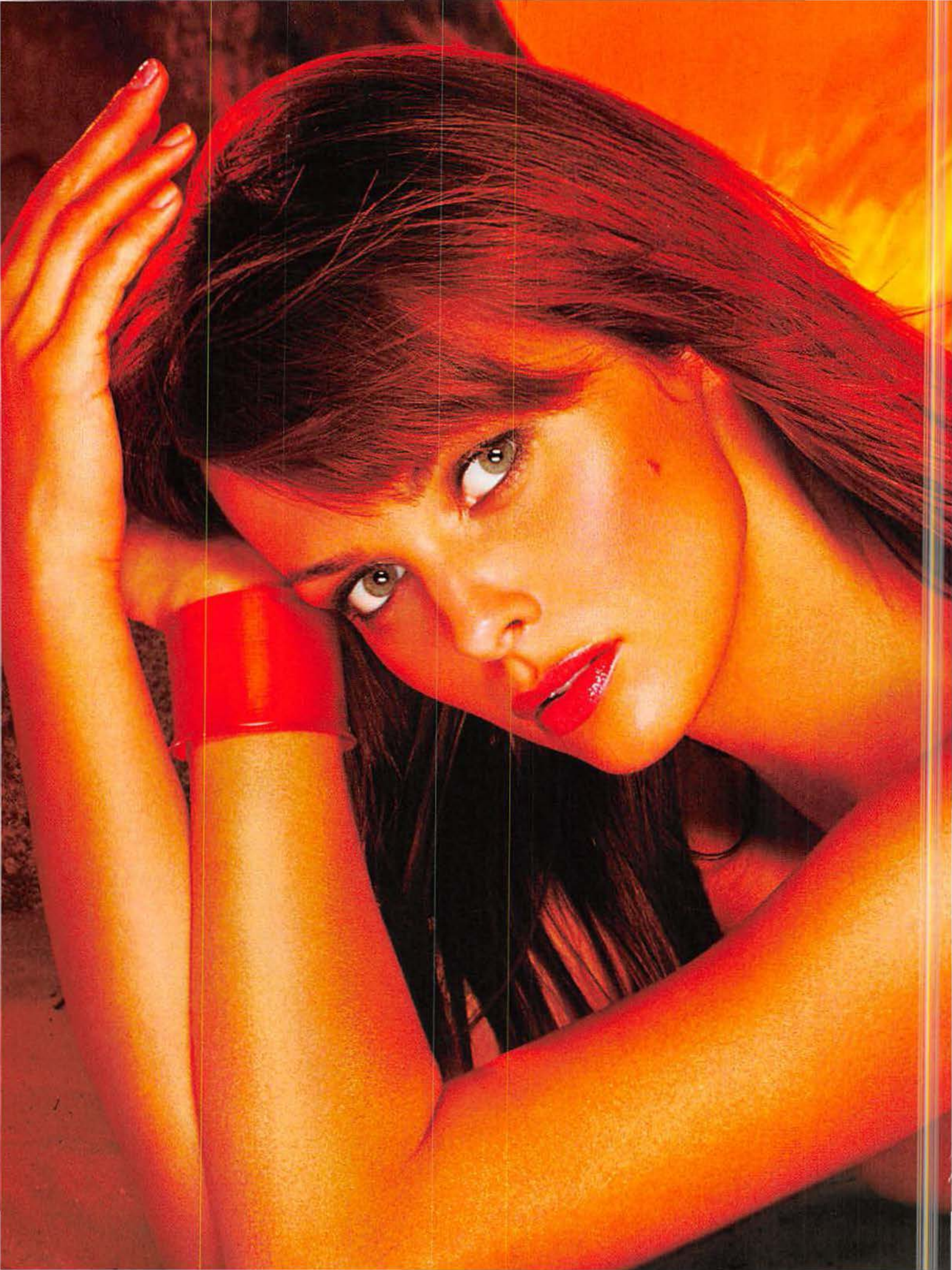
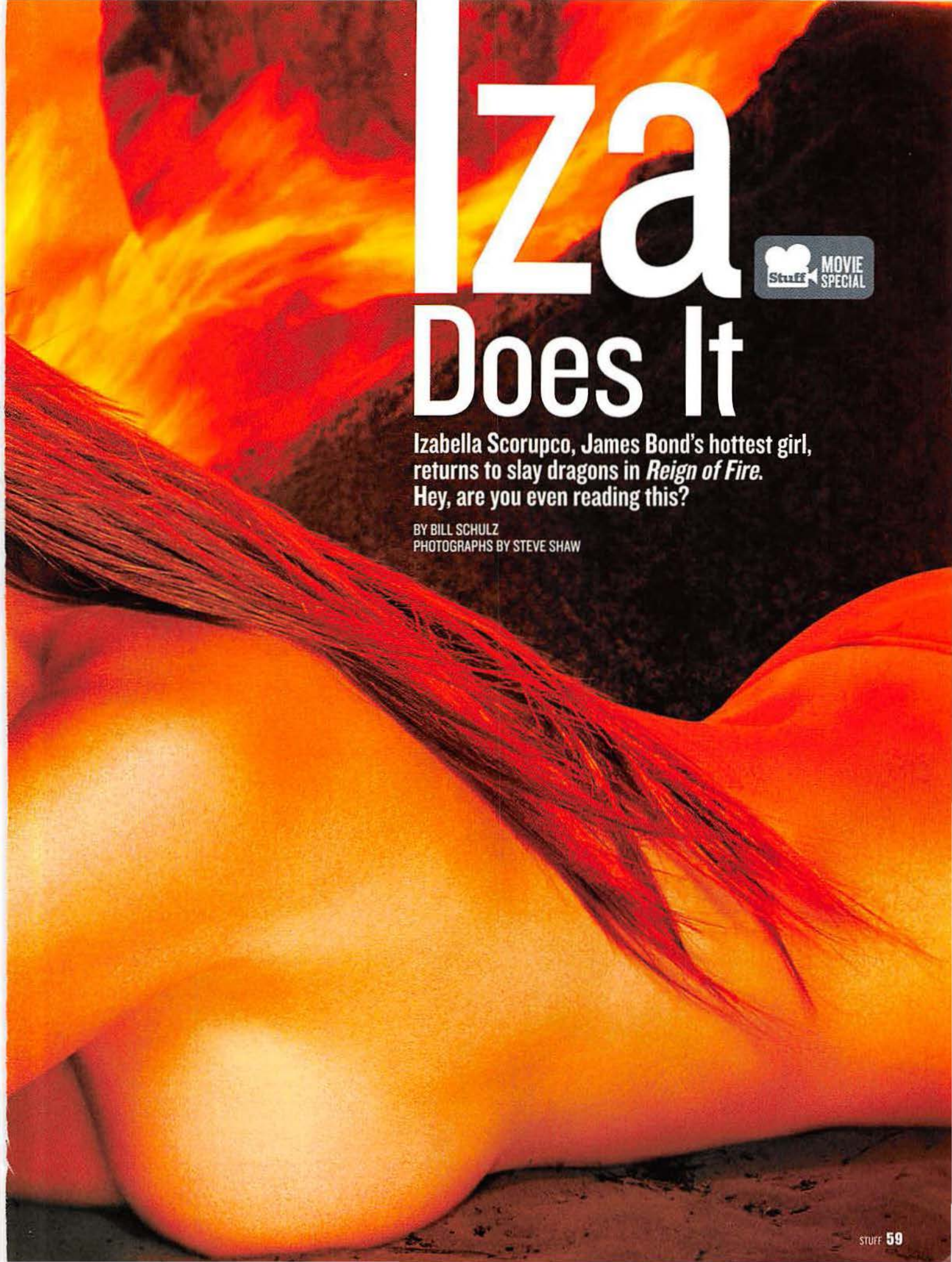




Iza Does It

Stuff MOVIE SPECIAL

Izabella Scorupco, James Bond's hottest girl, returns to slay dragons in *Reign of Fire*. Hey, are you even reading this?

BY BILL SCHULZ
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE SHAW

After first raising our eyebrows/pants as Bond girl Natalya Simonova in 1995's *Goldeneye*, Poland-born and Sweden-raised Izabella Scorupco left the public eye to become a full-time mother and wife to New York Islander right winger Mariusz Czerkawski. Alas, the union became as strained as Czerkawski's hamstring, and now a single Scorupco is back in the game with this summer's dragon-slaying epic (is there such a thing as a dragon-slaying flick that's *not* an epic?), *Reign of Fire*.

I had the happy task of meeting up with Iza (her nickname) at A Votre Sante, which is billed as one of Beverly Hills' healthiest restaurants. (Look, I don't pick these places, all right?) Iza arrived late because, as she would explain, "My dog, Hamlet, was pooping on the carpet. It was a disaster." What *wasn't* a disaster? [*Obligatory clothing description to follow*] Her hip-hugging jeans, complemented by a low-cut blouse that made eye contact, like, superdifficult and junk. Fun fact: Iza's an ABBA fanatic. Less-fun fact: After our chat ended, the waiter came up to me and confessed that, before he even spotted my tape recorder, he knew this was an interview, because Iza and I looked "*that* mismatched." The worst part is I'd already tipped the bastard.

STUFF: Teach me to say, "I'd like to give a shout-out to all my babies' mamas" in Swedish.

IZA: God. *Jag skulle vilja ge ett riktigt! Hallå till både tjejer och kärringar.* That's very American. They wouldn't say that.

Your *Reign of Fire* costar, Matthew McConaughey, was once arrested after police found him naked, playing the bongos and smoking a joint. Did you two ever bond over bong hits?
Can you not do that in your house? That's embarrassing. No, he was behaving extremely well.

Now, ABBA's album *Super Trouper*: Was it a stunning/surprising departure from *Voulez-Vous* or par for the course for these chameleonlike artists?
I am a huge ABBA fan. *Super Trouper*... wasn't that the divorce album? Yeah, I mean, what is it...what do you want me to say? I'm sorry.

Uh, don't be. I read that you used to force your ex to dress up like Benny from ABBA, and you would dress up as Agnetha. That's delightfully kinky.
It's never been a sexual thing. But I think a man who accepts [dressing up like Benny for me] has a very good sense of humor. You're not really supposed to like ABBA in Sweden. It's nerdy. But I heard this most amazing story: Australians were the biggest fans, and when Agnetha went to the bathroom before a show, one of the grips collected it when it didn't flush all the way. And he kept it in a jar. He gave it to a collector for a fee.

A fecal fee! Now, after a long line of quality Bond-girl names such as Pussy Galore and Holly Goodhead, you were saddled with the yawn-inducing Natalya Simonova. Did you have any say in this?
I know! I was the good Bond girl, but I wanted to have the dresses and the high heels. I wanted the funky, sexy name. And I didn't get it. I was pretty devastated, I have to say.

Let me throw some Bond-girl names by you that I'm going to be submitting to MGM, and tell me what you think. First one: Turgid Von Swallow.
Yeah, I like that one, actually. Von Swallow. It says everything. I like the Von before it. It sounds very noble.

How about Penetrasha Humpmen?
No, no, no.

All right. Last one: Heinie McBadplace.
It sounds a little bit gay. No, I really like the first one.

On that note, you've gone on record as loving Ricky Martin. Do you often find yourself attracted to homosexuals?
But is he gay? It doesn't matter—it's the way he moves. God, he knows how to move those hips. It's very sexual.

You know it! You share a birthday with *Party of Five*'s Scott Wolf. That scalawag hooked up with a girl I know and promised he'd call, but he never did.
Oh, that's sad. Really? But did she expect him to call back? We always do. But I don't think you can expect to, you know, have somebody like that and then get married.

As a fellow Gemini, would you care to explain Scott's behavior?
Well, I don't even know him—so that should say everything. I hope she used him really well.

If your daughter ever told you she wanted to date an NHL player, would you let her?
I wouldn't be completely for it. Athletes have an ego trip. Like, I've heard this story about players' wives that I've met. If the wife gets a cold, then she's not allowed to sleep in the same room as the husband for weeks, because otherwise he'd get it. I'd kill the bastard!

I've read that Mariusz was exceedingly jealous over your love scenes. Was that the main barb in the marriage?
Of course it's difficult for any man. It's your woman. That's very private. But, I mean, our problem was we never saw each other. We were in a relationship for eight years, and we maybe saw each other, total, for a year. ▷▷▷

You can have lots of fun on all fours. Know what we're sayin'? Like pretending you're a tiger. That rules!

Styling: Shelly Cavalli. Hair: Dany Newkirk for Celestine Agency. Makeup: Olli Schober for NynoCelestine Agency. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

Izabella Scorupco

I went to college with a girl who dated Adam Oates when he and your husband were both playing for the Bruins. She said that the team had a big jar, and when they'd go on roadtrips, the married players threw their wedding rings into the thing.
And they were not married that day, right? To me, it's pathetic. Not too many men are strong enough to say, "My life is about being with my wife and my kids." The ring in the jar—that's amazing. Now I'm going to call him and say, "You know what...?"

I'd rather you didn't. He's a large man! Anyway, does a woman in her thirties "move it, move it" better than a woman in her twenties? Er, sexwise.
I've always been comfortable with my sexual desires and what I like. In your twenties, it's more about shit like, *Should I really show myself in this daylight?* Now it's more like you know your good sides. I hope I'm just going to get crazier with the years. I hope I'm not going to be 85 years old and think, *Oh, my God, I'm too old for this.*

Lingerie: makes sex better, or you'd rather wear a sweater?
Sexual underwear is tacky. It's sexier to wear, like, a transparent tank top.

Mmm-hmm! Watching porn: does the trick, or makes you sick?
Porn movies? I think it's good. I think every man who is not a religious moron likes when a woman is comfortable with watching a porn movie.

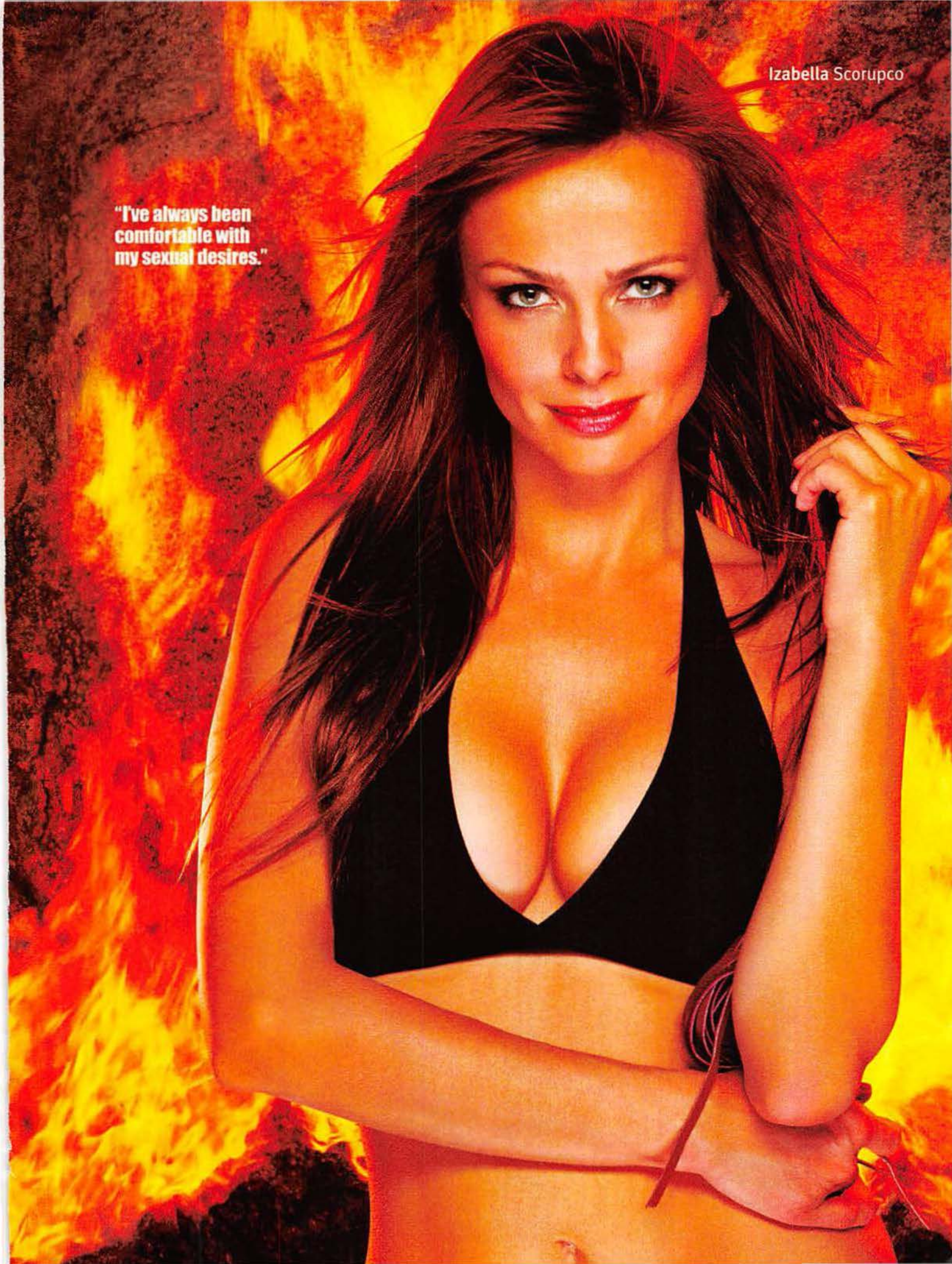
Here, I want to give you something no other cover girl has ever been able to have. [*I pull out a shifty-looking clown. For a disturbing visual, see page 144*].
I have no idea what you can do with this doll. He looks dishonest. And he looks away. And he has no lips! Scary.

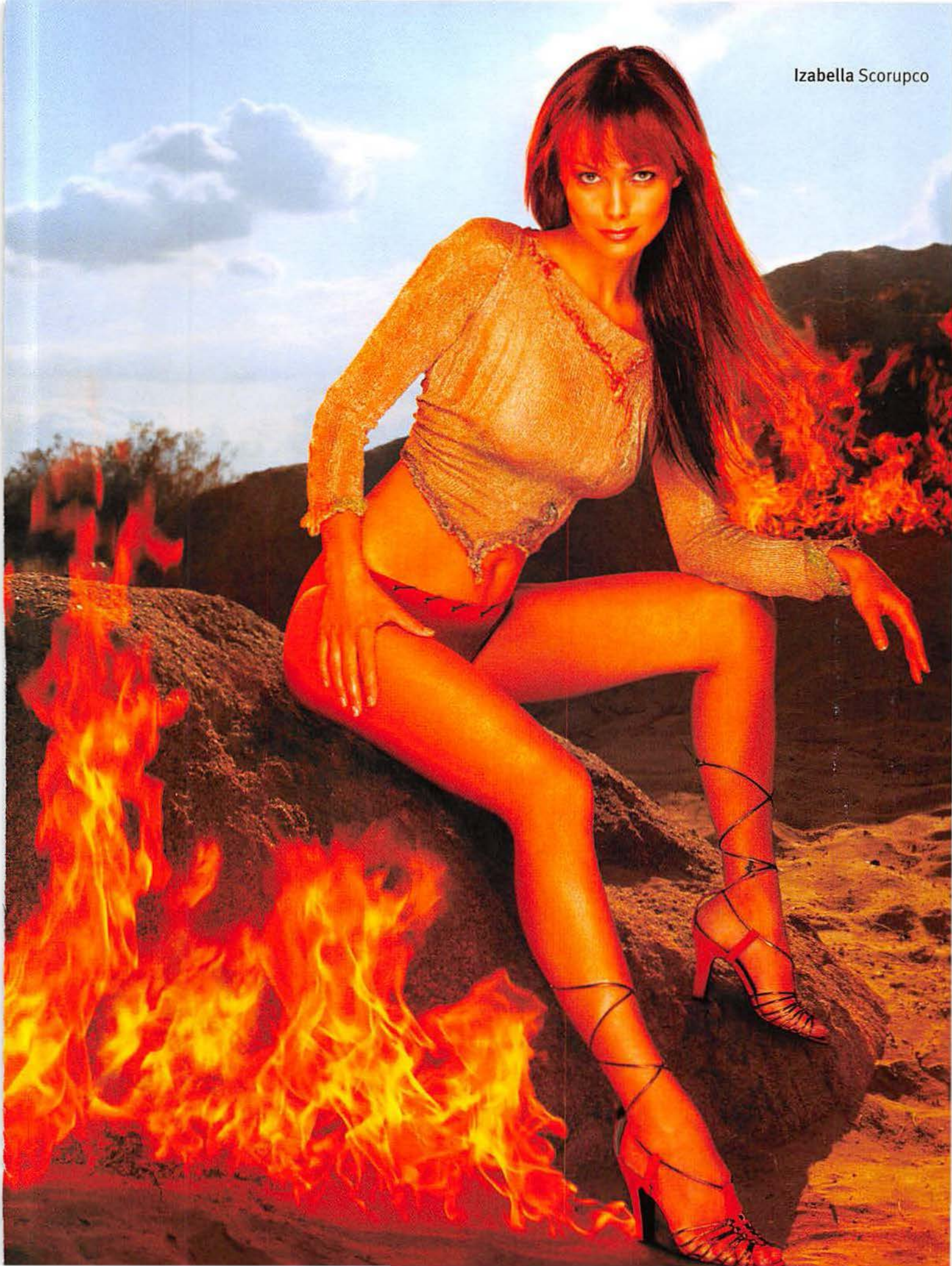
Would you like to name him?
My God, that's crazy. What's my name—Turgid Von Swallow? I like the Von. Maybe Herbert Von Deep. Why am I going in this sexual direction? [*Points to a line between his legs*] He's a transvestite! To me, [that crack] looks like a you-know-what. That's why he's not looking at us. He's confused.

Considering your roots, I have a Polish joke for you. How many lunches does it take to fall in love with a Pollack?
Oh, my God. I have no idea.

As far as I'm concerned, just one.
Oh, that was amazing! That's so sweet! Thank you for lunch.

Uh, I figured since my joke was so sweet, *you'd* pick up the check.


Izabella Scorupco
"I've always been comfortable with my sexual desires."


Izabella Scorupco

One of the hazards of life on the road is frizzy hair. Well, that and becoming a burned-out shell of your former self.

RETURN Of the Summer Concerts

They're back...and noisier than ever. (That's right, we're talking about the cats under your porch. Avoid 'em for a day by catching one of these neat shows.)

BY KIRK MILLER

Ozzfest

Who? Main stage Ozzy Osbourne, System of a Down, P.O.D., Rob Zombie, Drowning Pool, Tenacious D, Adema, Zakk Wylde's Black Label Society **Second stage** Down, Mushroomhead, the Apex Theory, SoiL, Meshuggah, Ill Nino, Andrew W.K., Otep, Lostprophets, Neurotica, Seether, Flaw, Glassjaw, Chevelle, the Used, Pulse Ultra, 3rd Strike...and more (whew!)

What? The burnouts get their day in the sun with this annual ode to all that is metal. But will they still care now that Ozzy is a TV star with his own show? Yes. Dude, these are *burnouts* we're talking about.

Where? Stadiums, arenas and amphitheaters all over the damn place

When? July 6–September 8

Why go? Since the new Rage Against the Machine (featuring Chris Cornell) dropped off the bill, this is a good question. Zombie's doing a "stripped down" set, and you know, he's really not that sexy anymore. System of a Down never disappoints, though, and Glassjaw shows promise. Plus, who can forget frenetic party rocker Andrew W.K.? Our Grandma, that's who. The woman can barely remember her name—even when we shout it in her ear!

Band to watch Andrew W.K. (What, you forgot already?)

Nonmusic highlights Thanks to a partnership with the WWE, wrestlers such as Triple H will introduce acts and be on hand to sign autographs. That alone is worth the ticket price ($40 and up). Assuming you can find someone dumb enough to pay money for a Triple H autograph!

www.ozzfest.com

Her style is outrageous. In fact, we're so outraged, we just punched the wall. It is *that* outrageous!

Worth the Trip

These overseas shows are jammed with good music. Plus, everyone there will talk funny. Just like that little neighbor boy with the helmet.

Roskilde Festival

Denmark, June 27–30
Pet Shop Boys, P. Diddy, Spiritualized, Garbage, Nelly Furtado, the Red Hot Chili Peppers

Glastonbury Festival

Glastonbury, England, June 28–30
The Charlatans, No Doubt, Ian Brown, Orbital, Super Furry Animals, Mis-Teeq, Coldplay

T in the Park

Balado, Scotland, July 13–14
Oasis, Primal Scream, Green Day, Beverley Knight, Groove Armada, the Chemical Brothers, Foo Fighters, Ian Brown, Badly Drawn Boy, Gomez, No Doubt, the Hives, Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, the Beta Band, Mull Historical Society, Joe Strummer, Tricky, A, Haven

V2002

Hylands Park, England, August 17–18
Stereophonics, Travis, Chemical Brothers, Primal Scream, Groove Armada, Counting Crows, Nickelback, Badly Drawn Boy, Supergrass, Starsailor, Ian Brown, Turin Brakes, Beta Band, Elbow, Stereo MC's

Creamfields

Liverpool, England, August 24
Faithless, Underworld, Mis-Teeq, Kosheen, Lemon Jelly, Stanton Warriors, Sasha, Pete Tong, Dave Clarke, Judge Jules, Tall Paul, Jon Carter, Seb Fontaine

People admired their stage presence. And Abraham Lincoln. He liberated the slaves!

Vans Warped Tour

Who? Bad Religion, NOFX, New Found Glory, the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Thursday, Good Charlotte, Something Corporate, Alkaline Trio, Guttermouth, Midtown, too many more to mention
What? You want old-school punk? Done. New-school punk? It's there. Anything else? You're out of luck.
Where? Parking lots and soccer fields across the country
When? June 21–August 18
Why go? Warped is the best value of the year, and also a chance to see some classic bands sweat in 100-degree heat for a bunch of unappreciative kids.
Band to watch Something Corporate combines a love of pianos with pop-punk, creating a mosh-worthy Ben Folds Five hybrid. If you've been moshing to Ben Folds Five all along, seek help.
Nonmusic highlights This year's pirate theme means lots of water. Look for a giant water slide, a "waterized" bungee jump and a dunk tank. Bring doughnuts! You know, in case you get hungry waiting in line for the dunk tank.
www.warpedtour.com

Caucasian dreads? Check. Multiple tattoos? Check. Angst? Check and check! Looks like somebody's ready to get it done. (Who is he again?)

Rolling Rock Town Fair 3.3

Who? Sevendust, P.O.D., Nickelback, Alien Ant Farm, Default, Outkast, Injected and Godsmack

What? The third all-day summer music festival featuring hot alt-rock bands and plenty of beer. Coors, probably.

Where? Latrobe, Pennsylvania

When? July 27

Why go? "Rolling Rock has become synonymous with providing a first-class concert venue to some of the hottest up-and-coming musicians in the world, as well as the industry's most popular performers," claims the beer company. And it wouldn't lie. It's a beer company!

Band to watch In a world of Creed clones and nu-metal, Outkast brings the funk.

Nonmusic highlights Magicians, interactive games, stilt walkers, watermelon-eating contests...oh, um, sorry about that. We were just planning our Labor Day barbecue.

www.rollingrock.com/townfair

More Than Music Festival

"A two-hour sound check so this idiot can scream into a microphone?" grumbled Todd, the disgruntled sound guy. Ah, Todd, that diploma from the Berklee College of Music isn't working out the way you'd hoped, eh?

Who? The Locust, the Walkmen, Superdrag, Kill Me Tomorrow, Rah Bras, the Dropscience, Liars, Bratmobile, the Panthers, the Dream Is Dead and more

What? More than 40 punk, noise and underground hip-hop bands lighten up Ohio.

Where? Columbus, Ohio

When? July 5–7

Why go? Looking for the future of rock? Come here and see the best of the underground. Looking for a good strip mall? Welcome to Columbus!

Band to watch The Locust. We named these noisemongers the Best Band You're About to Hear Of in our April issue. If we keep mentioning it we'll be proved correct.

Nonmusic highlights The event promises to be a place where "the discussion of rhetoric can move beyond the rhetoric of government or activism, and into the realm of philosophy, aesthetics, ethics, ethnicity, env—" Hey, who wants toaster muffins?

www.morethanmusic.org

The Tour with No Name

Who? Korn, with Puddle of Mudd and Deadsy

What? The creators of nu-metal return to alienate America's youth. As if Puberty didn't do enough of that already. (Puberty is a death-metal band out of Sacramento. They rule!)

Where? Arenas

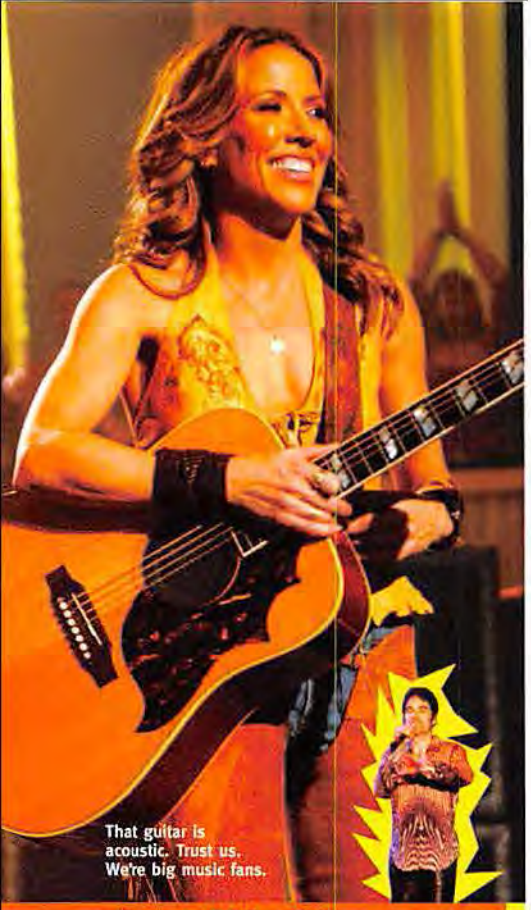
When? June 20–August 1, for starters

Why go? Because out of all the cheesy, angsty, dreadlocked hip-hop wanna-bes out there, Korn actually does it well. Their new CD, *Untouchables*, shows a bit of an early-'80s vibe, too. Plus, you can throw things at Puddle of Mudd. They like that.

Band to watch Deadsy likes to wear prep-school outfits and play gothy Rush covers. Just like our first relationship.

Nonmusic highlights Plenty of teen girls, if you're into that sort of thing. Personally, we like to egg bookmobiles.

www.korn.com



That guitar is acoustic. Trust us. We're big music fans.

Jeep World Outside Festival

Who? Sheryl Crow, Train and more
What? The worlds of extreme sports and middle-of-the-road rock come together. Finally!
Where? Outdoor amphitheaters and music centers
When? July 10–August 18
Why go? You can kayak, mountain-bike or rock-climb at each show, or watch freestyle skiers. Also, there's music. Which is good, because otherwise it'd just be a bunch of extreme-sports outdoorsy types, and we'd want to throw rocks at them.
Band to watch Ziggy Marley. The reggae master has the chops, the celebrity name (*Ziggy* is our favorite comic strip!) and a hot new CD later this year. Plus, Ziggy does mad tricks on the snowboard ramps.
Nonmusic highlights Throwing rocks.
www.jeepworldoutsidefestival.com

"Phish rules! No, wait, Grateful Dead...wait, where the hell am I?"

Bonnaroo Music Festival

Who? Widespread Panic, Gov't Mule, Ben Harper, Keller Williams & the String Cheese Incident, Phish's Trey Anastasio, moe., Galactic, Jack Johnson, Soulive, North Mississippi All Stars, Karl Denson's Tiny Universe, Robert Randolph & the Family Band, Les Claypool's Frog Brigade
What? A three-day camping trip/concert series that hopes to bring back the spirit of the Dead. It'll mean smoking a lot of pot—but we're willing to bet these fans will be up to it!
Where? Manchester, Tennessee
When? June 21–23
Why go? Jam bands and drugs
Band to watch Les Claypool's Frog Brigade brings the wackiness of Primus to the Deadhead crowd, who could stand to lighten up a bit. Honestly, guys...who died?
Nonmusic highlights A festival village and Sunday morning gospel performances.
www.bonnaroo.com

Civic Tour

Who? Incubus and a special guest
What? Thanks to the one-page Q&A in our April issue, the prog-metallers graduate from arenas to stadiums. (They got the cutest little diplomas!)
Where? Stadiums (See above.)
When? April 11–July 3
Why go? After a successful jaunt (yes, jaunt) on last year's Area:One tour, the California rockers take their unique prog-rock sound out to the big time. It's the only show where granolas, metalheads and music snobs can bond. The music unites—and confuses—them!
Band to watch Openers Phantom Planet have a hit song about one of our favorite states ("California"). Plus, their drummer was in *Rushmore*. He played Bill Murray.
Nonmusic highlights This is the *Civic* Tour, so expect a lot of rockin' ads for...Honda. Incubus even designed a car you can win. It's probably safe.
www.civictour.com

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Yes, portable toilets are small. But that doesn't mean there's no room for good manners.

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Illustrations: Gary Brandham

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If you were stuck with a guy who spent more time dipping Creek than shooting ducks, you'd be hot under the collar, too!

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ADULT SWIM

Quick, run to the theater and feast your eyes on Alexandra Adi in the new teen comedy *Slap Her, She's French*. Or stay right where you are and feast your eyes on the following five pages. Your choice.

BY DAN BOVA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA FOR RACER MEDIA

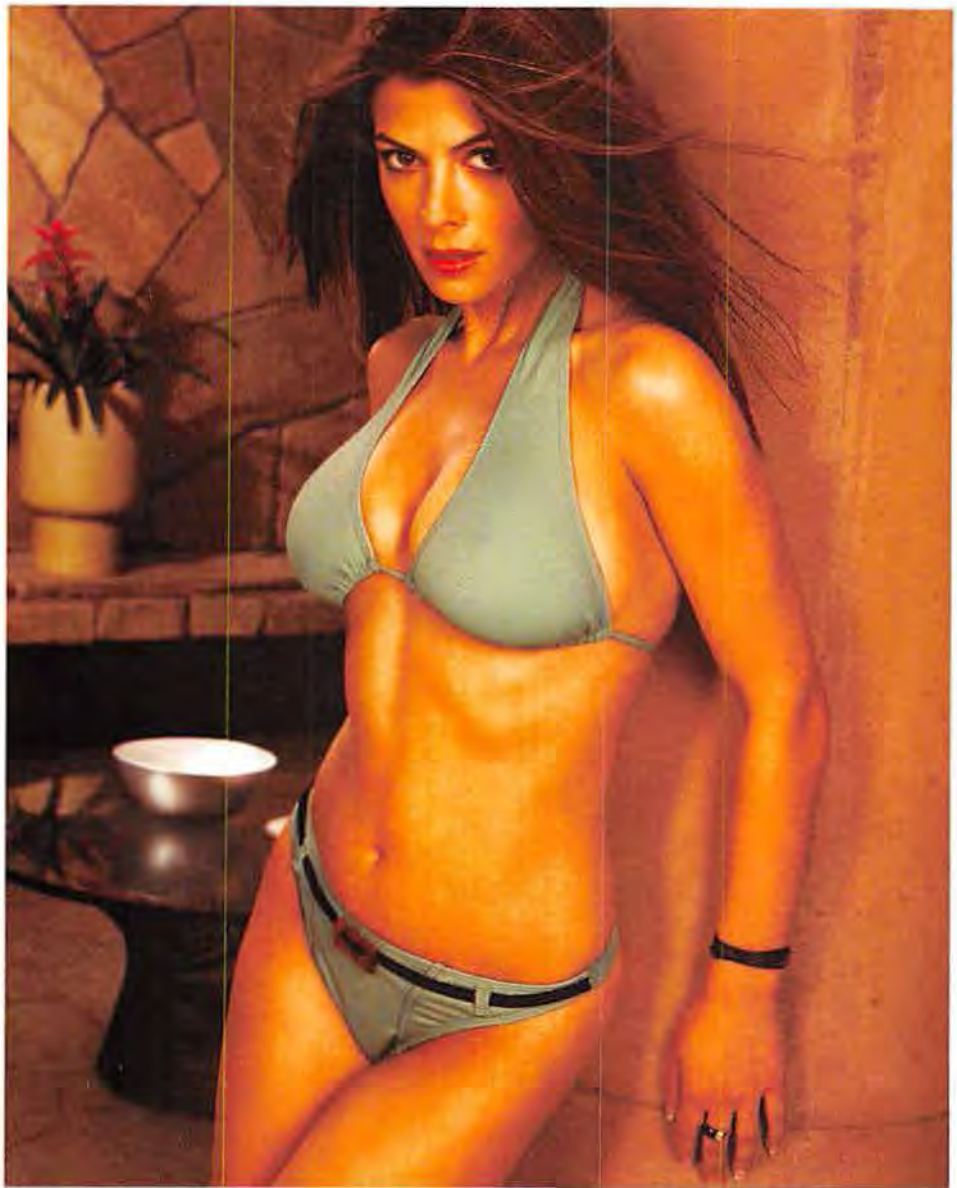
Alexandra Adi strides into her favorite crappy New York City diner at 10 A.M. sharp, delivers a firm handshake and plops herself down to begin the *Stuff* interview. One minor snag: The guy she's plopped down with doesn't work at *Stuff*. I am watching all of this go down from the front counter. The man looks a little confused but a lot more pleased to suddenly find himself in the company of the lovely Ms. Adi. After a minute or so of presumably pleasant and/or befuddling conversation, Alexandra realizes that the smiling man across the table from her is not her interviewer, and she gets up laughing. We finally connect, and after she orders a fat-free muffin ("I'd normally get the regular kind, but I have the photo shoot next week"), we get to talking about her new flick, *Slap Her, She's French*, and her other life passions, including, but not limited to, the oboe. An oboe is some kind of fish, right?

STUFF: Do you often sit down to chat with complete strangers?
ALEXANDRA: No, no. Silly mistake.

So what is your movie about?
It's about this French exchange student who arrives at a small Texas high school and basically takes over the life of Starla, the most popular girl at school. I play Ashley, Starla's best friend. If I had to describe it in one sentence, I would say we're Texan tarts. Slutty Texan tarts.

Those are the best kind!
There's a big lesbian undertone between Nicki Lynn Aycox's character and myself. I say undertone because there was a full-blown kiss at the end, but they cut it out.

Was she that bad a kisser?
No. The kiss wasn't that big a deal. After three months of filming, we all knew each other so well, it was like, "Oh, I'm just kissing Nicki."



What did you do for fun on the set?
I went back to L.A. whenever I could! But there was a cool gay bar that we would all go to.

Explain.
When you're in Texas, it's either a bar with country music or a gay bar with cool music.

Big music fan, are you?
I used to play the oboe, but I lost interest as my social life blossomed. But I still love picking it out in songs.

You've played a lot of wild teenagers. Were you one?
Yeah, there was nothing to do in upstate New York but get into trouble. We would find some empty area and throw parties. One time, someone planned one near these railroad tracks. A train came through and people started throwing bottles at it. Next thing you know, we were surrounded by probably every police car within the three-city vicinity. The train was carrying federal equipment, so it was a federal offense. But they let most of us go.

Ever done anything crazy on a dare?
At one dinner party, a bunch of girlfriends and I ended up dancing to some song in our bras and underwear.

Ever go skinny-dipping?
Doesn't everybody? I have a hot tub that I skinny-dip in all the time.

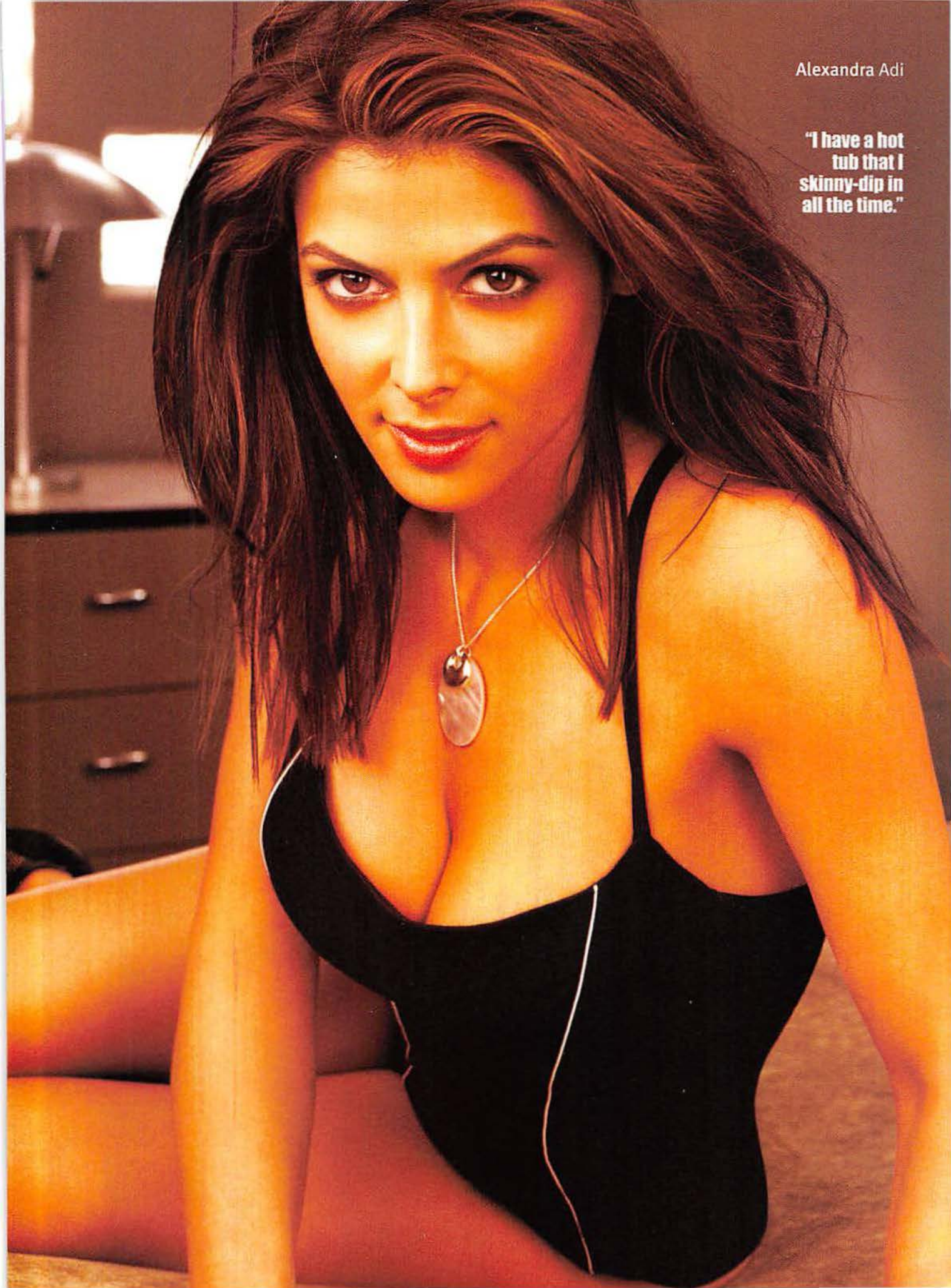
The film is called *Slap Her, She's French*. Have you ever slapped anyone?
Yes. It was in third grade. This girl Jill, who was a foot taller than me, had a crush on the same boy I did. So at recess, she came up and pushed me. So I pushed her back and she smacked me in the face, and I smacked her in the face. Fight, fight, fight! Then we were sent to the principal's office. He sat us on both of his knees and made us apologize. That was our punishment.

Your punishment was to sit on the principal's lap?
It wasn't gross or anything. He just wanted us to face each other. But you're right, come to think of it. That wouldn't fly today. Not at all.

As your fame grows, will you hop on the crazy train that is Scientology?
God, no. I once sat in on an acting class that turned out to be some kind of Scientologist haven. They told us to put $1,000 down and buy this set of books. I just walked. I guess it works for some people, though. Look at Tom Cruise.

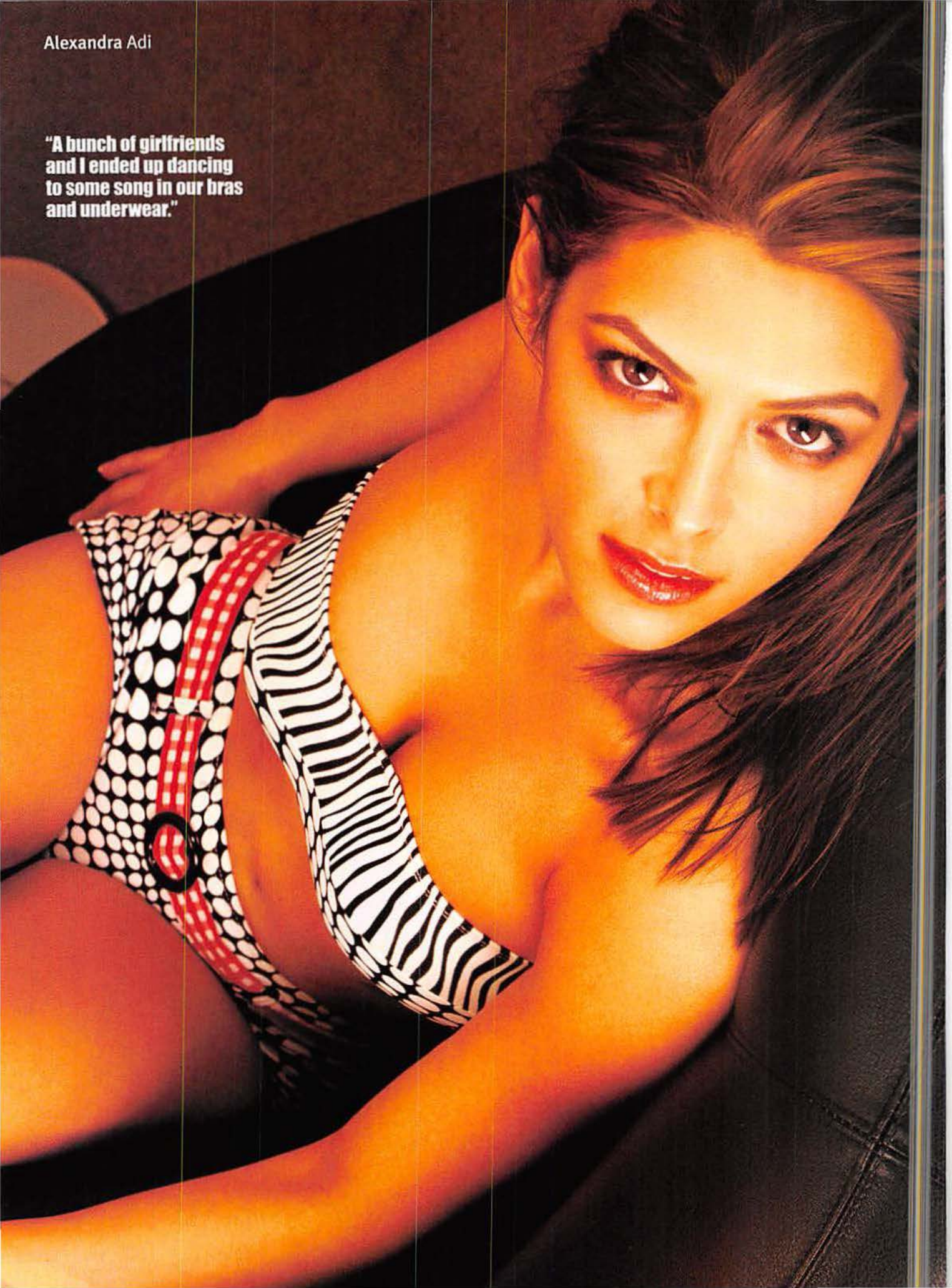
Nah.

Styling: Shelly Caudill. Hair: Kali for Celestine. Makeup: Uli Schober for Celestine. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.



Alexandra Adi

"I have a hot tub that I skinny-dip in all the time."



Alexandra Adi

"A bunch of girlfriends and I ended up dancing to some song in our bras and underwear."

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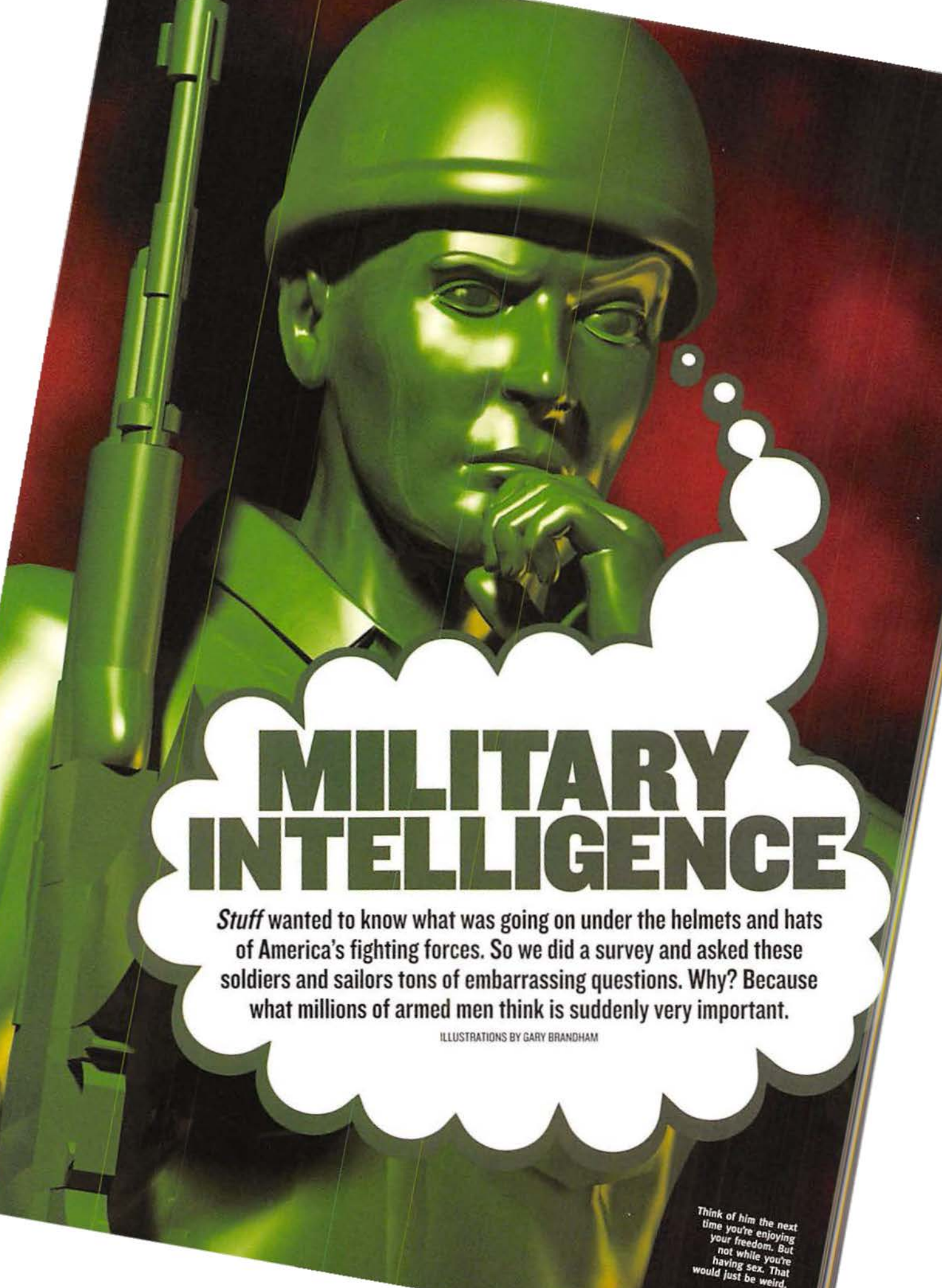


MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

Stuff **wanted to know what was going on under the helmets and hats of America's fighting forces. So we did a survey and asked these soldiers and sailors tons of embarrassing questions. Why? Because what millions of armed men think is suddenly very important.**

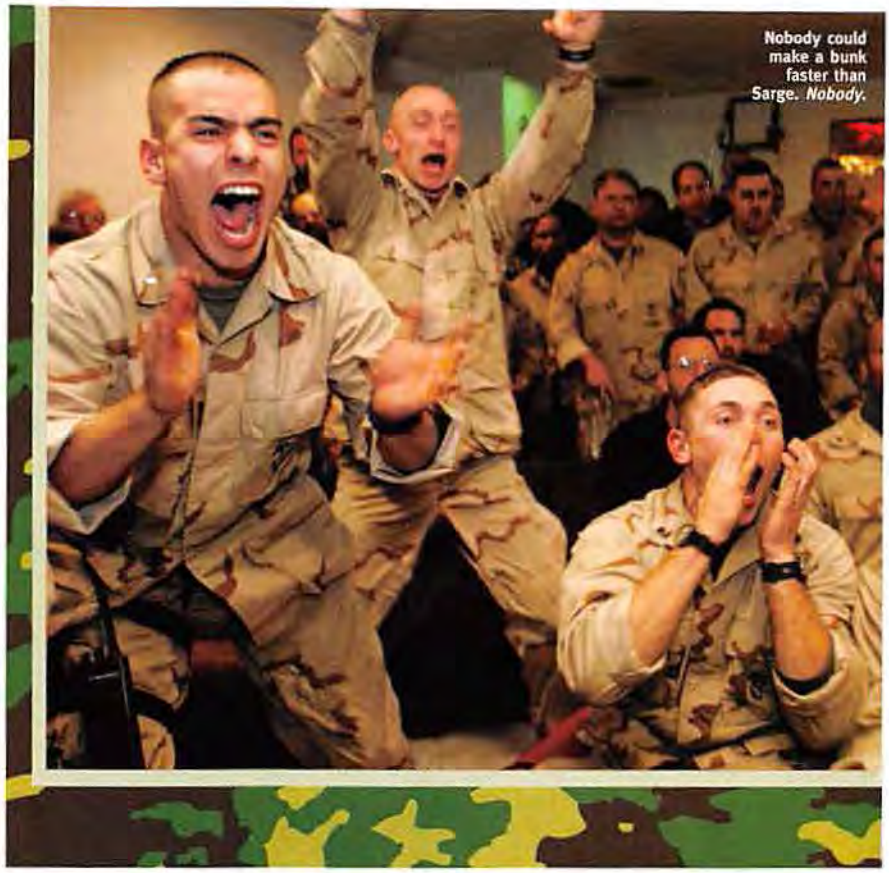
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY BRANDHAM

Think of him the next time you're enjoying your freedom. But not while you're having sex. That would just be weird.

Not long ago, America's military was being used to deliver the mail in Haiti, deliver pizza in Bosnia and deliver refugees in Kosovo. The nation's defense establishment was mired in the business of social work in the world's bad neighborhoods. But after the terror attacks on the U.S. in September, our country's leaders discovered an entirely new use for the military, something that hadn't been tried for a generation or so: war!

War makes great TV, good movies and heroes out of average guys. But it also makes us curious about what those guys think and feel, especially now that they're in the public eye after more than a decade of neglect. So we asked. We hired professional pollsters McPheters & Company to pester men in the U.S. Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines and get them to answer our annoying questions. The result is the first-ever sample of what's on the minds of our military men.

About a quarter of our polling sample were Army guys. Twenty-three percent were Navy men, and 21 percent were in the Air Force. Slightly less than a third (31 percent) of our respondents were Marines, because they scare us—yet we love their haircuts. Almost two thirds of the guys were younger than 25. Here's what we know about what they know.



Nobody could make a bunk faster than Sarge. *Nobody.*

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN COMBAT?

YES: 24% NO: 76%

Navy men were more likely than anybody else (36 percent compared with 25 percent for the Army, the runner-up) to have been in active duty and in harm's way. That's not counting bar fights, however, where the Marines probably take the lead.

HAVE YOU EVER SHOT AT A MAN OR DROPPED A BOMB?

YES: 16% NO: 84%

But 7.6 percent of the guys who said yes hadn't been in combat. One of them shot our poll taker! He limps now.

THE BRITISH MILITARY HAS A NEW POLICY THAT LETS SOLDIERS BRING THEIR GIRLFRIENDS INTO THE BARRACKS FOR OVERNIGHT STAYS. IS THIS A GOOD IDEA OR A BAD IDEA?

GOOD IDEA: 69%

BAD IDEA: 31%

The Air Force guys led the pack in endorsing bedding babes in barracks (77 percent in favor); Marines are least in favor (63 percent). Not incidentally, 72 percent of those who have never seen combat think sleepovers are fun, while only 59 percent of combat vets endorse the idea. War is lonely.

IF YOU STUMBLED ACROSS OSAMA BIN LADEN IN THE DESERT AND IT WAS JUST THE TWO OF YOU, WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE TO DO?

Capture him: 35%

Kill him outright: 20%

Torture him first, then kill him: 45%

Seems cruel, ruthless, even heartless, yes? Here's why:

WHO DID YOU VOTE FOR IN THE LAST PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION?

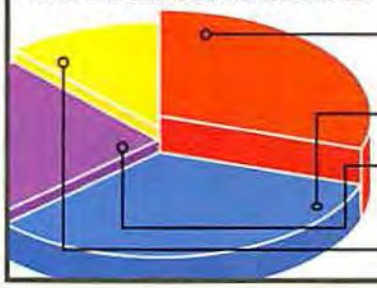
Bush: 63%

Gore: 8%

Didn't vote: 29%

One interpretation: Our nation is being defended by Republicans with guns. That could be a good thing. Or a bad thing. Especially for traitors.

WHO WOULD YOU RATHER SEE AT THE NEXT USO SHOW?



BRITNEY SPEARS: 33%
The Navy and Marines' dream (39 and 40 percent, respectively).

J.LO: 30%
The Army's favorite (38 percent).

PAM ANDERSON: 25%
The guys in the Air Force love those balloons (33 percent).

BROOKE BURKE: 12%

IF YOU WERE IN COMBAT AND CAME ACROSS AN AMERICAN WHO WAS FIGHTING FOR THE OTHER SIDE, WHICH WOULD YOU DO?

Kill him on the spot: 62%

Turn him over to the proper authorities: 38%

HAVE YOU EVER KILLED A MAN?

YES: 11% NO: 89%

Your chances of killing a bad guy are greatest if you're in the Army or Marines. Less than four percent in the Air Force profess to ▷▷▷

Wow, this looks dangerous—is that the R-1000 poking stick?

HAS ANYONE EVER SHOT AT YOU?

YES: 30% NO: 70%

You might think, *Hey, almost a third of our guys have been shot at!* But of the 30 percent who said yes, 22 percent hadn't even been in combat. Perhaps they had simply been wearing Bambi suits in Pennsylvania during deer season. Is that so wrong?

have inflicted fatalities on the enemy. Killing people just isn't the popular pastime many of us might think appropriate for the military. Only 29 percent of soldiers who have been in combat have killed a man. But before you think our fighting men have gone soft, five percent of those who have never been in combat say they have killed a man. So at least they're getting in their practice time.

DO YOU HAVE ANY DOUBT THAT, IF NEED BE, YOU COULD KILL THE ENEMY?

YES, HAVE DOUBTS: 20%
NO, HAVE NO DOUBTS: 80%

Typically, more than a quarter of airmen (29 percent) doubt they could pull the trigger, while 81 percent of Army men, 84 percent of Marines and 82 percent of sailors say they'd have no problem slaying the enemy.

HAS YOUR UNIFORM...

Helped you get more women: 84%
Hurt you with women: 13%
Helped you with other guys: 3%

Oh, they're all tuckered out from butchering the enemy. Sleep well, little cherubs.

SLEEPING NEAR THE ENEMY

HOW MANY HOURS OF SLEEP DO YOU GET ON AN AVERAGE NIGHT?

AVERAGE: 6 HOURS

Army men get the least sleep—about five hours on average. Meanwhile, a quarter of the airmen we asked get more than eight hours of sleep every night. Thus the party-hearty edge obviously goes to the Army. Or maybe they're all just Leno fans.

WHAT'S THE LONGEST YOU WERE FORCED TO STAY AWAKE WHILE ON DUTY?

AVERAGE: 40 HOURS

Eighteen percent of military men have been forced to stay awake for 72 hours or longer. The longest average time awake is the Army's 49 hours. The shortest? The Air Force, of course, at 24 hours.

HAVE YOU EVER FALLEN ASLEEP WHILE ON GUARD DUTY?

YES: 25% NO: 75%

The Army is the least reliable—35 percent admit to napping while on watch. Navy guys are the most reliable; only 18 percent of them admit to dozing on duty. By the way, guys under the age of 25 are almost twice as likely to fall asleep on duty than those 26 and older (30 percent compared with 18 percent).

HAVE YOU EVER SLEPT WITH YOUR GUN?

YES: 64% NO: 36%

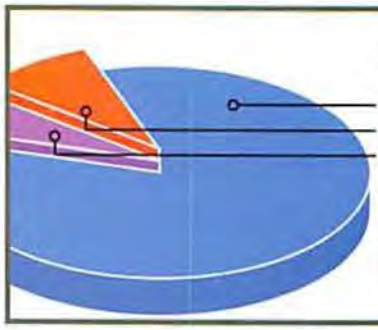
A full 96 percent of Marines think an assault rifle makes a decent bedmate. Only one in five Navy guys have ever slept with a gun; among airmen, 30 percent.

When it comes to getting women, a Marine uniform is your best bet (94 percent). The Army and Navy score highest with the guys, but only at just over three percent; the Air Force uniform helps least, at one percent.

GAYS...

Are poor soldiers who don't belong in the military: 28%
Are good soldiers who don't belong in the military: 11%
Belong in the military: 7%
No one cares except journalists: 54%

Marines were least happy to bunk down with a gay guy, but even then less than half cared. In fact, 57 percent of those under the age of 25 think gays are a nonissue. Of those over the age of 25, 67 percent don't care.



ONCE WE'VE FINISHED IN AFGHANISTAN, WHICH ONE SHOULD WE GO AFTER NEXT?

IRAQ: 85%
CALIFORNIA: 9%
NORTH KOREA: 6%

Another interesting thing we discovered about sailors is that they're kind of spoiling for a fight most of the time. More than one in ten (12 percent) Navy men chose the left coast as a stomping ground.

HAVE YOU EVER HAD SEX WITH A FEMALE OFFICER?

YES: 18% NO: 82%

Nearly a quarter (24 percent) of Army guys have. She must be exhausted.

The best part about being a soldier? If someone makes fun of your hat, you can shoot 'em in the face!

"Nice helmet." "You too."

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE DURING COMBAT OR TRAINING?

YES: 9% No: 91%

Marines reported the highest rate (13 percent), but one in eight airmen (12.5 percent) have gone into action inebriated. Gotta get those drink carts off the jets.

WOULD YOU RATHER SERVE UNDER A MALE OR FEMALE C.O.?

MALE: 84%

Around 90 percent of Army and Marine soldiers said no thanks, ma'am. So Army guys will have sex with female officers, but they don't like taking orders from them.

FEMALE: 16%

Guess who loves a woman who gives orders? Right—34 percent of airmen prefer women commanders.

HAVE YOU EVER HAD SEX WITH A PROSTITUTE WHILE ON LEAVE?

YES: 12% NO: 88%

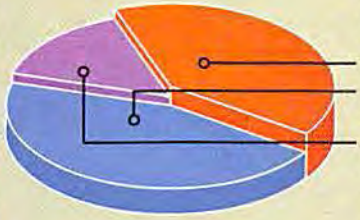
Those sleep-happy, nonconfrontational airmen pay for their share of sex (13 percent), as do Marines (12 percent), but the Army guys rated highest at 14 percent. Twenty-one percent of those who answered yes had been in combat, and a whopping 85 percent of all respondents who admitted to sex with hookers have served overseas. Call them veterans of foreign whores.

HAVE YOU EVER SERVED OVERSEAS?

YES: 63% NO: 37%

Seventy-eight percent of Army men said *sí*. Or *oui*. Or *ja*. Or, in the case of 70 percent of airmen, "Who goes there? I'm trying to sleep, for chrissakes."

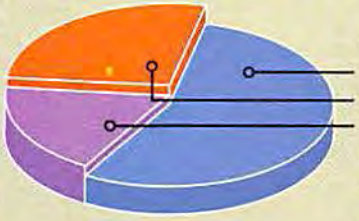
WHO DO YOU TRUST?



WHO IS MORE DANGEROUS TO A SOLDIER IN COMBAT?

AN INEPT COMMANDER: 45%
AN AMBITIOUS JOURNALIST WITH CLASSIFIED INFO: 40%
A RUTHLESS ENEMY: 15%

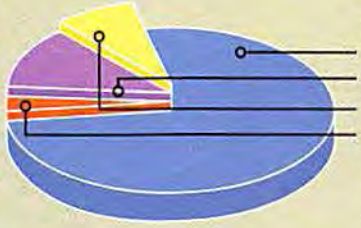
Journalists are as despised and distrusted by military men as they are by the rest of us. Need proof? Read on.



WHO DO YOU FIND MORE TRUSTWORTHY?

USED-CAR DEALERS: 55%
JOURNALISTS: 27%
POLITICIANS: 18%

Men in the Army voted for used-car dealers by an overwhelming 65 percent.



WHO DO YOU TRUST MORE AS A FRIEND OF THE U.S.?

GREAT BRITAIN: 77%
MICROSOFT: 12%
FRANCE: 8%
ISRAEL: 3%

The Brits won big, of course. France? Oddly, fewer than one in 10 thought the overcaffeinated, sanctimonious, collaborationist cowards were the most trustworthy of the group, while Israel was seen as a good friend by only a lousy three percent of our guys. Microsoft actually beat France and Israel—12 percent of military men trust Bill Gates the most.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU SERVED IN THE MILITARY?

Average: four and a half years, with those who've been in combat averaging almost seven years.

WHAT WOULD IT TAKE TO GET YOU TO RE-UP?

A free cell phone: 3%
$5,000: 5%
$10,000: 10%
$25,000: 43%
Would not, for any amount of money: 39%

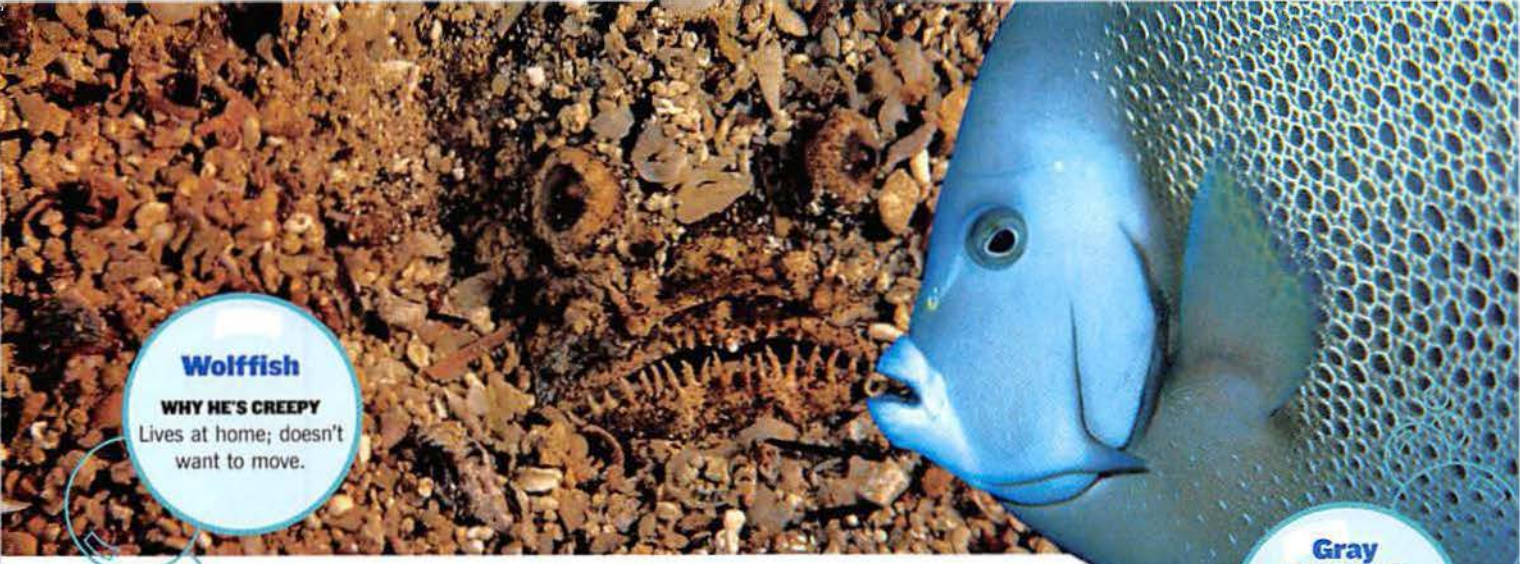
Airmen were most likely to be swayed by cash (70 percent). Nearly half of those in the Marines (47 percent) said that no amount of money would get them to re-up. Even a kazillion dollars! We offered to write a check for that amount, but they just laughed and hit us with our clipboard.

Hatchetfish

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Keeps hand lotion on his nightstand.

Creepy Fish

These guys give us the creeps! Here's why.



Wolffish

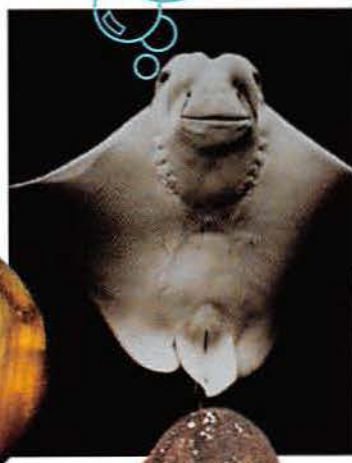
WHY HE'S CREEPY
Lives at home; doesn't want to move.

Gray Angelfish

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Has an entire room full of rocking chairs.

Puffer Fish

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Always uses the urinal right next to ours.

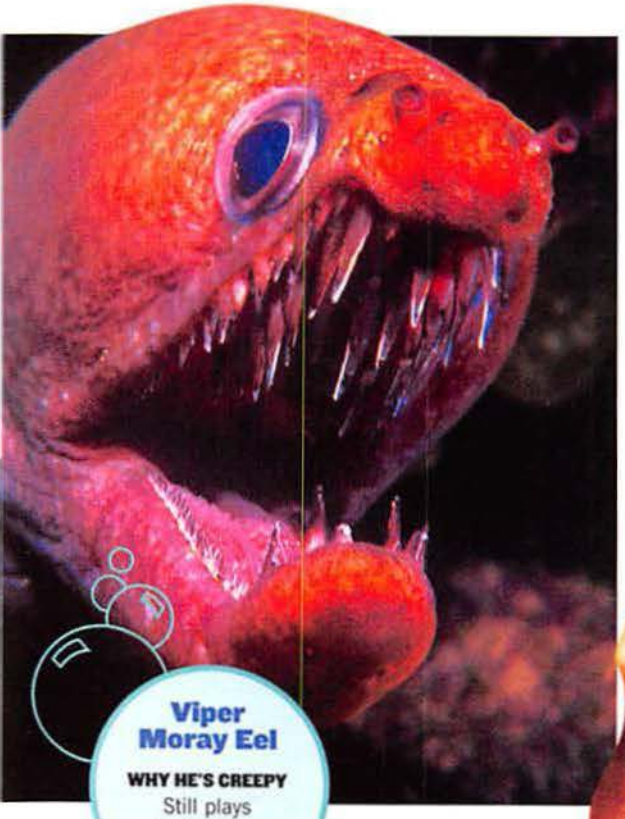


Cownose Ray

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Never blinks. Ever.

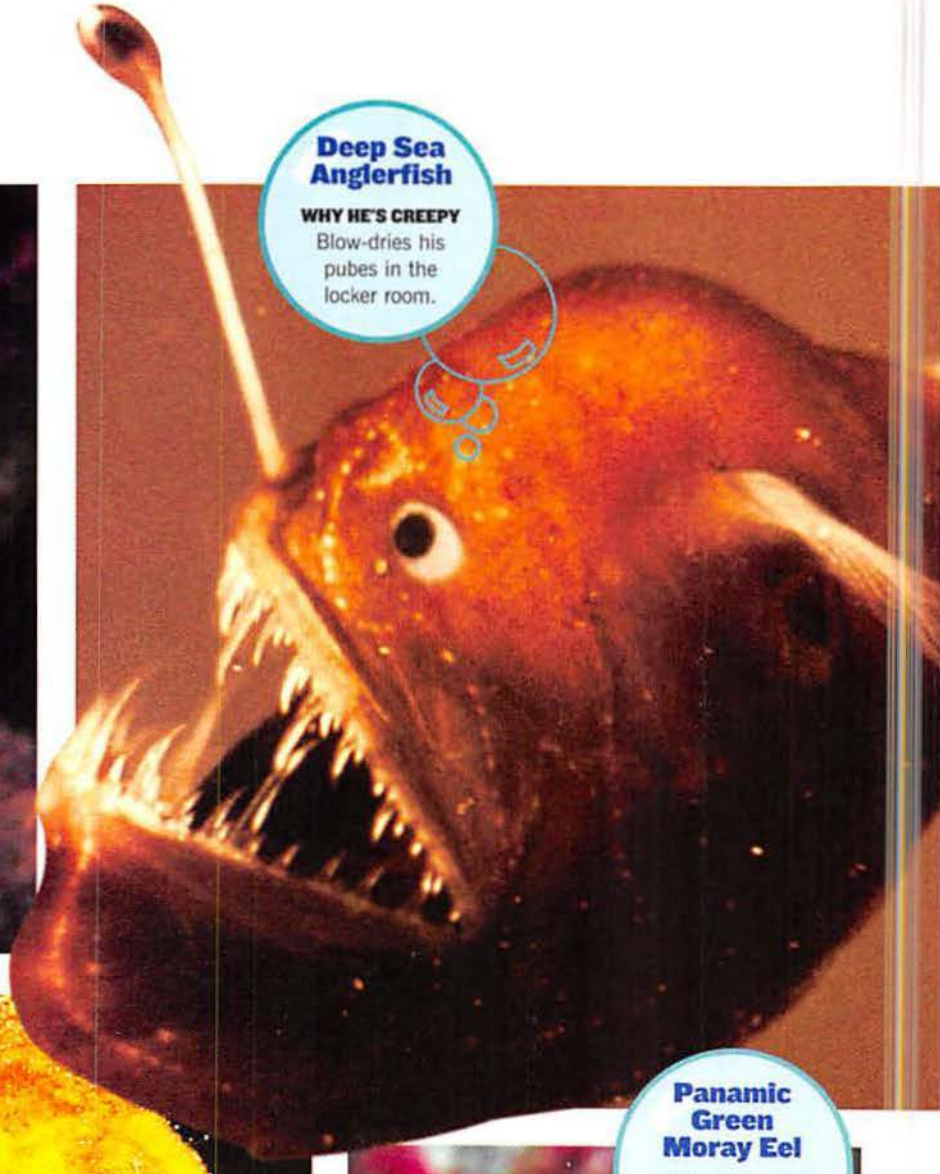
Birdbeak Dogfish

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Shaves his chest.



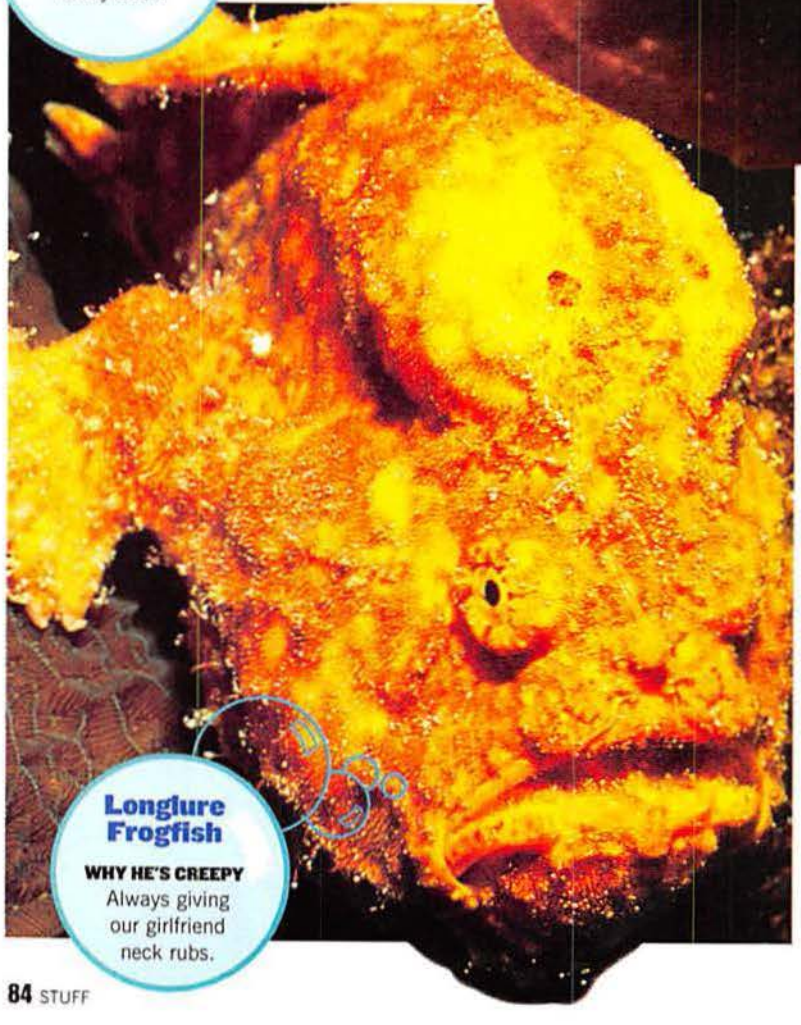
Viper Moray Eel

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Still plays Hacky Sack.



Deep Sea Anglerfish

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Blow-dries his pubes in the locker room.



Longlure Frogfish

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Always giving our girlfriend neck rubs.

Panamic Green Moray Eel

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Eats in the bathroom.

Smooth Lumpsucker

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Never trims his nose hair.

Pacific Stargazer

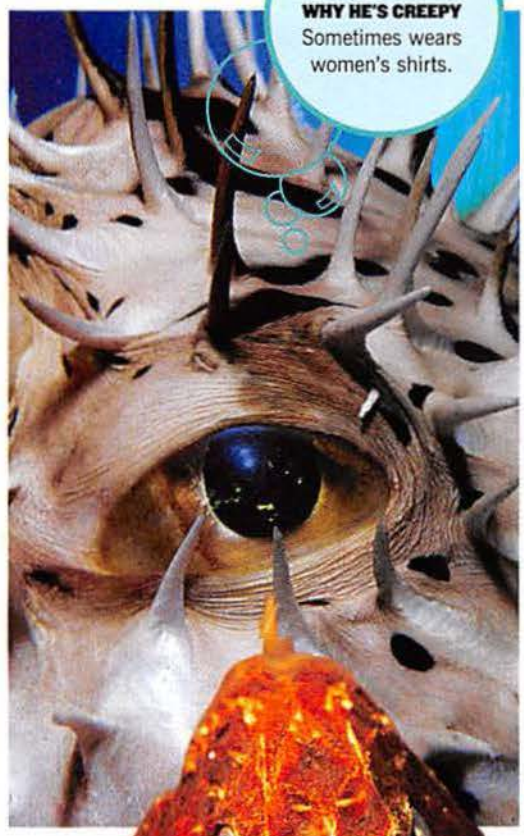
WHY HE'S CREEPY
Wears a headband at the gym.

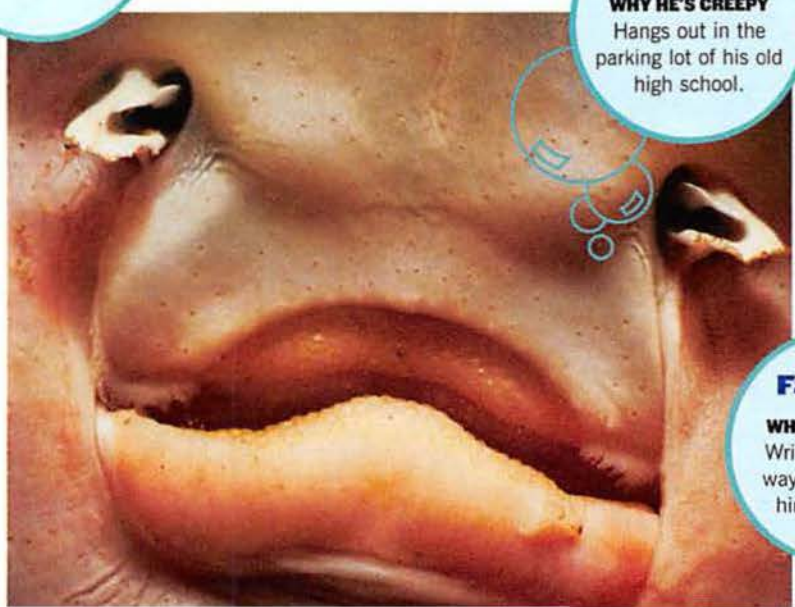
Balloonfish

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Sometimes wears women's shirts.

Red Scorpion Fish

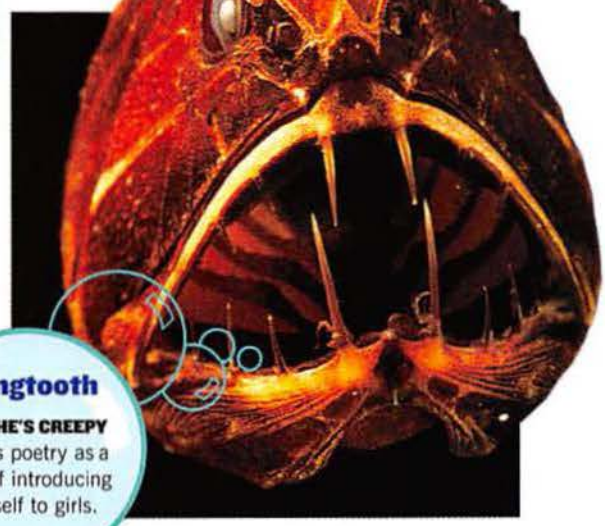
WHY HE'S CREEPY
Goes to the circus. Alone.





Skate

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Hangs out in the parking lot of his old high school.



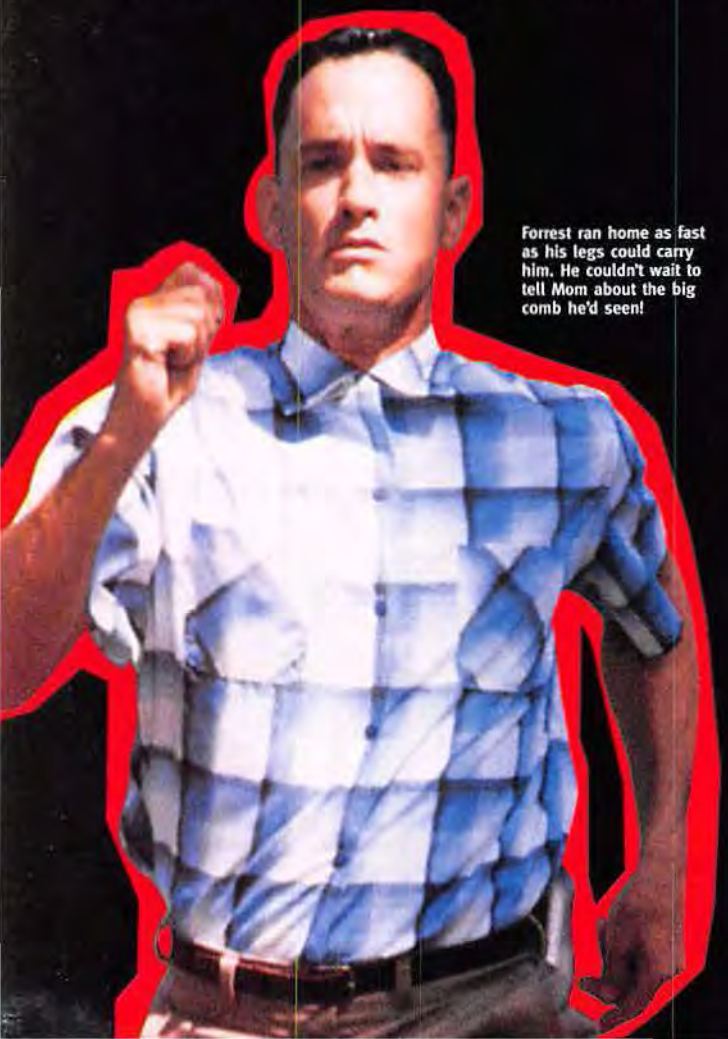
Fangtooth

WHY HE'S CREEPY
Writes poetry as a way of introducing himself to girls.

Stuff MOVIE SPECIAL

Two Thumbs Up... Your Nose!

Feel guilty because you've never seen these "classic" movies? Don't. They suck. And so do movie critics who won't stop praising them.



Forrest ran home as fast as his legs could carry him. He couldn't wait to tell Mom about the big comb he'd seen!

20 THELMA & LOUISE 1991
Two women leave their men, kill a guy, then run from the law. Along the way, they commit various crimes. Female audience members scream, "You go, girls!" Men sit and think, *RoboCop, please stop these bitches.* RoboCop rules!

19 FATAL ATTRACTION 1987
This scared men so badly, it took them 10 years to start cheating on their wives again. And for what? Glenn Close chews the scenery and displays breasts we'd just as soon not have seen. The director telegraphs every plot twist, and Michael Douglas' character is so stupid you want to crack him. For a truly frightening femme fatale, rent *The Last Seduction*.

18 FORREST GUMP 1994
This overblown film posits the idea that retarded people will do and say wonderful things if we'll only give them a chance. Hanks plays Gump from the hat-on-sideways school of handicapped portrayal, later perfected by Sean Penn in *I Am Sam*. Sally Field and Robin Wright are endlessly annoying. And the guy who played Nixon didn't even look like him!

17 ON THE WATERFRONT 1954
Marlon Brando always seems as if he's "acting," never more so than in this tale of union shenanigans on the Jersey docks. Rod Steiger's performance in the "contender" scene blows Brando away.

16 SOME LIKE IT HOT 1959
The American Film Institute recently named this Billy Wilder film the number one comedy of all time. It's about two guys who dress up like girls to flee the mob, resulting in lots of obvious sight gags. How did this film get the top slot when *Porky's* didn't even make the list?

15 THE GODFATHER TRILOGY 1972, 1974, 1990
Part one: horse's head, gun behind the toilet, Luca Brasi. Part two: Cuba, abortion, Fredo becomes bass bait. Part three: Andy Garcia's big butt and bad acting by the director's daughter. We just saved you nine hours.

14 THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD 1965
Folks actually used to *pay* to see these star-studded religious epics. Now the networks show them at Easter to make people feel less guilty about not going to church. You know something? It works!

They got a great shot...of the kid being beaten right behind them! Could they get *one* decent picture?

13 THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING 2001
We liked Peter Jackson's earlier films: gross-out spectaculars full of zombies, aliens and guts. But this, his first big-budget outing, drags on forever and never stops whacking you over the head with its mystical grandeur. Might make a good book, though.

12 THE SOUND OF MUSIC 1965
The foxy, brunette daughter can't make up for Nazis portrayed with *Hogan's Heroes* complexity and a cornball plot. We'd rather spend 10 months washing the latrines in *Stalag 17* than watch this syrupy musical one more time.

11 IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE 1946
The first time you see this, it's great. But it's diminished by repeated viewing. Instead of running it every day from October 15 until Christmas, they should bury all the prints until they're missed. Worked with Frank Capra!

10 REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE 1955
Mopey dreamboat James Dean works up such a head of steam playing an alienated youth that sparks practically shoot from his ass. And let's face it: What did 1950s teens have to rebel against, really, unless it was Daddy not letting them borrow the DeSoto to take Suzie to the malt shop?

9 THE COLOR OF MONEY 1986
Tom Cruise and Paul Newman star as pool hustlers in what amounts to a vastly inferior sequel to *The Hustler*. This movie did for pool what *Mr. Mom* did for stay-at-home dads: absolutely nothing.

It was a clean break. They both decided it was time to see other people.

8 FANTASIA 1940
This fusion of animation and classical music was a megabomb when it was released, but Disney's relentless marketing department has convinced millions of parents to buy the video and expose their kiddies to some culture. The children, of course, find it just as slumberous as their grandparents did. Rent *Bullitt* instead and give the little bastards a real thrill.

7 FIVE EASY PIECES 1970
The chicken-salad-sandwich scene is great, but the rest of the movie, about a piano prodigy slumming

with white trash, moves slower than a constipated turtle. And the working-class-hero message is bullshit. Everyone Jack Nicholson's character hangs with would trade their sorry lives in a nanosecond for the one he's escaping.

6 THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST 1988
Why is it that talented commercial directors like Martin Scorsese long to make "personal" art pictures like this stinker about the son of God's low self-esteem? (Little-known fact: It was originally titled *Jesus: What a Guy*.)

5 SUNSET BOULEVARD 1950
A crazy, washed-up actress, played by crazy, washed-up actress Gloria Swanson, enlists the help of a young screenwriter

in this look at Hollywood's dark and heartless side. While it makes more sense than David Lynch's homage, *Mulholland Drive*, it lacks the latter's hot, lesbian sex, and thus can hardly be called a classic.

4 CITIZEN KANE 1941
Many critics believe that this film—about a William Randolph

Offended by this? Since when are you Chinese? Since birth? Oh. Sorry, Yang Chu.

Hearst-like tycoon who gets rich, buys lots of stuff and dies alone—is the greatest ever made. We think it's long and pretentious. The big point of the thing is that you lose your innocence when you grow up. How profound. We've known that for weeks!

3 CHARIOTS OF FIRE 1981
Director Hugh Hudson won the Oscar for Best Picture for this totally forgettable movie about runners, religion and guys in argyle sweaters. We defy you to recall one thing about it aside from the theme song. Memo to the Academy: Just because it's British doesn't mean it's good.

2 CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON 2000
This subtitled kung-fu love story took home the Oscar for Best

Foreign Language Film. We still can't understand what all the hoopla is about. It has some semicool fight scenes, but the unrequited-romance plot bogs down quickly. For our money, a third-rate Jackie Chan flick is more fun to watch. Bonus: no reading!

1 EASY RIDER 1969
This one earned its rep as a cool movie because everyone who saw it in '69 was too stoned to notice the incoherent dialogue and hackneyed plot. Watch it today, without the herbal aids, and you'll see it for what it really is: a badly shot home movie with lazy acting, little story and no point. Also, the dog will be much less funny.

"Shit. Where did I park my career?"

CURVES AHEAD

Here in the Bahamas, two terrific-looking women are half naked and waiting for us to take pictures of them. Don't mind if we do!

BY BILL SCHULZ PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL BIONDO @ UTOPIA

After an arduous day that consisted of equal parts rum and melanoma, I was delighted to be nominated as the chauffeur for South African supermodel Dune Kossatz (below) and an equally super stateside sweetie by the name of Renee Reilly (right)—both of whom were arriving at the airport that very afternoon. Yours truly, along with several more evenly tanned members of the *Stuff* art department, had already rented a Bahamas beach house with the earth-shattering goal of taking picture after picture of the aforementioned pretties. I entered baggage claim and waited patiently for the tasty twosome to arrive. As I scanned the line of pasty-white Yanks spewing out of the passenger jet, I checked my breath and fixed my hair. Homie wanted to make an impact! And homie made one, all right. Upon spotting our girls, I became overexcited and waved frantically while running past the DO NOT ENTER sign into customs. The models tentatively waved back, until security interrupted the introduction by pushing me against the wall and yelling at me like it was their job (turns out, it was). As Dune and Renee laughed at me on the ride back to our weekend home, I sighed and thought about the value of first impressions. Then I thought about chimps. They're so hairy! And a day later, as we sat down for this here interview? Still thinking about 'em!

STUFF: Regarding those jolly joes of the jungle, finish this sentence: Monkeys are great because...

RENEE: They remind me of my brothers.
DUNE: We have a lot of them in South Africa. Their balls—their genitals—are bright, bright pink. It's, like, fluorescent. It's to attract the female.

If only discolored testicles attracted *human* females. Now, you're both as well endowed as I am—not. What types of powers do your respective breasts wield?
R: Oh, my God. It's handy with parking tickets. The breasts are definitely a plus.
D: You can definitely get whatever you want. Yeah. Just wear a push-up bra.

Lil' Kim's song "How Many Licks" is catchy and all, but she never answers the damn question. Renee, how many licks *does* it take?
R: Lick it for as long as it takes. Yeah.

Yeah is right! Staying on the Top-40 tip: Dune, would you say that you're pretty much like a bird, in the sense that you only fly away?
D: [*Mumbling*] Are you like a bird, you have to fly away? No. I'm free to do what I want. So I don't need to fly away.

***Stuff*'s incorrigible owner, Felix Dennis, once stated that he'll die by an overdose of crack with an 18-year-old perched on top of him. If you were a loved one, would you grant this final wish?**
R: You come into the world alone, and you leave alone. Whatever you do in the meantime is between you and God.
D: Of course you try and help whoever you love to go the right way, but I mean—I am very much against drugs. A lot of models do drugs. A lot of them are doing coke and ecstasy.

So you're not carrying, then. How about you, Renee—got any crack on you?
R: [*Raises eyebrow*] Well, I think everyone does.

Huh? Oh, butts—ha-ha! When it comes to *doing*, what's one thing you don't?
D: There's one thing I'm not crazy about—it's kind of personal. But I'm sure you can imagine what it is.
R: Multiple partners.
D: Yeah. I mean, if I was with someone that I wasn't serious about, I would consider it.
R: Oh, I would not want to do that. I wouldn't be able to concentrate on two of them. I wouldn't be able to please both of them.

I can't please myself, much less a girl and junk. Any advice?
R: Slow down. Foreplay is way too quick.

One-night stands: a delicious delight, or that's not right?
R: Oh, God. You know what? I ended up having a one-night stand because I chose not to see that person again. He was just out to please himself. So in my heart it wasn't a one-night stand. But it ended up being one, and I was perfectly fine with it. But it's a good thing. I think it's an experience that would be good for most people.
D: When I was 17, I cheated on my boyfriend. Maybe it's because I've always had boyfriends and have never been free to just have a one-night stand or whatever. The thing is, [my boyfriend] called me at four o'clock in the morning, and I was completely out of it. And I thought it was the *other* guy. ▷▷▷

Hugs aren't just for other people—you can give 'em to yourself, too!

"You can get whatever you want....Just wear a push-up bra."

Styling: Kenneth Hoyt. Hair and Makeup: Liam Dunn @ Judy Daly

"Jean-Claude Van Damme was sitting in a club in Paris and sent someone to come fetch me. I was like, 'No, no. I'm all right here, thank you.'"

And he understood straight away and fucking played the game. He was like [*pretending to be the other guy*], "So did you enjoy yesterday when we did that?" And I was like, "Yeah, it was so nice...." [After he came clean], I felt so bad. It was awful.

Girlfriend got snapped! Which of the more creepy members of Hollywood have tried to hit on you lovely ladies?
R: The Wayans brothers hit on me for a couple of hours in some Miami club, until my boyfriend had to have an encounter with them. He's a white guy with jive, so he just danced a little bit closer to me.
D: One of the Baldwin brothers tried to charm me once. I think it was the younger one. Jean-Claude Van Damme was sitting in a club in Paris and he sent someone to come fetch me. I was like, "No, no. I'm all right here, thank you." And Jim Carrey called when I was in Paris. He was looking for my roommate, but then he's like, "What are *you* doing?" I was playing my bongos at the time, and he told me to bring them over. *The Mask* was out and he was like, "Did you go see my beautiful movie, *The Mask*?" And I was like, "No. I'm not going to see that shit movie!"

You're like a hot Roger Ebert. Now, a common thread within all my interviews is the topic of sex toys. What do you think—a whole lotta fun, or won't touch one?
R: As long as you mutually agree on them—I think it's something you could pick out together. [*Giggles*] Like a wedding ring!
D: Definitely! I love it. I have one—it's called the Tokyo Rose. If you have those lonely days, and you have a boyfriend, it's definitely the way to go. And you're not cheating on him, really. But [my boyfriend] doesn't like it because it really does the trick. It's like eating chocolate. It's just to satisfy yourself.

Another less-common thread in my interviews is this. [*I pull out former back-page model Rat Bear. Turn to page 138 for an eye-opening visual.*] What are your thoughts on this rodent with attitude?
R: What purpose does that thing serve?
D: Oh, my God! That's a bear. Oh, my goodness. OK, it's a rat, most probably. Can I pick it up?

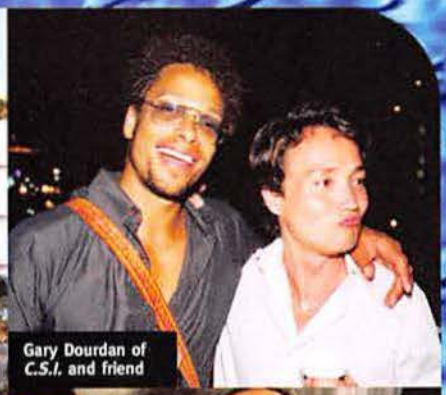
You may.
D: [*Examines the hybrid*] All right. I thought it was a bear at first.

He's both, girls. He's both.

Stuff

STUFFHOTELMIAMI

Little Louie Vega and José Luis Pardo of Los Amigos Invisibles


Gary Dourdan of *C.S.I.* and friend

The Stuff VIP lounge at Sasha & Digweed

Roni Size

Thinking of spending a long weekend in Miami? We recommend taking over a hip hotel in South Beach during the Winter Music Conference (the Hotel Nash, for example), throwing a few parties (let's say about two a day for five straight days) and inviting a few DJs to provide a suitable soundtrack for the ensuing debauchery (oh...let's see...how about Fatboy Slim, Roni Size, Kruder & Dorfmeister, Little Louie Vega and Bad Boy Bill for starters?) Add liquor and shake vigorously. Really, really vigorously.

Too rowdy for your blood? Well, then—just kick back and peruse our vacation snapshots. And if you can spot the editor-in-chief in the photo above, you'll win a special prize. Hint: He's sleeping in a bush.

The lovely Dawn Yanek and her lovely friends

Kruder & Dormeister

Fatboy Slim

Johnny Knoxville and friend

Tia Carrere and friend

Photography: Aleksandar Jovanovic and Amy Spencer. Party coordination by Carolyn Clinkson.

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When young Steve agreed to get banged from behind, this was exactly what he'd hoped for.

HOBOES FROM HELL

Would kill you for food if he had the strength.

Ridin' that train high on cocaine? Sounds better than it is. First of all, there's no cocaine. Worse, your last stop may come at the hands of these freight-hopping maniacs.

BY CHRISTOPHER KETCHAM

When you think of hoboes, do you picture harmless, crusty old characters, like Boxcar Willie, who carry their worldly goods wrapped in bandannas and dispense gentle wisdom by rail-yard campfires?

Well, meet Mississippi Bones, aka Marvin Moore, age 56. Meet him just before he unloads a bunch of .22-caliber bullets into his old pal, fellow hobo F-Trooper.

The first slug hits F-Trooper in the head, slapping him back against the wall of an empty boxcar. Buzzing on 14 Percodans and too much booze, Mississippi keeps pulling the trigger of the pistol—five times in all.

Best take-out weapon there is, he thinks to himself. He remembers how F-Trooper had stabbed him about a year back in a fight over a woman, and how F-Trooper had later apologized—as if saying he was sorry would make everything fine between them. "I'm gonna make you feel sorrier," he had vowed before getting his revenge and hopping a freight headed the other way.

As it turns out, Bones' outgoing train wasn't fast enough to outrun the law, and he's now serving 13 years in a federal pen in Atlanta. Which is where I caught up with him, and where I got a glimpse into the life of America's new-style, media-savvy hoboes. Driven by their anger at the government and society, they've formed the Freight Train Riders of America (FTRA), as if they were a consumer activist group trying to make the country a better place. But they aren't civic do-gooders at all. They're Crips on rails, a dangerous brotherhood of outlaws and crazy, cold-blooded killers.

Tramps, addicts and yuppies

An estimated 30,000 train-hoppers "catch out"—the phrase used for jumping on a freight train—every year on the nation's 170,000 miles of rail. They come in every shape: old-school tramps, carny workers, rail buffs, punk teenagers and Mexican migrants hauling entire families. A small but growing portion are college students and professionals, toting cell phones and PowerBars, the kind of yuppie thrill-seekers who are especially despised—and targeted—by authentic hoboes.

The real deals are down-and-outers—they're homeless, mentally ill, drug-addled, alcoholic losers, surviving on petty theft and food stamps. If this sounds like yet another Democratic-party constituency group, just visit their neighborhoods—the warrens of tents and cardboard boxes next to switchyards, mostly in the open expanses of the American West. Nobody's out jogging and listening to NPR on their Walkman. Hobo camps are what the world would look like if there were no landlords; they resemble makeshift ghettos where the residents are not just poor, but often violently insane. It was in one of these hobo jungles that the FTRA took shape in the early '80s as a loose organization of Vietnam vets, white supremacists and bikeless ▷▷▷

They had nothing but time on their hands. Well, that and layers of dirt.

"Pipe down! I need this merit badge!"

DYING ONLINE

If you can't make the local FTRA convention, here are some interesting ways to bite it while riding the rails.

Hit by slack-action

This is the domino effect of a train accelerating or decelerating and letting out or taking in slack throughout a mile-long length of cars. Slack-action produces a sudden, neck-wrenching jolt. Word to the wise: Never pee out the door without holding on to something besides your pecker. And watch where you put your head when you're sitting down. Say, for instance, you're resting against a wall near what looks like a harmless bolt. Suddenly the car jolts—and you impale your head on the metal. If there's enough loose cargo, it doesn't matter where you sit. "We once found three illegal aliens in a car full of loose steel," recalls a Union Pacific official. "They had been crushed all over the walls when the steel shifted."

Stuck in a boxcar coffin

You fall asleep in a cozy boxcar. Later, you wake up freezing—all is still. You peer through the slats. You're in the mountains, and it's snowing. The car has been sidetracked—dumped in the middle of a Wyoming nowhere. You go to slide open the door. Locked. This happened to Heriberto Hernandez, who was found in June 2000 frozen in the bottom of a freight car in Trona, California. A few years back, two boys in Ohio, ages 12 and 15, got trapped in a Miller Brewing Co. car. They survived on backwash for eight days before they were freed. At one point, the 12-year-old had had a few too many and conked his buddy with a bottle.

That last step is a lulu

In terms of weight ratios, getting hit by a mile-long train weighing 12 million pounds is the equivalent of a two-ton pickup running over your left testicle. Explains Gerri Hall of Operation Lifesaver, a rail-safety awareness group: "Splat! These people are so chewed up...we can't tell age or gender." Out of the 463 train-related fatalities in 2000, some 15 percent were unidentifiable. "A friend of mine was drinking too much vodka, and he decided he was gonna get on a moving train," recalls the Texas Madman, a longtime hobo. "Didn't work! He tried to grab the ladder, slipped under the wheels. Split him in half from his Adam's apple to his abdomen. Yeah, it's real fun to watch that." Beats *In the Bedroom*, that's for sure.

Clockwise from top left: John Borres (aka Dogman Tony), Rapunzel, Marvin Moore (aka Mississippi Bones), Milford Lawson (aka Mel), Lucifer, Dawg.

bikers who pledged to watch one another's backs and share beer, food and women.

Anyone else riding the rails should consider himself prey. "If you're not FTRA, they'll grab you, roll you and throw you off a train," says Officer Robert Grandinetti, a Spokane detective who has been tracking the group for more than a decade. "And then maybe the train cuts you in half."

Grandinetti has compiled rap sheets on 800 FTRA members, files that document assault, robbery, rape and manslaughter. There were at least 300 unsolved murders on the rails in the 1990s. Most of these homicides, he believes, are the handiwork of the FTRA, and all of them are hard cases to crack. "The problem is," he says, "the suspects and all the witnesses disappear."

A serial killer rides the rails

Although Grandinetti claims that FTRA membership may run as high as 3,000 nationwide, most hoboes will tell you the real number is more like 200 to 800. What everyone agrees on is that the gang rules the rails of the Northwest, concentrated largely along the 1,500-mile High Line, which runs from Seattle to Minneapolis. Splinter factions ride the Southern and Midwestern lines, like the CSX, out of Georgia, or the Kansas City Southern, snaking through Oklahoma and Texas. Riders recognize one another by neckerchief bandannas fixed with silver conchos, shell-shaped metal disks. Like urban drug gangs, the FTRA factions sport colors: black bandannas for the High Line, red for the Southern corridor and blue for the central U.S.

Perhaps the most notorious FTRA member was a rider known as Sidetrack, aka Robert Silveria, presumably the world's first railroad serial murderer. A scrawny guy with FREEDOM tattooed on his throat, he was dubbed the Boxcar Killer after he was arrested in 1996 and confessed to a bloody, five-year killing spree that left at least 14 bodies strewn from Florida to Montana.

Silveria usually killed homeless transients ("I preyed on the weak," he told one cellmate), but his victims also included college students, such as weekend rider Michael Garfinkle, who was found clubbed to death in a switching yard outside Emeryville, California. Police say Garfinkle was camping in the Emeryville jungle when he encountered Silveria, who said he didn't belong there. When Garfinkle was away for a moment, Silveria took over the 20-year-old's camping spot. Garfinkle protested, to which Silveria reportedly replied, "I go anywhere, and this is the last day you've spent." And, indeed, it was. Silveria hit Garfinkle at least 13 times with an ax handle.

"Silveria had a very distinct way that he killed," recalls Grandinetti. "He would bash his victim's head in, but then he couldn't stand to look at what he'd done. So he'd cover the head with whatever he could find: dirt, cardboard, clothing." Many of Silveria's victims, says Grandinetti, were found with their shirts pulled up over their heads.

Between April and December of '95, Silveria was murdering a rider a month, sometimes even killing his victims' dogs. On December 3, William Pettit Jr., 39, was found bludgeoned in a railcar in Millersburg, Oregon. After finding Pettit asleep in a boxcar, Silveria had beaten him to death, then calmly washed his hands in the stream and helped himself to Pettit's clothes.

A heroin addict full of rage, Silveria often killed to steal his victims' Social Security cards. When he was picked up in March 1996, he had 31 fraudulent welfare accounts set up across the nation with stolen IDs, and a ledger noting each account by name, with the city and dates where he could collect. But now Silveria is collecting time at an Oregon prison, where he is serving two life sentences.

Booze and food stamps

Mississippi Bones says Silveria gave the gang a bad name. He was too much of a psycho, even for the FTRA, he claims. While he wouldn't talk about any murders other FTRA members may have committed ("I don't want to bring in that RICO," he said, referring to the legal statute for Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations that could make him criminally liable), he did tell me how members get by when they're not robbing other riders: Living hand-to-mouth and from drink to drink, they'll panhandle, shoplift or sell scrap metal. By far, though, the easiest income comes from food-stamp frauds similar to Silveria's. This is known as stamp-tramping or double-clutching. It's not hard to pull off. You shuttle from county to county accruing hundreds of dollars in emergency food stamps from welfare offices, then you can sell the stamps for 50 cents on the dollar at a liquor store or a grocery where a crooked owner is ready to deal.

The gangsta high life, it's not. It makes you wonder why anyone would want to join the FTRA, especially when you hear about the booze- and drug-fueled induction ceremony. "Usually, the new ones get beat up," explains Bones. Then the brothers get in a circle and piss on a bandanna the new inductee then has to wear for five days. "Hey, you're so drunk...you don't even notice it's there."

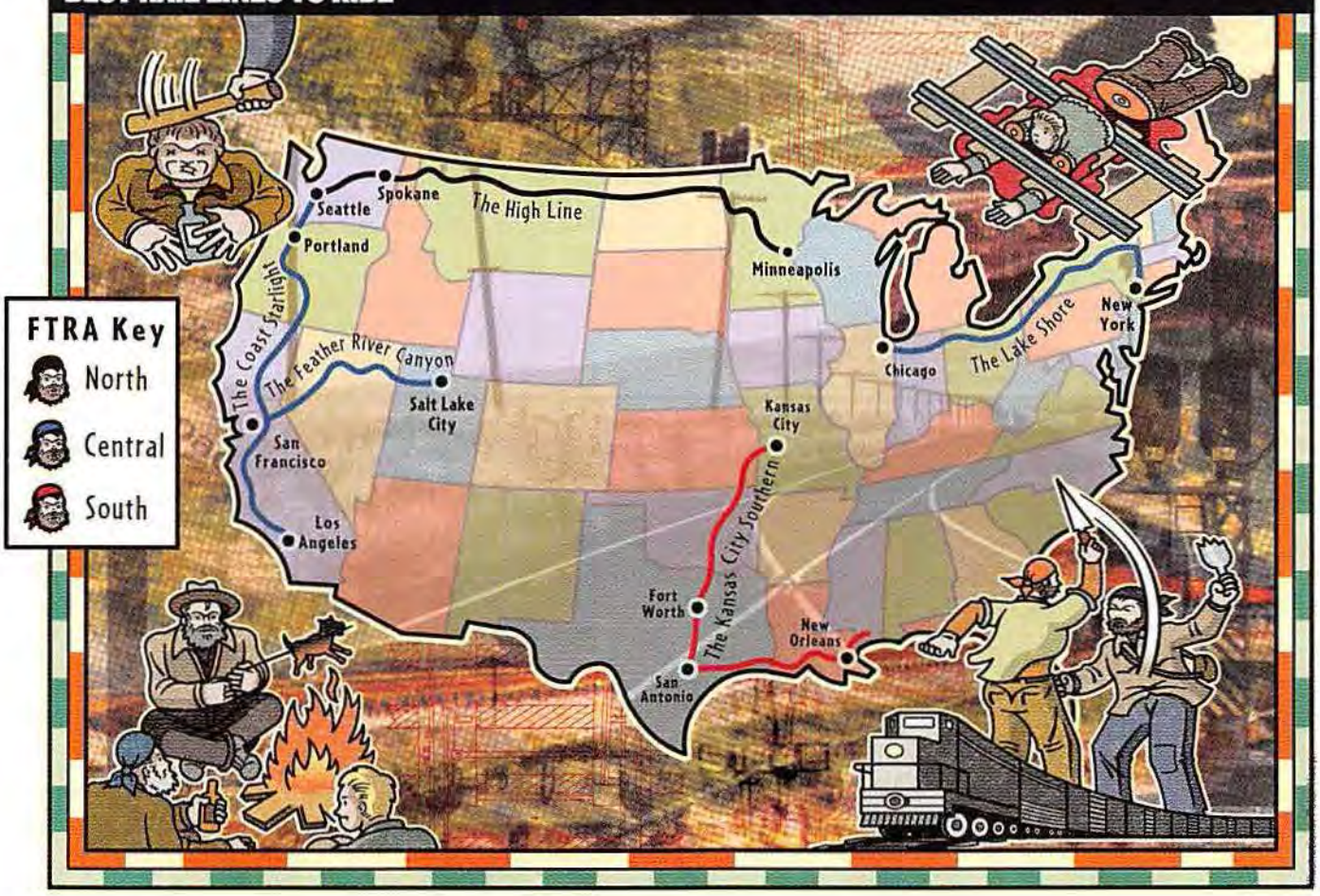
Bones says the FTRA is loosely organized into various subgroups:

"IF YOU'RE NOT FTRA, THEY'LL GRAB YOU, ROLL YOU AND THROW YOU OFF A TRAIN."

the Goon Squad, the Wrecking Crew, Start the Party, ATAPAW (Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere) and the Stone Tramp People, each claiming scores of members and each with their own peculiar tastes. According to a report compiled by Southern Pacific and Burlington Northern railroad police, the Wrecking Crew were once observed in Havre, Montana, skinning puppies after they'd run out of food.

FTRA factions leave their monikers in graffiti under bridges and on boxcars. They sign with a lightning bolt and sometimes a swastika. (According to Grandinetti, many members are extreme racists: "If you're a black or Hispanic and you get on a train with an FTRA member, you don't get off alive.") They stake out turf and communicate messages with the graffiti. Not long ago, under a bridge in Spokane, there ▷▷▷

BEST RAIL LINES TO RIDE



YUPPIES LOOKING TO HOP A FREIGHT? "THESE PEOPLE ARE MARKS," SAYS A HOBO.

appeared the warning: "Avoid Bubblehead." Sources say Bubblehead was a rail-riding woman with AIDS. Sometimes the graffiti indicates a place and time to meet.

Better chip in for beer

A typical "meeting" of members goes something like this: Everyone throws in for the "frisco," which is a pot of money. You buy the cheapest beer possible, or rotgut wine such as Night Train, and some steaks. You drink, barbecue and live it up like it's your last day—because, for some, it is.

Take, for example, the luckless "independent"—a non-FTRA tramp—who wandered into a camp one night when Bones and his friends were conducting a meeting. "The fool sees 30 or 40 people sitting in the jungle drunk with 25 dogs, and he sees guns laying around. And that fool knows—he *knows*—that's not his crew. But this fool comes in anyway," says Bones.

When it came time to frisco up for a beer run, the fool chintzed. "He takes his wallet out and leans way back, so's nobody can look in it," recalls Bones. "And after he's drunk $40 of our booze and ate $40 of our steaks, he pulls a $20 bill from his wallet. Well, my cousin Tracy Jean just got up and knocked the dude in his nose, turned him over and took the wallet." Then, as Bones and his gang brothers watched and hooted, two of their girls stomped the poor bastard. After a while the girls let him go, and the man crawled away.

Sometimes the FTRAs even throw down among themselves. In fact, Mississippi Bones' troubles started because F-Trooper, a fellow FTRA, wanted Bones' girl, Missy Jane. It was the summer of 1995, and Bones had invited F-Trooper to sit around his fire. They were camping on the Rattlesnake Creek outside Missoula, Montana, drinking cheap whiskey, "three or four liters," recalls Bones. "And Missy said something, one of them aggravating, bitchy things, and I said, 'Missy, shut the fuck up!' And [F-Trooper] jumped up—he was gonna play paladin. He said, 'You can't talk to her that way!' I said, 'Man, that's my old lady. I'll talk to her however the hell I want to.'"

F-Trooper, aka Joseph Perrigo, promptly stabbed Bones in the back, twisting the blade and slicing three ribs. Bones had to have five operations and nearly died from a lung infection. "I went from 197 pounds to 98 in 11 months. Doctors had to remove [the ribs]." It was nearly a year later, in May 1996, that Bones got his revenge on the railcar.

"Yeah, I killed his ass," Bones says. "I've been convicted of two [murders]." The first, he says, was committed in self-defense, in the 1960s: "The guy gave me a hard time, and I defended myself. I've been riding since I was 14." He did just three years for that one.

Bones says he was ratted out by another FTRA member who had it in for him. Usually, when the cops catch up with these guys, it's hard to make a charge stick because nobody talks. But more often, the cops just don't catch up in the first place. "Our criminal-justice system is used to having people with phone numbers and addresses and all kinds of identifiers," says Detective James Neale of the Saginaw P.D. "But these people are always en route somewhere, going nowhere *definitive*."

Seventy years ago, during the Depression, hopping freights had a certain working-class charm: Some estimate that as many as two million people got from point A to point B in a boxcar. But there's clearly nothing romantic about riding the rails today, and some should know better. Yuppie wanna-bes like Silveria's victim Michael Garfinkle slum around the dirty jungles in Timberlands and Patagonia fleece, a copy of *The Worst-Case Scenario Survival Handbook* stashed in their down vests, looking to hop a freight for thrills. "If there was ever a mark, these people are marks," says Bob Hopkins, an independent who's been hoboing for almost 30 years. As many as 90 people die along the tracks each year, and few of the cases are solved.

In sign language, this means, "Over there."

Despite the horror stories, some hoboes say the FTRA has gotten a bum rap because of a few bad apples. The Texas Madman, another longtime independent, says he's train-hopped close to two million miles and never had a problem with the FTRA. "Some of 'em's good people," he says. "You're gonna find good and bad in every crowd. You're gonna find some that hate, who put chills down your back."

After you get to know him, even a murderer like Mississippi Bones seems OK. "We never hurt the clerk at the 7-Eleven or the checkout girl at the Safeway," he says. "If it wasn't [a person] in our lifestyle, we wouldn't hurt 'em." Maybe it's just that illness has mellowed him: He's dying from cirrhosis of the liver, the result of countless gallons of cheap liquor. He figures he's got maybe three years left and will never live to see the inside of another boxcar.

His chatter runs to mawkish, idealized sentimentality about the mountains and the streams, the white Montana winters and the thrill of riding an open car through the desert at 80 miles an hour. Mississippi Bones says he couldn't have lived any other way.

HOW TO TALK LIKE A HOBO

Can't tell a frisco circle from a gandy-dancer? Better study up...*or die*!

Airedale A tramp who always travels alone, named after the breed of dog. The really ugly breed of dog.

Bindle stiff A hobo who carries his own bedroll in a bundle. Chicks dig him.

Bull The big-necked bastard who patrols the rail yard for the company. Aka a cinder-dick.

Catch out To hop a freight train. More quaintly: "riding the rods."

Flintstone kids Newest generation of rail-hoppers—punks and skateboarders with orange hair, known for social skills resembling Bamm-Bamm's. Also known as the nose-ring nation.

Frisco circle Impromptu collection of funds, in which hoboes get in a circle, dump their pockets and mysteriously, everyone gets drunk.

Gandy-dancers Refers to track-maintenance workers; so named because they used tools made by the Gandy Manufacturing company and often had to jump up and down in a dancelike fashion on their tools when laying down train tracks.

Gondola An open-top car. Other open-air cars that are ridable, but not so comfortable, include: the piggyback, which holds truck trailers on a flatbed, and the forty-eight, a double-stacked cargo container.

Hobo A shortening of *hoe boy*. A pederast's dream? No, an itinerant farm laborer of the 19th and early 20th centuries. Hoe boys traveled with a bundle lashed to a hoe.

Hogger or hoghead The engineer on a steam locomotive (which was known as a hog).

Stamp tramp A bum who rides from city to city, collecting food stamps. Much like the Spin Doctors.

Streamlined Traveling *very* lightly, and is therefore expected to sponge and mooch as much as he can. Not a term of endearment.

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ALL LETTERS ON FILE

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- Enjoy a horny feeling of wanting sex often!
- Continue or refire your sex life no matter your age (providing reasonable health otherwise).
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☐**POWER PILLS** *(120 tablets)*	$35.00	
Total Purchase		$_____
CA Residents ADD Sales Tax		$_____
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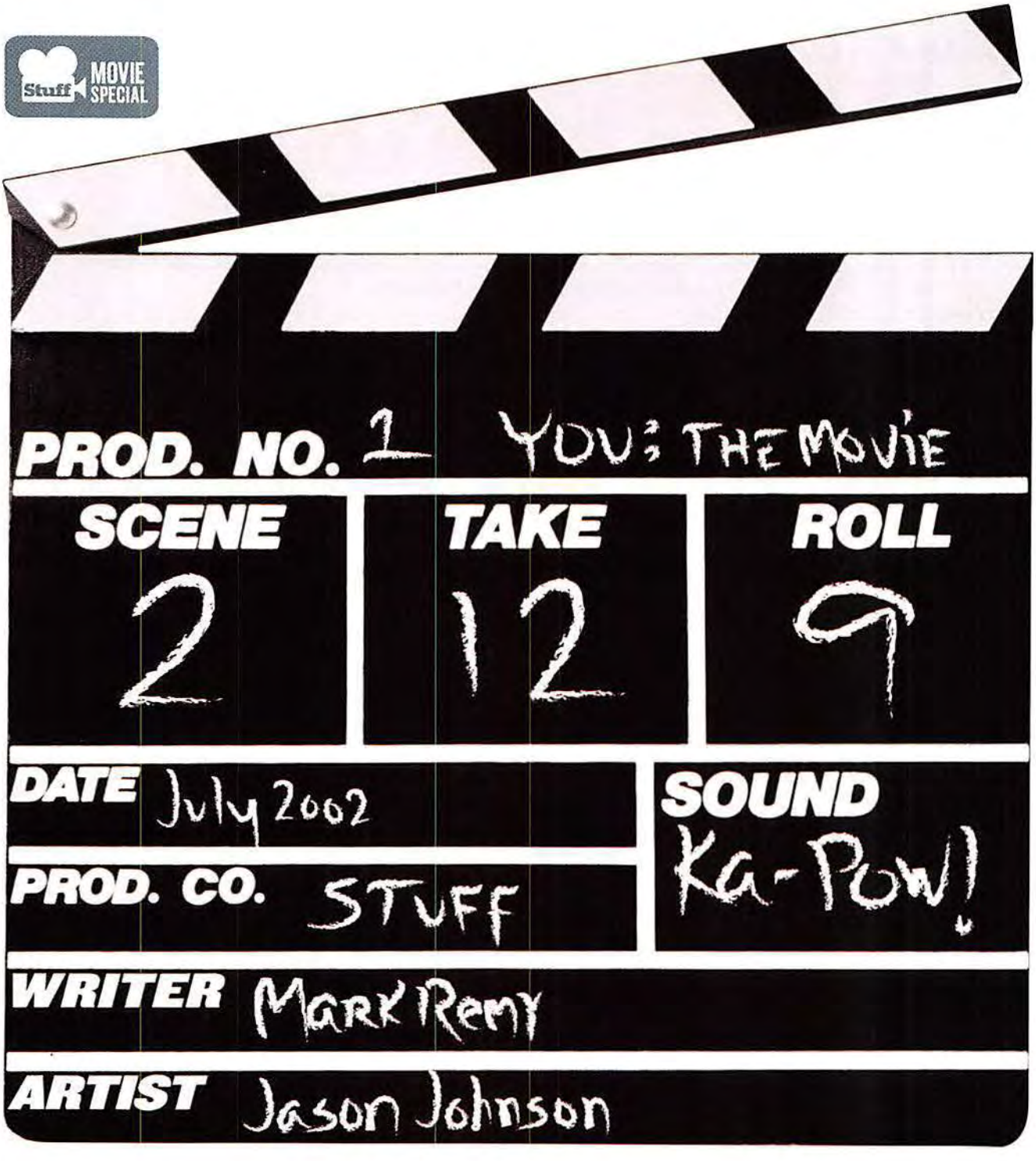

YOU! The Movie

In a world where women are scarce and good pickup techniques are even scarcer, one man beats the odds. You.

Prologue

[*Exterior shot of city block. Morning. Camera zooms in from above until shot frames a single window.*]

[*Setting: Your bedroom. YOU lie on bed, staring dreamily at ceiling. A CAT sits nearby, licking itself vigorously.*]

YOU: Oh, man. I am one lonely dude. My pickup techniques certainly leave a lot to be desired. I should just give up on women altogether...altogether...*zzzz*....

[*George Carlin appears, scaring the CAT.*]

YOU: Holy shit!

CARLIN: Hi. I'm George Carlin. I'm here to reprise my role as Rufus in *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure*. I will be your guide.

YOU: On a voyage of self-discovery?

CARLIN: No. To the mall. I need to pick up some new sneakers.

YOU: I'd rather just grab some coffee.

CARLIN: First Foot Locker, then coffee.

YOU: Can I wait in the car?

CARLIN: No. Let's roll.

Scene 1
A COFFEEHOUSE

[*YOU and CARLIN enter coffeehouse and approach counter.*]

YOU: [*To girl behind counter*] One generic coffee, please. Because this is a movie, I won't specify a flavor or size or even what I want in it.

CARLIN: Make it two.

YOU: [*To Carlin*] I'm still not sure why you're here, dude.

CARLIN: Neither is the writer. Just give it some time.

YOU: [*Taking a seat near the window*] Meantime, there are some fine-looking ladies here, huh?

CARLIN: So talk to one.

YOU: Are you kidding? I'm terrible at talking to women.

CARLIN: Don't look now, but the girl in the bonnet is checking you out.

YOU: [*Looking*] You're crazy.

CARLIN: Am I? Check your watch.

YOU: Huh?

CARLIN: Check your watch. If she does the same, it means she's eyeing you. That's a good sign she likes what she sees.

YOU: [*Checking watch, then glancing casually toward GIRL IN BONNET*] Hey, you're right. She checked her watch right after I checked mine.

CARLIN: Go over there! Ask her for help with this crossword puzzle. [*Pushes folded newspaper across table*] That's a guaranteed icebreaker. See if you can get her number.

YOU: OK. [*YOU approach GIRL IN BONNET and talk briefly while CARLIN sits in foreground, admiring his NEW SNEAKERS.*]

CARLIN: [*To YOU upon your return*] Well?

YOU: She doesn't have a phone. Or female genitalia. This was a bad idea—I should just go home.

CARLIN: Hey, now! Don't give up so easy. [*Searching room, then nodding toward GIRL WITH LAPTOP*] There's another cutie. Looks bookish. Ask her if she's a writer.

YOU: That's stupid.

CARLIN: Listen, every woman likes to think she's a writer, even if all she does is keep a journal. Ask her what she's working on. It'll show that you think she's creative and will get her talking about herself.

YOU: [*Sighing, then trudging to table of GIRL WITH LAPTOP*] Hi. What are you working on there?

GIRL WITH LAPTOP: Christ. Here, just take my number.

YOU: Thanks.

GIRL WITH LAPTOP: Now back to my Webzine!

YOU: [*Returning to CARLIN*] She gave me her number.

CARLIN: Told you so!

YOU: This is great! [*Checking watch*] Ooh, look at the time. I'm off to the gym. But first I have something to take care of.

Scene 2
AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

[*YOU kill CARLIN, dump his body in abandoned warehouse.*] ▷▷▷

STORYBOARDS FOR PROLOGUE, SCENES 1 + 2

Scene 3
THE GYM

[*A typical suburban health club. Treadmills line one wall. Free weights line another. Mirrors are everywhere.*]

[*YOU enter from locker room, wearing shorts and a red Garfield T-shirt.*]

YOU: [*To self*] *Man, this place is always loaded with hot chicks.*

PUERTO RICAN TOWEL BOY: You got that right!

YOU: [*To PUERTO RICAN TOWEL BOY*] How could you tell what I was thinking?

PUERTO RICAN TOWEL BOY: Well, like most towel boys of Puerto Rican descent, I can read minds.

(E) **YOU:** Fair enough. OK, here goes. [*To STAIRCLIMBER GIRL*] Hi there. Aren't those things so boring?

[*STAIRCLIMBER GIRL ignores YOU.*]

YOU: [*To PUERTO RICAN TOWEL BOY*] Towel boy? I struck out.

PUERTO RICAN TOWEL BOY: There are two kinds of women at the gym, my friend: the kind who are here to work out, and the kind who are here to meet someone.

YOU: Which type was she?

PUERTO RICAN TOWEL BOY: Judging by her headphones, incredibly taut buttocks, straight-ahead gaze and copious sweat, I'd say she's here to work out.

(F) **YOU:** How about that one over there? By the water fountain?

PUERTO RICAN TOWEL BOY: The one wearing eyeshadow and the HONK IF YOU'RE HORNY tee? I'd say she's approachable.

YOU: [*Approaching EYESHADOW GIRL*] Hey, how's it going? I have this pain in my hamstring. Do you know anything about working out cramps?

EYESHADOW GIRL: Not really. But I do this stretch every day, and I never have hamstring problems. [*Puts both ankles behind ears*]

YOU: [*Untucking T-shirt*] Thanks a lot. I'll let you know if that helps.

EYESHADOW GIRL: Please do. Because of your red shirt, I feel my heart rate rising. Studies have shown that the color red often has this effect on people.

YOU: And that mimics the feeling of being physically aroused.

EYESHADOW GIRL: My body can't tell the difference—as far as it's concerned, I *am* aroused! Therefore, I associate you with arousal. Will I see you around?

YOU: Sure.

EYESHADOW GIRL: Hey, you should check out my yoga class. It'd be nice to have a guy join us—it's, like, all young, open-minded, limber women!

YOU: Bingo!

EYESHADOW GIRL: That'd be good, too. We play every Tuesday night at the church. Well, see you later!

YOU: [*To PUERTO RICAN TOWEL BOY on your way to locker room*] Thanks for the tips, man—I'll have to buy you a beer sometime. [*To self*] *Don't hold your breath, Chico!*

PUERTO RICAN TOWEL BOY: Fuck you.

STORYBOARDS FOR SCENES 3+4

E

F

G

H

Scene 4
A BAR

YOU: Well, here I am in the INTERIOR of a WOOD-PANELED IRISH PUB.

BARTENDER: Why are you shouting?

YOU: Sorry. Just setting the stage. A Heineken and a shot, please.

BARTENDER: So, what's new?

YOU: Not much, man. Killed George Carlin.

BARTENDER: I hear ya.

YOU: Hey, who's the hottie at the end of the bar?

BARTENDER: I dunno. Some hottie, I guess. Why don't you go talk to her?

YOU: [*Slamming shot glass down on bar*] OK, here goes nothin'.

[*YOU slink down bar and chat up blonde. HOTTIE slaps YOU, grabs her coat and storms out. YOU return to BARTENDER, rubbing your jaw.*] (G)

BARTENDER: Ouch! What'd you say to her?

YOU: Well, I said, "If I told you that you had a good body, God must be very upset because you washed your pants in Windex."

BARTENDER: No, no, no...lines like that never work!

YOU: Stop hugging me!

BARTENDER: Sorry. Here, put this on. [*Hands YOU a cashmere sweater*]

YOU: What?

BARTENDER: Trust me.

YOU: All right, I'll try again.

[*YOU scan the room, then approach HOT GIRL at jukebox.*]

YOU: Hi.

HOT GIRL: Hey.

(H) **YOU:** Perhaps you noticed I'm wearing a cashmere sweater.

HOT GIRL: Mmm. Your brash manner is disarming, and no woman can resist touching something soft and sensuous, such as cashmere or suede. [*Touches your arm*]

YOU: Excellent. Now that you've touched me, I'm halfway there.

HOT GIRL: What?

YOU: Nothing. Can I get you another gin and vodka?

HOT GIRL: Sure. My name's Betty, by the way.

YOU: OK! Be right back, Betty.

HOT GIRL: Wait. Leave the sweater.

[*You leave, then return with two drinks.*]

YOU: [*Sipping your drink, then handing it to HOT GIRL*] Betty, does this taste funny to you?

HOT GIRL: [*Sipping*] Umm...no, not really. But the act of sharing your drink with me was a very smooth way of establishing intimacy. Your lips touched the glass, and then mine did, too.

YOU: And even if you'd opted not to taste it, it's still a good way to make conversation. Don't you agree, Betty?

HOT GIRL: Yep. Not only that, but I'm enjoying the way you keep using my name when you speak to me. It's really strengthening the bond between us in a subliminal way.

YOU: So, anyway, this place is getting pretty crowded.

HOT GIRL: Crowds are such a turnoff! So are negative attitudes and smokers!

YOU: [*Stubbing out cigarette*] Hey, do you and your friends want to go to my place for a beer? It's usually less crowded there. And I've got a new poster!

HOT GIRL: Well, since you invited all of us—rather than just me—that offer is not threatening in the least. You have put me at ease. Sure, let's go.

Scene 5
THE BIG CLIMAX

[*CAT is sitting on floor, still licking itself. It is clearly exhausted.*]

YOU: Here we are, home sweet home. [*Opening fridge*] Get you guys a beer?

HOT GIRL NO. 1: Sure.

HOT GIRL NO. 2: Yes.

HOT GIRL NO. 3: Yes, please.

YOU: I hope expensive, imported beer is OK. It's all I have.

HOT GIRL NO. 2: Hello? That is, like, totally impressive.

HOT GIRL NO. 3: Next you're going to tell us you also have live, healthy plants.

HOT GIRL NO. 2: Uh, Hot Girl No. 3? Check out the ficus tree by the TV.

HOT GIRL NO. 1: And the fresh herbs growing on the windowsill.

STORYBOARDS FOR SCENES 5+6

YOU: Ladies, I won't lie to you. I am one responsible guy. And I do enjoy nurturing things. In my spare time, I study the art of cunnilingus.

[*HOT GIRLS NO. 2 and NO. 3 faint, collapsing on the floor.*]

YOU: [*To HOT GIRL NO. 1*] Well. Guess it's just you and me.

HOT GIRL NO. 1: I must kiss you. [*Kisses you*]

YOU: After an appropriate amount of foreplay, let's do it on my kitchen table.

HOT GIRL NO. 1: That's nontraditional and slightly kinky—yet not *overly* so. The very notion makes me want to have sex with you even more, if that's possible.

YOU: Cool.

HOT GIRL NO. 1: Just let me slip out of this latex bodysuit.

YOU: Oh, my God. Your body is amazing.

HOT GIRL NO. 1: Because even models are insecure about the way they look, your flattery means a lot to me. Thanks!

[*The two of you kiss and grope as screen fades to black.*]

HOT GIRL NO. 1: Yes! Yes! Yes! Mmm...

YOU: This is better than *The Simpsons*!

Scene 6
THE MORNING AFTER

YOU: Good morning.

HOT GIRL NO. 1: [*Smiling*] Hi.

YOU: Did you sleep OK?

HOT GIRL NO. 1: Yeah, I did. Especially after you didn't ask me if I came. I can't stand it when guys ask that.

YOU: Let me guess why: If you *did* come, the guy is fine. If you didn't, dude is not. But asking won't change anything—so just keep quiet.

HOT GIRL NO. 1: [*Staring, obviously smitten*] You are so cool, I want to do it all over again. But I wish I could brush my teeth first.

YOU: Go for it. Use my toothbrush.

HOT GIRL NO. 1: That is so nice. It won't gross you out?

YOU: Even if it does, I can just throw it away later! You'll never know!

HOT GIRL NO. 1: But you won't....Will you?

YOU: You know I won't, baby.

HOT GIRL NO. 1: [*Insane with desire*] I can't wait any longer!

[*Her head sinks from frame and disappears. YOU wink at camera. Fade to black. Roll credits.*]

[*Cue MUSIC: Tears for Fears' "Everybody Wants to Rule the World."*]

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COLLECTION
FOOTWEAR

INSTANT COOL

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS ALMOST EVERYTHING

HEADS UP

XYBERNAUT POMA $1,500

Toss the phrase "You'll never wear a computer" onto the rubbish pile alongside "The earth is flat" and "Seat belts save lives." Now you can send e-mail, surf the Internet and play video games while you skip down the street—all thanks to the Poma's three-ounce headset display and wireless-modem capability. Instead of explaining all this to any elderly persons you encounter, just tell them you're a robot-pirate sent from the future. Then laugh and slice the buttons off their shirts with a sword.
www.xybernaut.com

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY HOGAN

STUFF!

SCUBA

Love being underwater? Hate holding your breath? Brother, have we got some gear for you!

BY R.M. PARISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM HOGAN

1 ATOMIC AQUATICS SPLITFINS $189
Sliced down the center to help divers swim with less effort, SplitFins reduce stress on the legs while improving speed. The EZ-LOK buckle system makes for one-handed release and reattachment. (Insert "one-handed release" joke here. We're tired of doing all the work.) www.atomicaquatics.com

2 SPORASUB SAMURAI ELITE MASK AND SNORKEL $82
Fitted with special lenses that conceal your eyes, the Sporasub is a great mask for underwater spearfishing—if fish can't see the hunter's eyes, they don't feel threatened and are easier to kill. The same is true with certain dimwitted land animals, such as Matt Lauer. www.mares.com

3 MARES PEGASUS BUOYANCY COMPENSATOR $400
The Pegasus BC not only carries all your gear, including the bulky oxygen tank, but it also allows you to hover in the same spot at any depth so you can harass ugly fish as long as you want to. Simply press one of two handy, oversize buttons to float up or down or to stabilize. It's like an underwater elevator, minus the awkward silences. www.mares.com

4 H2ODYSSEY TITAN DIVING KNIFE $90
Titanium construction makes this dive knife durable, rustproof and razor-sharp. Besides its obvious use—to brandish at fellow grocery shoppers—it is primarily used so you can free yourself if you're tangled in fishing nets and such. The sheath's quick-release button also ensures speedy defense against sharks or rude T-shirt vendors. www.h2odyssey.com

5 AERIS ATMOS 2 DIVE COMPUTER $670
The AA2 constantly monitors nitrogen and oxygen levels, as well as depth. A warning light tells you if you're surfacing too quickly, risking painful decompression sickness. It also includes a secret compartment for a second, smaller dive knife. 'Cause in any underwater knife fight, the guy who doesn't have a spare always gets stuck. www.diveaeris.com

6 SCUBAPRO TITANIUM REGULATOR SYSTEM $1,500
The MK25T/S600T regulator system converts high-pressure gas in your tank to low-pressure, breathable air while also delivering air to your buoyancy controller. Made almost entirely of lightweight titanium, it has two external adjustments to fine-tune your ease of breathing. It also has a lifetime warranty, so you can feel secure knowing that if you drown, someone can turn in your sabotaged regulator for a new one. www.scubapro.com

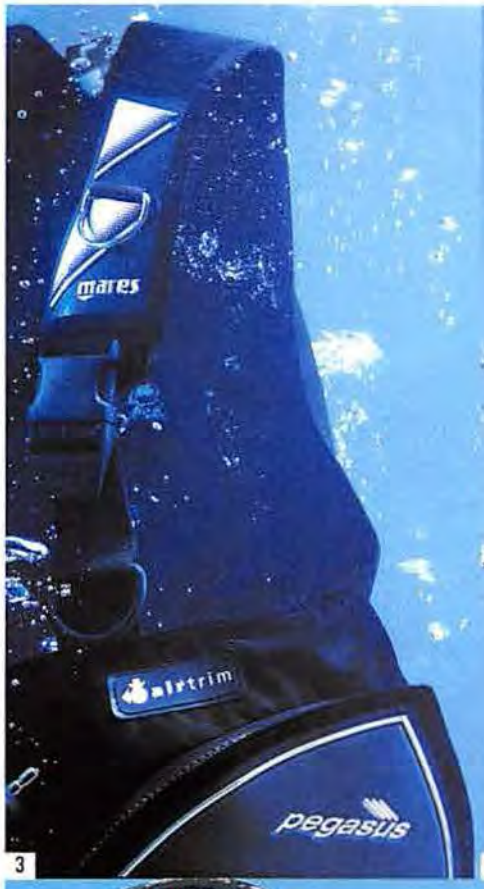
STUFF Ia: TARTAR SAUCE

Dive into deliciousness.

Use the jar to club seals.

Add the *E* for an extra letter.

This + a big spoon = Mmm!



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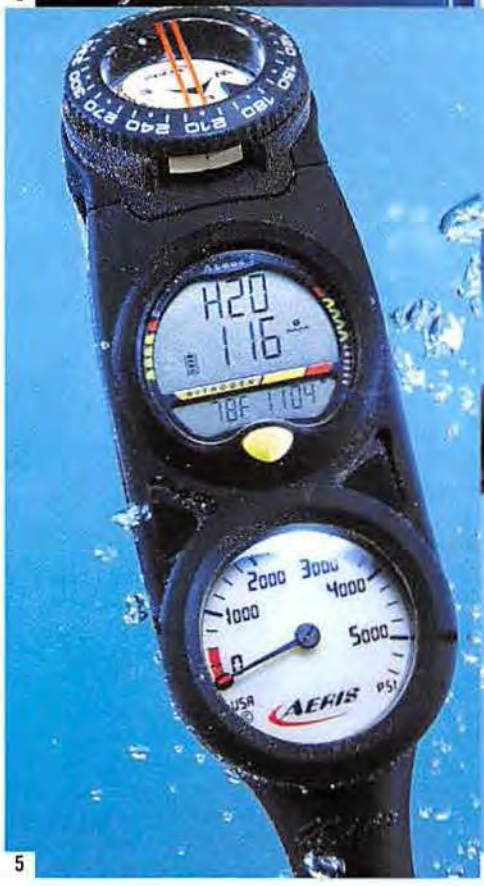

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6

STUFF2

OUTDOOR GEAR

Nothing lets you enjoy nature's splendor quite like a bunch of equipment.

BY SHELBY EVANS PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

Yannah K.'s dead dog, Baby, says: "Mosquitoes transmit diseases that collectively kill more people worldwide than anything else. Get them before they get you! Woof!"

STUFF 2a: PORTABLE TVs

Because maybe your rescue effort will make the evening news.

a. CASIO SY-20, $140
Out of batteries? Get more!

b. RCA L2501, $160
Comes with a tiny recliner.

c. JEEP JXCDTV, $90
Speakers? Pinch us!

1 MOUNTAINSMITH $100
With copious padding and a semirigid back, 'Smith's Dyno is all about comfort. Yet its 40-liter capacity dares you to load up with lots of crap. Rain? Please! Its polyurethane-coated nylon shuns water better than a rabid cat. Unless the cat is wearing an adorable little raincoat. www.mountainsmith.com

2 EUREKA! ZEUS EXO $150
The Zeus is easy to erect, even for the mechanically inept or drunk. And it has all the amenities of home—a durable, nylon home with inside pockets, mesh vents and a wee foyer for storing gear. The whole shebang folds into a teeny, ultralight bundle. Just like Cher! www.eurekatent.com

3 SILVA TREKKER $32
Imagine you're lost under an overcast sky, nary a mossy tree in sight. Stop crying—it's just pretend! Now imagine you have a Silva, with its rotating capsule and declination scale for translating maps to the field. Hint: If your map has a wave pool, you're in the water park again. www.silvacompass.com

4 GERBER BACK PAXE $40
For the deforestation enthusiast on the go, Paxe's fiberglass handle and steel head will have you scalping chipmunks with abandon. (Staple their stripy little pelts to your jacket.) Its custom sheath has a belt loop for hands-free carryin'. At last—an excuse to wear a belt! www.gerberblades.com

5 MOSQUITO DELETO $169
Keep skeeters away from your campsite with Coleman's two-part system. The Inhibitor disorients the bastards, and the Trap lures them to their grave. Add a tiny sign: HOT-HOT-HOT! NUDE MOSQUITOES INSIDE. They won't understand it, but it'll be fun to make. Use glitter! www.coleman.com

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STUFF3

SAKE

Can't afford a trip to Asia? Drown your sorrows with Japan's finest and pass out in the tub.

BY R.M. PARISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX CAO

Aaron S.'s dead dog, Pepper, says: "Woof! The expert commentary is by Richard Notar, general manager of Bobby De Niro's Japanese restaurant, Nobu, in New York City. Who's a good boy? I'm a good boy!"

1 NAPA VALLEY HAKUSAN $7
EXPERT SAYS: It has a very heavy alcohol taste and a bit of a bite to it. I'd recommend it for bourbon drinkers.
WE SAY: Another drink for bourbon drinkers? Bourbon. **www.hakusan.com**

2 TENTAKA KUNI $27
EXPERT SAYS: Its light sake flavor is well-rounded and semidry. A perfect complement to a fish like halibut.
WE SAY: Another perfect compliment to halibut: "Mmm! You are one hot halibut." **www.vineconnections.com**

3 Y SAKÉ RAIN $15
EXPERT SAYS: There is usually a lot of ginger in meals you eat with sake, so the ginger flavor in Y is redundant.
WE SAY: The worst part about Ginger was that she mentioned nothing about her penis—until we were too bombed to care. Stupid sake! **www.ysake.com**

4 RIHAKU $30
EXPERT SAYS: It has a full, fruity richness that sits on your tongue and finishes smooth. Ideal to have when you first sit down to calm yourself.
WE SAY: We tried counting back from 10 to calm down, but when our shaky fingers hit seven, they started to pinch. Those silly fingers are always causing trouble! **www.esake.com**

5 MOMOKAWA PEARL $9
EXPERT SAYS: It's unfiltered, meaning it has a milky appearance. And at 34 proof (most sake is diluted to 26 proof), it can turn nice people mean or mean people nice.
WE SAY: We watched an ugly woman drink a bottle of the stuff, and it didn't make her any more attractive. Then again, Mom never looks good when she's drunk. **www.sakeone.com**

6 MUKUNE $41
EXPERT SAYS: It's very fruity and leaves a strong aftertaste. Try it with salty food to overpower the sweetness.
WE SAY: The last time we had a fruity aftertaste, we'd just watched *Moulin Rouge!* Must've been the sake. **www.vineconnections.com**

STUFF 3a: GODZILLA MOVIES

The large lizard from the land of small people is here to entertain.

Godzilla: King of the Monsters (1956), $19
Scare the kids. Tell 'em Mom's dead!

Godzilla vs. Cosmic Monster (1974), $30
First, attack the city. Then, cocktails.

Godzilla (1998), $18
A disappointment...in the sack!

Damn if we don't wanna shoop in this Coop. Or is it poop? Either way, we're gonna do something rhymingly gross in that there backseat!

COOP DE VILLE

At last: A MINI that looks good on men—and even on Marty Padgett!

The MINI is back—still as British as nonfluoridated water, but now with a twist of schnapps. Though the car is built in Oxford, England, by hordes of otherwise unemployable Rhodes scholars, the company is owned by BMW—so it drives faster when you play Rammstein CDs. This MINI is bigger than the old models—but it's still shorter than a Mazda Miata and weighs about as much as the cast of *Friends* during one of Matthew Perry's slim seasons.

The first MINI rolled out in 1959, and the brand is still going strong—proof that sometimes it's the smallest things that are the most fulfilling. And if you don't believe me, ask my pet hamster, Coco Chanel.

Under the new model's mini hood is a mini motor: a 115-horsepower, 1.6-liter four. You can also get a 163-horsepower supercharged MINI Cooper S with either a five- or six-speed shifter. A continuously variable transmission option, which uses pulleys and bands instead of normal gears, adds a bit of British flair—and is a modest improvement over a family of howler monkeys on a treadmill.

Power windows and a CD player come standard. You can order a sunroof and bigger wheels and tires, but what's the point? Splurge on Dynamic Stability Control—or just add your own pitcher of pink squirrels and *Designing Women* reruns. The heart wants what it wants.

What the MINI people call a cockpit (insert small-genitalia joke here) features a speedo in the middle of the dash so passengers have something to point at while they scream frantically. The low suspension and extremely wide wheelbase give you a ride that is as close to street luge as you can get while still burning fossil fuel.

2002 MINI COOPER

BASE PRICE $16,850 (Cooper S, $19,850)

THE GOODS Peppy 115-hp or 163-hp V4, five- or six-speed manual and the ability to parallel park anywhere. Well, at least with the help of four strapping Swedes and a roll of Mentos.

PERFORMANCE Zero to 60 mph in about 8.5 seconds—6.9 seconds for the Cooper S.

X FACTOR Quirky and lovable, like our editor-in-chief when he actually swallows his medication.

THE AIR BAG

Wrap your lack of car knowledge around a tree.

In-car kegger

Load 2,500 MP3s onto the Kenwood Music Keg's ($900) 10-GB cartridges to rock while you roll. Or just listen to the Proclaimers' "I'm on My Way" for 10 hours—whichever comes first.

"The box makes music!" screamed a nearby idiot. "I have a hat."

Gripping

Some might use these pro-grade Mechanix Extrication Gloves ($90) for working over burning engines on pit row. Us? We just like to have a pair handy when our Holsteins start calving. Talk about sticky!

Taking out the casserole has never been easier.

Rolling theater

Turn *Driven* into a more visceral experience with Panasonic's new in-dash DVD/VHS player ($1,700) by adding your own special effects at 95 mph. When you get pulled over, invite the policeman in for popcorn and soda.

Bet your parents never watched a movie in their car! They're dead? Sorry.

Play hard. Hold even harder.

Ultimate performance in both shampoo and gel.

new

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It takes strength to look this good.™

STUFF STYLE

GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR

BONG!

BILLABONG TAG A TRUNK $40

Indulge your inner vandal with these Supreme Suede (that's fashionese for "velvety") board shorts from Billabong. You buy them blank, then use the included stencils to create your own custom graffiti. Any kind of paint will do. Even blue paint! Practice first on an old pair of shorts. Where can you find an old pair of shorts? Ask a poor person—the poor have lots of old clothes!

www.billabong-usa.com

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY HOGAN
STYLING BY KELLY RAE

ClothesMinded

Fashion news for the wardrobe impaired.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HOGAN

Pick Up a Spare
Score another victory for the humble bowling-alley patron. The fashion sense of this waxy, moist avatar of Americana inspired this 100-percent-cotton Bowling Camp shirt ($85) by Perry Ellis. We don't bowl, but we'd happily wear this shirt. Even to the bowling alley, where we wouldn't bowl. www.perryellis.com

Burn Rubber
Slip on a pair of these khaki Jeep 4x2 shoes ($75) and let your feet enjoy the same terrain-sucking traction your ass receives when you climb into a Grand Cherokee. Warning: Do not wear them while you drive a Grand Cherokee. Unless, you know, you're prepared for some very serious traction. 212-967-9768

WALRUS OF APPROVAL
BECAUSE WE HATE SEALS

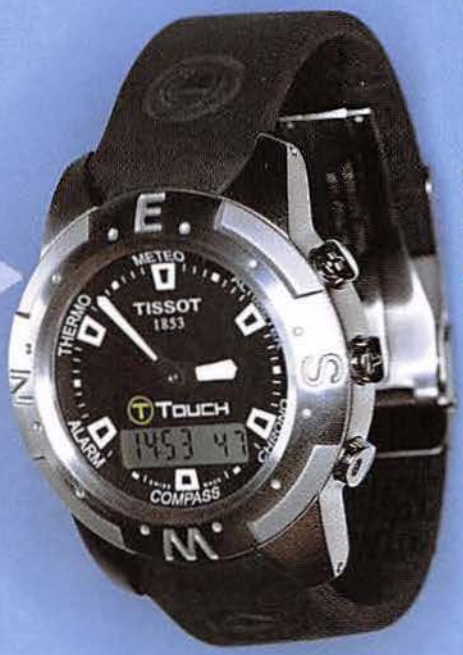
Operation: Cleanse
Jojoba, witch hazel and sea whip—sadly, not code names for the members of an elite team of effete commandos, but merely the pore-shrinking and cleansing ingredients in Aromapharmacy's new line of wondrous shaving goo. Oh, well. (Pre-Op Shaving Cream, $14; Post-Op Astringent, $10; Post-Op After Shave Balm, $16) www.aromapharmacy.com

Night and Day
Meet Adidas' newest shoe, the ADAN II ($85). Short for All Day and Night and, uh, two, this sneak takes its design cues from objects as diverse as work boots and pimped-up car rims. The result, you ask? Check out the damn picture. Do we have to do everything for you? We do? OK. Remove your pants. www.adidas.com

Pack It In
Lead your own personal assault on the 'hood and the Queen's English with Akademiks' Quantum Latte Jeanius Level backpack ($97). Be sure to point out all the outdoorsy features, such as the carabiner loops and the water-resistant taped zippers, to your Labrador. That puzzled expression means he loves you! www.akademiks.com

Vision Quest
UV3's new shades feature UV-ray-whuppin' rectangular acrylic lenses. And at just 15 bucks a pop, they're practically disposable. We use 'em to wipe up spills in the kitchen! Which is weird, considering they're really not that absorbent. Department stores everywhere

High Velourcity
What says luxury better than this plush velour football jersey suit ($164) from Jajuan Michael? Nothing. Except maybe two plush velour football jersey suits ($328) from Jajuan Michael. If one gets dirty, you'll always have a backup! www.jajuanmichael.com



Touch It
Thanks to the touch-sense technology in the T-Touch watch ($550) from Tissot, you don't need to search for itty-bitty buttons to activate the watch's many functions. Any feature from compass to chronometer snaps to attention with a loving little tap on the faceplate. Hands full? Ask a friend to tap it for you. No friends? Stop being such a prick. 800-A-TISSOT

Good as Gold
Say the word *fossil* and some people think of dinosaurs, while others think of Morley Safer or even wristwatches. Morons! We think of quality leisurewear, such as this golden-yellow tee ($20). P.S.: It's from Fossil. www.fossil.com

Hit or Myth
Ratchet up the edge factor around the half-pipe with this hand-stitched leather Medusa snowboard cap ($500) from Oakley. Or just use it to scare the neighbors. Our favorite method: Wrap it around a cinder block and hurl it through their dining-room window. (Aim for the china cabinet!) www.oakley.com

Gonna Get You, Sucka
Hop into our buggy for a trip down etymology lane and learn the origins of Sean John's new seersucker jacket ($125). The word *seersucker* comes from the ancient Persian words *shir* for milk and *shakar* for sugar, which refers to the fabric's alternately smooth and crinkly surface. Learned enough? Great, now get the hell out of our car. Macy's East

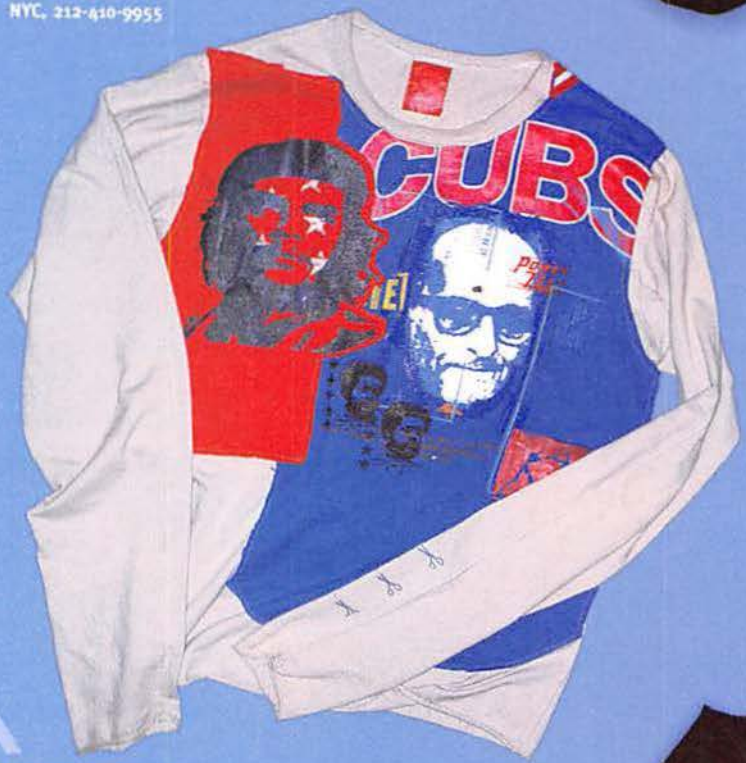
FashionRadar

Incoming!

Dread Rocks
According to the good people at the reggae-influenced Rockers Inc., "the need for showy, individualistic clothing has come forth again." When exactly did the winds of fashion fall under the control of a clutch of Jamaican designers? By the looks of the Rocker tee ($28), it obviously happened sometime before today. Memes, NYC, 212-410-9955

Back to Skool
Vans introduced Tony Alva's Mid Skool skate shoe ($50) way back in 1978. (You were three, remember?) And, once again, time has washed away any patina of passé, leaving this sneak with only a stylish retro veneer. Don't know what we're talking about? Forget it. Just buy the damn shoes. www.vans.com

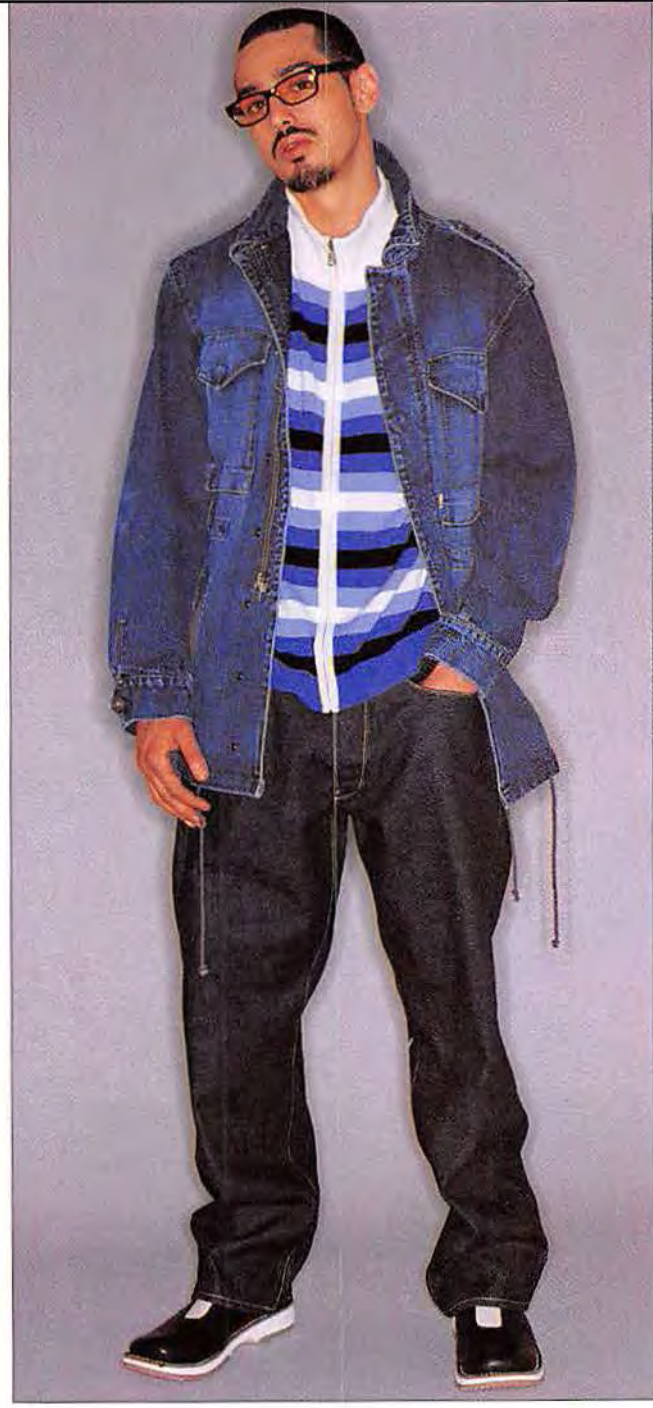
Fundies!
As one glance at this photo will show, Quiksilver now makes cotton boxer shorts with stars on them. And that's about all we've got to say on the subject. Move along. (Diamond D boxers, $14) www.quiksilver.com



Advanced Theory
Designer Rolland Berry uses visual imagery ranging from pictures of Che Guevara to the Chicago Cubs logo on his Colur Theory line of handmade tees ($260–$280). Apparently this conveys his own worldview. We feel the same way about our WE'RE WITH STUPID T-shirt. (We think everyone's stupid!) Selvedge, NYC, 212-219-0994

Look into It
Like some kind of fashion-blastin' double-barreled shotgun, Marc Ecko has picked a wide target area for his new line of eyewear. According to Ecko, the Scopes ($135), with their interchangeable lenses and unique bandanna fastening system, should appeal to those interested in anything from motocross to hip-hop to fashionable eye protection. Count us in on all three! www.ecko.com

WALRUS OF APPROVAL
BECAUSE WE HATE SEALS



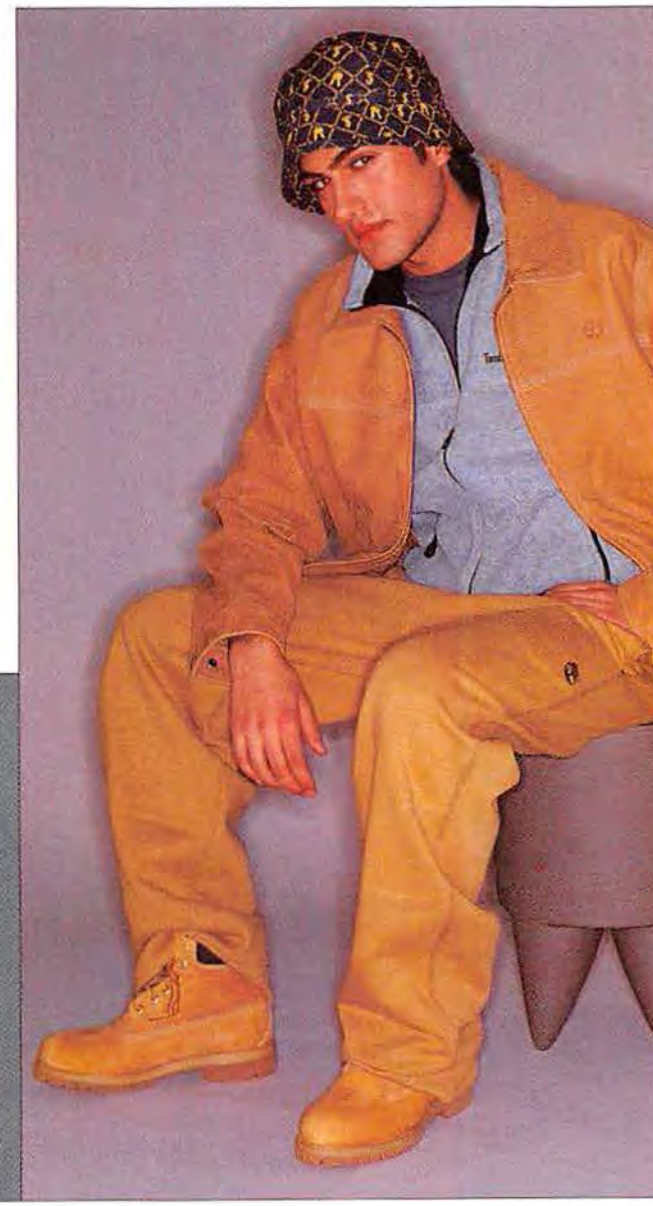
ONE TRUE SAXON

You wear Brit well.

When Ian Bergin, Ian Paley and Mark Bailey launched One True Saxon in England, they gave Londoners a big shite sandwich by refusing to sell their product anywhere south of the Waterford Gap (a place we assume is somewhere in England). This season, Saxon sallies forth with a full line, from logo tees to vintage rugby shirts, but the core remains the denim. Jackets and jeans will feature Triple Union-yoke stitching and premium Bluebell-denim construction in a blistering array of washes. In this case, we mean two. We blister easily.

WHAT YOU NEED TO GET
Wool sweater ($192), denim jacket ($300), denim pants ($275). Camouflage, NYC, 212-741-9118

Loose button? With utmost subtlety, palm it and slip it into a pocket like so.



TIMBERLAND

Time to log on.

Like a modern-day Poseidon, Timberland is set to hurl an outdoorsy trident of dry goods at you. Its Outdoor Performance line uses waterproof Entrant DM and Gore Windstopper fabric. The Rugged Works collection features tough corduroy, canvas and denim. The last prong in the attack, Rugged Casual, combines outdoor inspiration with classic sportswear (a woodsy, sporty gestalt, if you will) for rugged lounging. If you're not detecting a pattern of general ruggedness here, you haven't been paying attention. Look—we've got your nose!

WHAT YOU NEED TO GET
T-shirt ($20), vest ($70), jacket ($498), sweatpants ($68), boots ($145). www.timberland.com

It was just a trial separation between legs and torso. You know, a little time apart.

Styling: Mr. Rich. Grooming: Carrinedy for Tiffany Whitford, NYC.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM RICHARDS

QUIKSILVER, $85

BILLABONG, $51

Wave Hello

Wear this cool stuff to the beach. Whoa—not all at once! What are we gonna do with you?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX CAO STYLING BY KELLY RAE

MCD, $23

QUIKSILVER, $48

TOMMY JEANS, $40

UNION BAY, $65

HURLEY, $48

RUSTY, $48

G-SUS, $30

UNION BAY, $38

POLO JEANS, $60

TOMMY HILFIGER, $70

OP, $42

GUESS, $58

TOMMY JEANS, $60

HURLEY, $46

55DSL, $99

ECKO, $25

VANS, $38

NIKE, $130

TEVA, $80

ROCKERS, $80

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS CREATIONS, $22

FRESHJIVE, $26

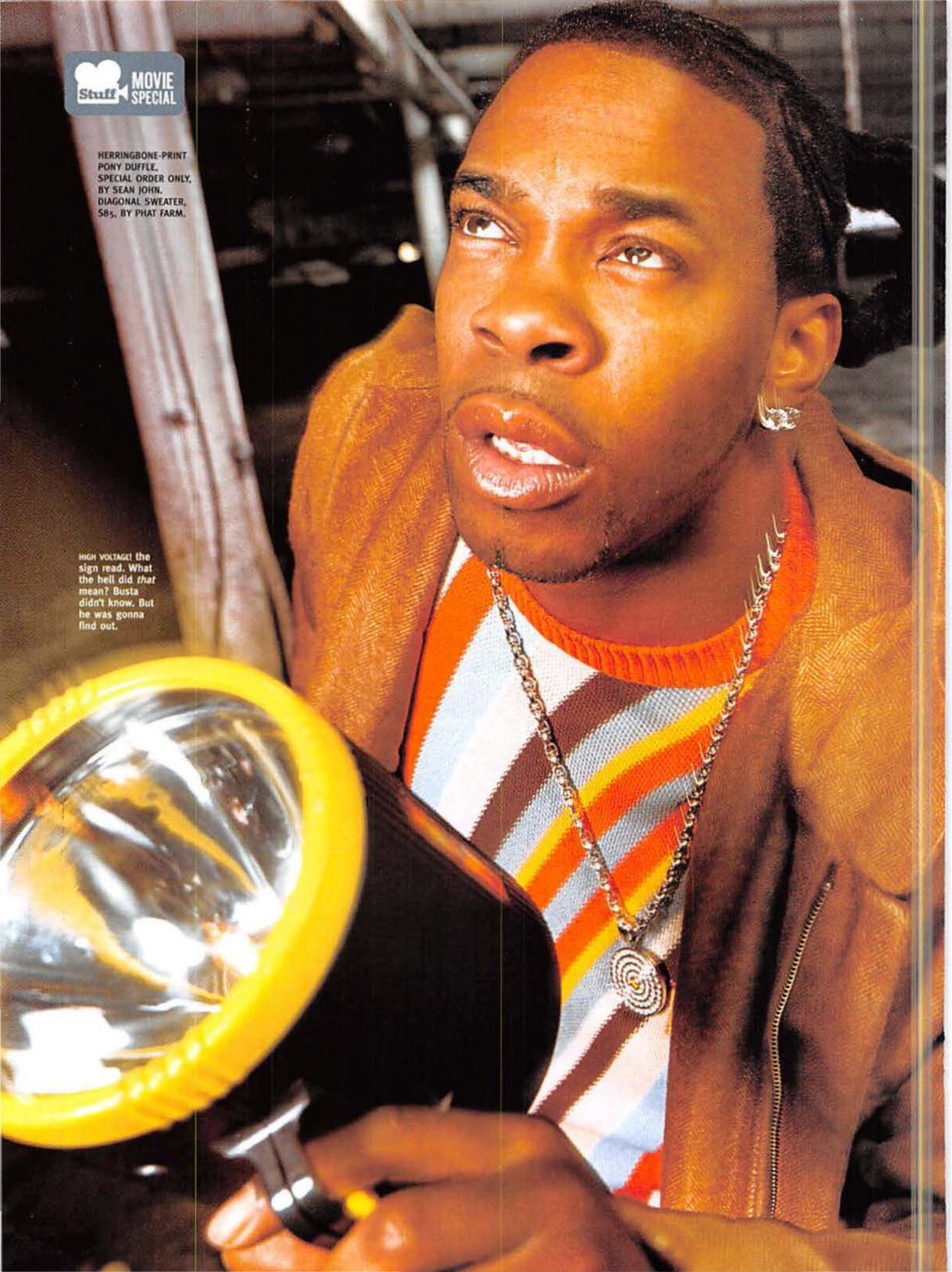
ENYCE, $26

FRESHJIVE, $20

PUMA, $22

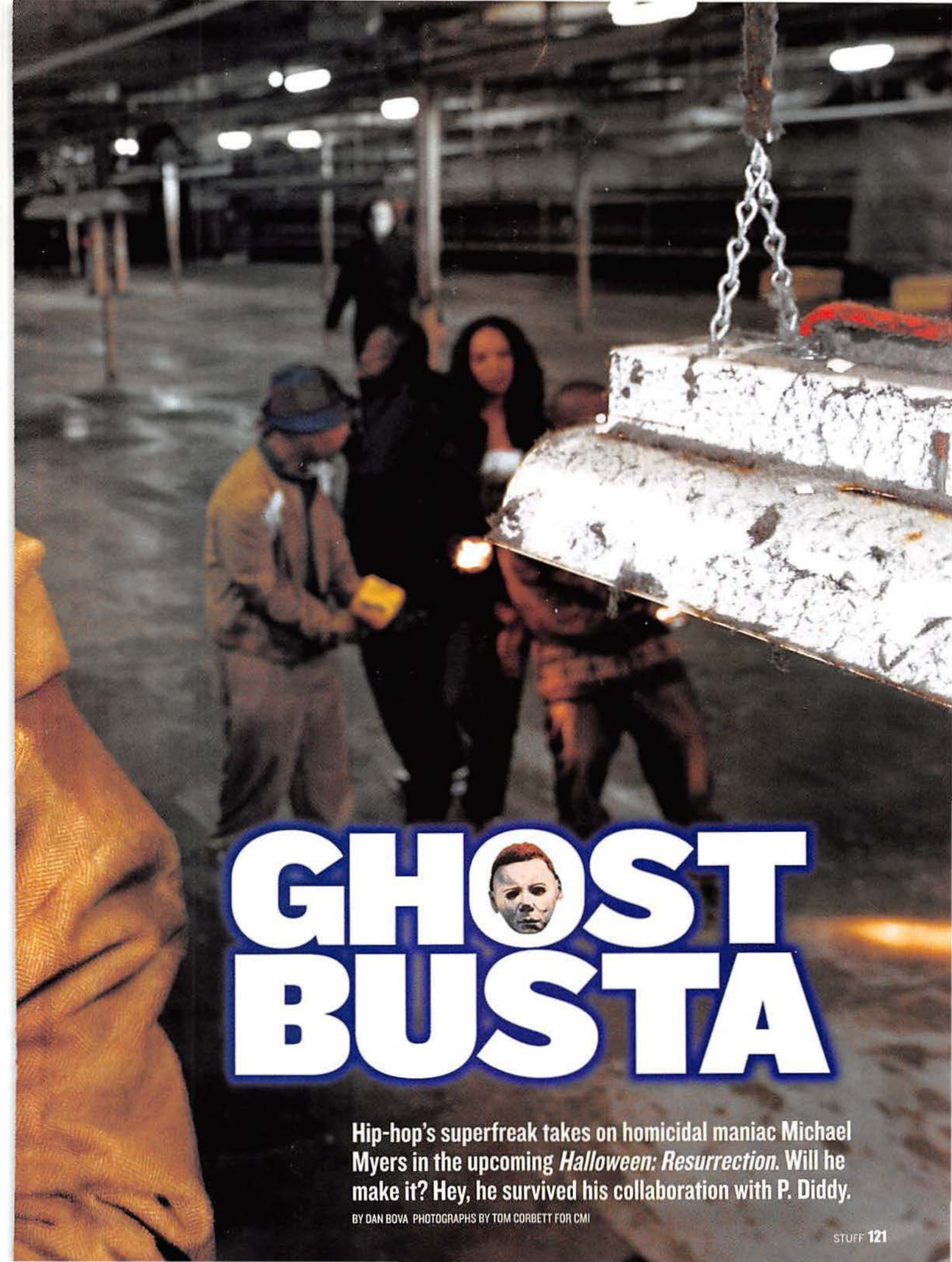
GUESS, $26

ECKO, $60



HERRINGBONE-PRINT PONY DUFFLE, SPECIAL ORDER ONLY, BY SEAN JOHN. DIAGONAL SWEATER, $85, BY PHAT FARM.

HIGH VOLTAGE! the sign read. What the hell did *that* mean? Busta didn't know. But he was gonna find out.



GHOST BUSTA

Hip-hop's superfreak takes on homicidal maniac Michael Myers in the upcoming *Halloween: Resurrection*. Will he make it? Hey, he survived his collaboration with P. Diddy.

BY DAN BOVA PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM CORBETT FOR CMI

GHOST BUSTA

THIS PAGE: JACKET, $1,015, BY MESSAGERIE. SHIRT, $35, BY RASHEED BOOTH FOR BUSHI DESIGNS. JEANS, $75, BY AKADEMIKS. BOOTS, $145, BY TIMBERLAND.

OPPOSITE PAGE, LEFT TO RIGHT: ON BUSTA: LAMBSKIN COAT, $3,500, BY HUGO BOSS. JEANS, $125, BY DIESEL. AIR FORCE ONE SNEAKERS, $75, BY NIKE.

ON SHAM: KHAKI SUIT, $450, BY MARC ECKO. AIR FORCE ONE SNEAKERS, $75, BY NIKE. GLASSES, $290, BY YVES SAINT LAURENT BY SAFILO GROUP.

ON DIGGA: BLOUSE, $315, BY JEANS DE CHRISTIAN LACROIX. JEANS, $175, BY FERRE JEANS. BOOTS, $500, BY D&G.

ON RAMPAGE: TRACK SUIT, $142, BY AKADEMIKS. AIR FORCE ONE SNEAKERS, $75, BY NIKE.

ON SPLIFF: SWEATER AND SHIRT, BOTH BY SEAN JOHN. JEANS, $92, BY AZZURE DENIM. AIR FORCE ONE SNEAKERS, $75, BY NIKE.

He could spend hours a day at the warehouse. It's where he did his best staring.

The creepy guy in the window appeared only after we developed the film. What an asshole!

"YOU GOT ME ALL SEXY to come down into the grime?" asks Busta Rhymes as he trudges through the windowless, abandoned factory where someone in our art department thought it would be "fun" to do a photo shoot. But his bad attitude soon sails away, floating on the happy clouds produced by an insanely large joint he has fired up. Suddenly, hip-hop's wizard of wacky seems delighted to be stomping around amongst crumpled asbestos and rat carcasses. And who can blame him? Because, really, what *doesn't* Busta have to be happy about these days? His album *Genesis* has gone platinum, thanks to P. Diddy–fueled hits such as "Pass the Courvoisier Part II." He sells out shows wherever he and his Flipmode Squad go, and his film career is leaving the likes of Ice Cube and Ice-T, er...iced. This summer, he follows up his critically acclaimed performance in *Finding Forrester* with a starring role in *Halloween: Resurrection*. I sat down with Busta and hoped to ask some intelligent, probing questions about his life and his many passions. But then I inhaled and the following, sadly, is all that came out.

STUFF: *Halloween: Resurrection* is the second movie you've done with Tyra Banks. Do you know any naughty secrets about her?
BUSTA: Naw. It's platonic. Strictly platonic. I only know about her on the vertical level.

So you never tried to sneak into her trailer or anything like that?
Naw, that ain't my style. I ain't into the sneaking shit. If you are going to do something, just be clear on what you're doing so there ain't no misunderstanding and no conflict. I ain't into none of that.

If you're not into sneaking, what's Busta's move?
I just go and talk to her. Minimizing the confusion state is the best way to approach anything. Just be direct about shit.

So, like, you walk up and say, "Hi, I want to have sex with you"?
You know I ain't going to give you my antidote, motherfucker. I ain't going to give you my motherfucking—I ain't giving you my secrets to shit!

You gotta help us, man! Not all of us have the dreads and the rhymes. And hygiene.
I feel you, man. But you gotta be able to add your own money to fuel your gas tank if you're trying to drive somewhere, dog. I ain't gonna pay for your gas and be the driver, too!

OK, fine. So if you're into passing the Courvoisier, does that mean you're into sloppy seconds?
I tried that once or twice, man. Sloppy seconds ain't right, man—shorty gotta get it together before she can put herself back on the market, man. She out there and somebody done rented the crib out, man? She gotta do some renovation when they move. You know what I'm saying? When they move out the crib, she gotta go do a paint job and clean up so the fragrance is right. You move into a crib somebody just lived in, you got they stench up in the motherfucker. You gotta go flushing that stench out, man.

"What would be my thing if I was president? Probably exposing secrets of secret societies. I'd probably get murdered for it."

Does Courvoisier pay you every time the song plays?
I cannot disclose that information. [*Laughs*]

Did you catch R. Kelly's latest video? What did you think of his performance?
You know, if she was really a young girl, that would be classified as a minor. I'm completely against that.

But let's just say, for the sake of argument, she was of legal age. Are you into getting peed on and all of that kind of stuff?
Naw, I ain't with none of that. That ain't my speed, brother.

That's not how Busta rolls?
That ain't Busta's speed at all. If I want a golden shower, dog, I go to an island and take a shower out in the sun under a waterfall, man. Word! Fuck that other shit.

So that's a no to the peeing on each other, then.
A complete zero, dog.

Does it make you proud or sad that, at this moment, 40-year-old men in the suburbs are asking each other, "What the dilly-o?"
Naw, I really don't think about that. I just do my thing and keep it moving. It's gratefully appreciated when my shit is latched on to, but the creative juices never stop flowing.

Do you encourage fans to throw you drugs while you're performing?
I tell 'em to throw a lighter onstage, but I ain't smoking nobody else's weed. I ain't fucking with anthrax weed. You don't know what people put in these drugs nowadays.

Is that your real hair?
Twelve years of it, baby. It's Busta Rhymes and a lot of memories. Memories that I'm ready to let go of.

You gonna pull a Lenny Kravitz and chop it off?
No, I'm gonna pull a Busta Rhymes and chop it off! >>>

Styling: Kelly Rae, Rich Stewart, Vincent "VJ" Lake for Mode Squad Inc., and Rasheed Booth for Bush Designs. Hair: Caprice Green for Epiphany Entment. Makeup: Nicole for M.A.C. © Brynley Curry.

Do you use any special hair products?
Naw. I just wash my shit.

You just wash your shit?
Keep it clean.

When you started to make it big, what's the stupidest thing you bought?
Let me see, let me see. I think I bought a diamond pinkie ring for, like, $300,000—38 carats. But, you know, especially right now, you can do a lot with $300,000 in the recession. Prices are down on a lot of shit. Take that money and buy up all of the stock you can. The motherfucking market is getting right again, doing a lot of shit. Gamble, you make some money, and you a'ight.

You're into the stock market?
I never really fucked with it for a long time, but now that I am fucking with it, I'm finding a lot of interest in that shit, man.

What is your stock portfolio like?
I'm looking for the new shit that's the most risky, because that's the gamble. You know what I'm saying? I'm not a gambling man, but if I'm going to fuck with the stock, I'm going to fuck with it. You know what I'm saying? I ain't going to be scared. Scared people don't usually make money.

In the intro on your album, Dolomite tells you to "slap your dick in the mouth of bitches that don't want to act right." Have you been following his advice?
Well, I have once or twice, yeah.

So does that get them in line?
Yeah, they waited on a line!

Will Busta ever run for president?
Yeah, I might, you know. I might definitely do that. What would be my thing if I was president? Probably exposing secrets of secret societies. I'd put my life on the line and shit, fucking around, and probably get murdered for it.

What secret societies? Like the Freemasons and the Illuminati?
I don't really know, but I know they got some shit going on they don't wanna tell us about. Whatever the fuck it is, I wanna blow the spot up and tell everybody. Because, me personally? I wanna know what the fuck is going on, you know what I'm saying? I'm finding out shit—I would definitely like to put people on.

Critics and fans have noted that your lyrics have hinted at some of the crazy stuff that's going on in the world. Can Busta see into the future?
I wish I was a Miss fucking Cleo. I really wish I was. But I don't want to claim any credit before seeing nothin'. Sometimes you feel a certain way on a certain day—you go based on your instinct and your vibe, you know what I'm saying? You might be in an environment, you feel an energy from a back-of-your-head place that tells you to get the fuck up outta there. So you move based on what you're feeling. Sometimes you'd be surprised that you hear shit days or hours later that you just missed by a hair of a rat's ass.

It was going to be the best surprise party ever! The host bought those tortilla chips that are designed specifically for scooping.

"Sloppy seconds ain't right, man—shorty gotta get it together before she can put herself back on the market, man."

What are you talking about?
Like rap music. If I didn't strongly pursue it, I'd have probably fucked my life up with a lot of other dudes I knew that was in the street. Doing that bullshit in the street.

You've toured around the world now. Do you translate to other cultures?
Naw. Well, I translate the love, you know? Love is a universal language, man.

Speaking of love, which country has the skankiest groupies?
It's pretty much the same everywhere you go, man. It ain't any more crazier any [one] place than any other place.

Does that mean that you regularly sample from the pu-pu platter of international delights?
Naw, I don't really fuck with the pu-pu platter of international delights in case they're crazy. Fuck that. Got the catering jump-off happening, man. We gotta keep a regular routine. None of that.

Hey, Busta, have you ever heard of the term *homie-sexual*?
Naw.

Uh, well, they're supposedly these guys in the rap world who say they are not gay, but they like to mess around with other dudes every once in a while.
I have no understanding of that lifestyle. No understanding whatsoever.

So you don't hang with the homie-sexuals?
No, I ain't into that. Not at all, bro.

OPPOSITE PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: ON RAMPAGE: VELOUR SUIT, $170, BY PELLE PELLE.

ON DIGGA: JACKET, $102, AND JEANS, $84, BOTH BY AZZURE DENIM. TOP, $435, AND BELT, BOTH BY JUST CAVALLI.

ON SHAM: JACKET, $2,495, BY BALLY. JEANS, $190, BY ICE HISTORY BY ICEBERG. BOOTS, $125, BY TIMBERLAND. GLASSES, $230, BY YVES SAINT LAURENT BY SAFILO GROUP.

ON SPLIFF: JACKET, $560, BY KEANAN DUFFTY. SWEATER, $92, BY AKADEMIKS. SHIRT BY SEAN JOHN. HAT, $40, BY KANGOL.

ON BUSTA: COAT, $505, BY ARMANI JEANS.

THIS PAGE: ON BUSTA: BUSHI LETTERMAN SUIT, $2,700, BY RASHEED BOOTH FOR BUSHI DESIGNS. AIR FORCE ONE SNEAKERS, $75, BY NIKE. ON MICHAEL MYERS: GREEN JUMPSUIT, $30, BY DICKIES.

The last time we were chased by a serial killer, we just threw our sister into his path. You know what? It worked!

Shoes on Hooks

Not just any shoes. Skateboarding shoes! Cool skateboarding shoes, on hooks.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX CAO STYLING BY KELLY RAE

1 KAYRON BY DC SHOES, $90
2 QUANDRY II BY ADIDAS, $80
3 PS3 BY PUMA, $70
4 RASP ERS-03 BY EVOS, $88
5 LASEK GS2 BY GENETICS, $95
6 K3 BY ES, $110
7 POLYESTER HI BY AIRWALK, $55
8 RANKED BY DIESEL, $80
9 COOLIDGE BY MECCA, $75
10 2KUNAI 1 PRO BY SUPPA, $76
11 MC RAPP BY ETNIES, $80
12 KINGPIN BY GRAVIS, $65

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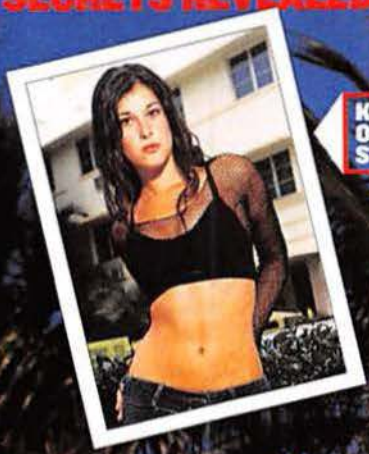
SEX SPY

SECRET'S REVEALED! FLESH EXPOSED!



KRIZIA ON THE STREET...

THE WOMEN OF OCEAN DRIVE

These girls strolled by our hotel in Miami. We took pictures—they took our wallet. Will we ever learn?

Name: **KRIZIA** Age: **19**

Profession: Student

What's underneath her clothes: "I wear a G-string. The other stuff is cute, but it's annoying."

Well, it is the color of royalty... "I don't drink, because I'm crazy enough, but I once tried a purple hooter. Speaking of which, I'd *totally* want to have a purple boob. Hey, it's different."

A nose for sex: "At work, this guy came up to me and said, 'I'm releasing a lot of sexual hormones right now. I'm getting some from you, too, because you're flaring your nostrils at me.'"

Her criminal tendencies: "I like to steal things from restaurants. You know those soy-sauce bowls in Chinese restaurants? I steal those and keep them in my room, but I haven't done it in a while. I should start again."

...AND AFTER THE STUFF TREATMENT

SOUTH BEACH SPECIAL

ANGELA ON THE STREET...

THE WOMEN OF OCEAN DRIVE

Name: **ANGELA DAWN**
Age: **SHE WOULDN'T SAY, SO WE'LL GUESS 42**

Profession: Student and aspiring actress

What's underneath her clothes: "Thongs. It's easier to have underwear that stays in one place."

God is totally down with string bikinis: "If I go on an audition and there's nudity involved for the part, I always turn it down. I'm Christian, and I think it would be going against my values."

But enough about Mike Wallace: "My first kiss was not good. The guy I was with took me by surprise and stuck his tongue down my throat. But I was polite about it and gagged later."

Um, who invited the rebel? "In high school, I threw on jeans and T-shirts every day. Big T-shirts with jeans that weren't even cute!"

On an emerging national crisis: "Britney and Justin were such a perfect, cute little couple. They should get back together. Bad Justin!" —*Stefanie Sandello*

Photography: (Below) Ashley Dingess. (Mini) Charlie Langella. Styling: Andrea Cooker. Hair and Makeup: Carlos Palma at Nicola Bowden Artist Management. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

...AND AFTER THE STUFF TREATMENT

"I Lost 27 pounds with Hydroxycut!"*

*"Before Hydroxycut, I'd tried just about every so-called fat burner known to man – with little or no success. None of them helped me get the results I was looking for. After hearing so much about Hydroxycut, I decided to give it a try. With the help of Hydroxycut in my fat-loss plan, I lost an incredible 27 pounds and trimmed 9½ inches off my waist! Now I have the abs I've always wanted and feel more energetic than ever. My advice to you is simple: don't waste any more time. Use Hydroxycut and get into the best shape of your life – now!"**

– Chris Monberg, California

"I was shocked at how *fast* Hydroxycut worked. In just 8 weeks, I lost 27 pounds and 9½ inches off my waist!"* – Chris Monberg

Chris' results not typical*

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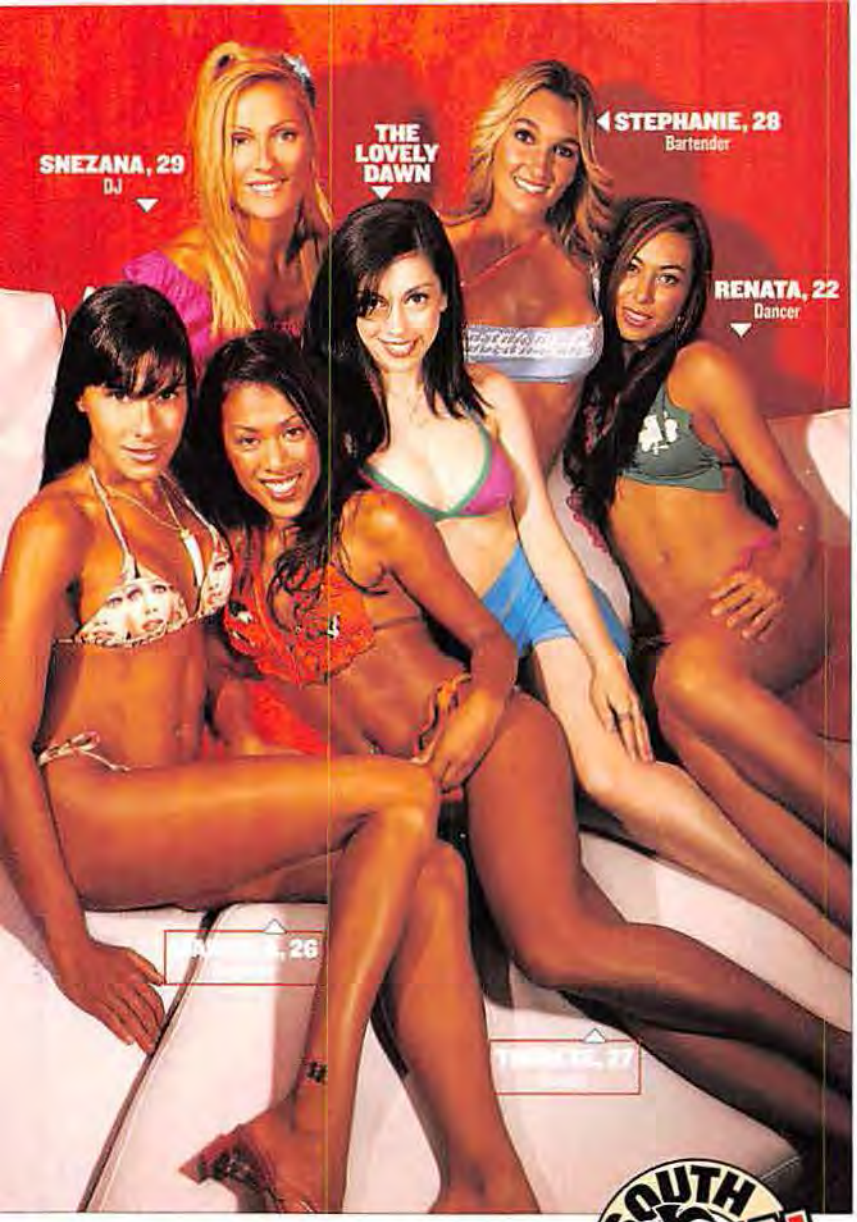


SOUTH BEACH SPECIAL

The Powder Room

PEARLS OF WISDOM

What would make the most beautiful women in Miami undress for you? Hypnosis, maybe. Or the advice of five women from South Beach's trendy Pearl bar. Dawn Yanek got them to reveal all.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEI HARRIS

You want to know what happens when you walk into a great bar filled with really incredible women? You become meat. We talk about why we automatically like you or don't and how you are in bed—and we can tell. Then we decide whether or not to take you for a test drive. To save you endless worry and work, I went to the experts to find out how you can get rave reviews before you even open your mouth: five women who work at Pearl, Miami's upmarket champagne bar and club. These girls get hit on approximately every 2.9 seconds. What you are about to read may amaze and shock you, so drop the hair-dryer and back away from the tub.

SEXSPY

Dawn: So, a guy walks into a bar. What makes you instantly think he's potentially great or lame?

Renata: I tend to like bad boys and guys with attitude.

Marcela: He doesn't have to be the cutest guy, but he has to have a sense of style. I can't stand the khakis-and-golf-shirt guys—they're usually the frat boys who drink out of the bottle even if they're in a really nice place, like our champagne bar. I like funky button-downs. Or if you're wearing shorts, pair them with cool flip-flops.

Snezana: I like someone who's getting into it by himself, dancing on his own and having a good time. It's like, "Here's the party. If you're not with me, you're missing out."

Stephanie: I like them all. You could be in dorky clothes, but if you have confidence and attitude, that's it. I'm like a kid in a candy store: "Wow, look at that one. He's a candy corn. And that one's a big, fat Gobstopper."

Dawn: Yes. Gob must be stopped. Can you tell if someone is good in bed just by looking at him?

Stephanie: If you see a man who savors every bite of a big, juicy steak, that's how he'll treat a woman. But if food's coming out of his mouth and he's chugging wine, he'll treat you like the first porn magazine he had when he was 12.

Marcela: The way he dances. If he's sloppy, no way. If he can dance well, chances are he'll be good.

Renata: The way he holds a cell phone. Like if he flips it open, leans over and just holds it and talks—there's just something manly about it. Also, if he puts his hand on your back lightly, you know he'll be gentle in bed.

Dawn: Being treated like a cell phone sounds... interesting. Does money help, too?

Renata: A guy without money will *never* pick up here. The other night, these guys spent $1,200 just so we could get a table, then bought everything else. But that doesn't mean I'll go home with someone, and I'll tell them that straight out. Guys don't care, though—because we're pretty and we're fun.

Snezana: Everyone's happy: The guys pay for the girls' drinks, and the guys get laid because they attract other girls.

Marcela: If you want a nice relationship, money doesn't matter. You're not going to use your money unless you want the type of girl that money attracts.

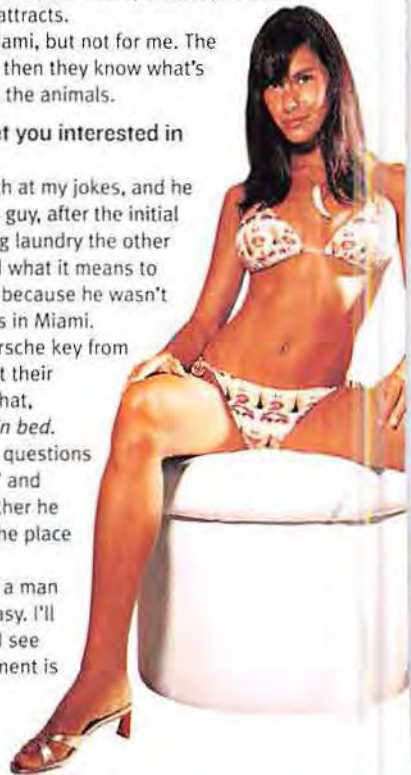
Therese: It is a thing in Miami, but not for me. The poorer, the better, because then they know what's important—like nature and the animals.

Dawn: How can a guy get you interested in spontaneous nudity?

Stephanie: He has to laugh at my jokes, and he has to be sincere. With one guy, after the initial hellos, he said, "I was doing laundry the other day, and I don't understand what it means to tumble dry." It was so cute because he wasn't showing off, which happens in Miami. Everyone's dangling the Porsche key from the finger and talking about their houses. When a guy does that, I think, *He probably sucks in bed.*

Renata: The two dumbest questions are: "Where are you from?" and "What's your name?" I'd rather he just started talking about the place and let it evolve naturally.

Therese: I like the hunt. If a man comes up to you, it's too easy. I'll let it go the first few times I see him out, and when the moment is



"When I'm dancing with someone behind me, I like him to hold on to my waist. It automatically puts sex in your head."

right, we'll talk. If a guy calms down a little bit, he'll get somewhere with me.
Snezana: If you can mind-fuck me first and connect with me on a spiritual level, I'll do the rest later.
Renata: But not too much at first. I like when they're making fun of people and we're just shooting the shit.

Dawn: What will make you go home with someone?
Renata: When I'm dancing with someone and he's behind me, I like him to hold on to my waist. It automatically puts sex in your head. One time, I met a guy who danced so fucking cool, I went back to his hotel room that night.
Stephanie: Kissing. When I hung out with my boyfriend for the first time, we had this really intense kiss. It was so deep and passionate—like an extra hand reaching down my pants. Before I knew it, I was saying, "Let's go to your place."
Marcela: Guys should find a girl in breakup mode. When she wants it, whichever guy is there and does *one thing right*, he can get her. When I was first flirting with my boyfriend, he made a comment that all the women at my job were teases. And I said, "You think so? Come to my house tonight and we'll see about that." I never would've done that otherwise.

Dawn: Have you ever gone for it in the bar?
Snezana: I have, in the DJ booth.
Stephanie: It was after work at another bar-restaurant, and I was in charge of closing. He was a chef and making pizzas, and it was one of those irresistible fantasies. He was kneading the dough, and the next thing you know, the dough was flying and pepperoni was going everywhere.
Marcela: My boyfriend and I had sex in the bathroom a couple of times, but the best was when we first got together. He was my bar back—the guy who gets the bottles and glasses—and one night, just before closing, all of a sudden he came from behind me, pinned me against the wall and started kissing me. We went home that night.
Renata: Never at work. I do have a thing about cars, though. Once, my boyfriend and I went at it while going 110.

Dawn: A real quickie! Does heat make sex better?
Marcela: Yeah. I love really sweaty sex. The beach always gets me going. Whenever I go, I'm horny the whole time. I've done it there a couple of times, and once I thought people were going to start clapping afterward. We were in the water, and I didn't care how high up and down I was going.
Therese: Yeah, when your body's hotter, you're hornier. The sex is more primal. You always want to do it outside here.
Snezana: That's my favorite—in the sun or under the stars. In Miami, you're always on vacation.

Dawn: What about when you're actually on vacation? Are you more likely to have a one-night stand?
Therese: I had a fling in Cyprus a few years ago, but I ended up going back to see him, like, 10 times. Even if I try to have something quick, it always turns into a relationship.

Dawn: What sex advice can you export from Miami?
Marcela: Softly touch me through my underwear, and I can't wait for them to come off.

Snezana: My guy does this incredible thing with his tongue. He just licks my lips and probes my mouth. It's so sensual.
Therese: Sex is about experiencing each other's bodies. This guy put his head against my head, and our heads were rolling together. When we finally had sex, it was amazing because we were so connected.

Dawn: Are we forgetting anything?
Renata: Don't forget to touch my ass. I love that.

Dawn: OK, but later, Renata.

THE BATHROOM TAPES

Flushing out gossip in the ladies' room is dirty business. But, thankfully, this time we didn't need the plunger.

TAPE 1: CROTCH SHOTS
GIRL 1 Holy shit! She grabbed his crotch right on the dance floor!
GIRL 2 Slut!
GIRL 1 The biggest tease going. And you know she's not taking him home.
GIRL 2 You heard about her and Randy?* Last week she came on to him in the hot tub, grabbing him under the water with her feet. In front of everyone!
GIRL 1 Oh, gross!
GIRL 2 He tried to hook up with her, but she blew him off.
GIRL 1 Seriously? That girl has problems. She's gonna get into trouble one day.
GIRL 2 She's asking for it. C'mon, let's go check on the little slut....

TAPE 2: WHAT'S ALL OVER HER ASS
GIRL 1 Promise me you won't let me go home with him.
GIRL 2 That asshole's all over your ass!
GIRL 1 I can't believe he's here. You know how weak I get around him.
GIRL 2 Yeah, but he's an asshole, so stop talking to him.
GIRL 1 I try—I really try. But then he looks at me with those puppy-dog eyes....
GIRL 2 Throw him a bone and let him choke on it. That boy's a *major* dog. Keep away or you'll get rabies.
GIRL 1 Maybe we should go somewhere else before I have a breakdown.
GIRL 2 Let's go. I don't want to see you foaming at the mouth.

TAPE 3: YOU'RE STUPID, STUPID
GIRL 1 I know we both think he's cute, but I've been talking to him for a while and I really like him. Do you mind not flirting with him?
GIRL 2 I can't control who he's gonna like. Let him decide.
GIRL 1 I'm not going to compete with you. That's stupid.
GIRL 2 We're not competing. We're just hanging out. Whatever happens, happens.
GIRL 1 Whatever. I just thought maybe you'd be nice and back off.
GIRL 2 He probably already has a girlfriend. And anyway, do you really think you're gonna meet a great guy in a club?
GIRL 1 You never know.
GIRL 2 Not gonna happen. All they wanna do is get laid. That's why they come here.

TAPE 4: DUMPED FOR SEX
GIRL 1 Wow, that guy can move.
GIRL 2 Yeah, you guys look like you're havin' fun.
GIRL 1 If he can move like that out there, what's he like in bed?
GIRL 2 Take him home and find out.
GIRL 1 I just wanna take him right here. Mind if I leave you and go home with him?
GIRL 2 Hell, no. Go for it! I've got my eye on that cutie pie by the bar. But keep your cell on, just in case. —*Dawn Bruno*

**All names and identifying details have been changed.*

Styling: Andrea Corker. Hair and Makeup: Carlos Palma at Nicola Bowen Artist Management. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page. Photography: (Dawn alone) Rod Spicer.

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SEXSPY

Babes of Yore

SHARON STONE

When she opened her legs? Fantastic. When she opened her mouth? Not so much.

"White is right," said a moviegoing patron who was both a fan of light-colored suits and a racist.

1958 Sharon Stone is born in Meadville, Pennsylvania. A few years later, her neck is sliced in a horseback-riding fall, leaving a huge scar. As for the horse? A three-picture deal with Miramax. Way to turn tragedy into triumph, Mr. Neigh-Neigh!

1980 Has a dialogue-free debut in Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories*. "I looked at her and thought, *I would really like her to kiss me*," says Allen of their first meeting. Of course the delightfully nebbishy director is joking. At 22, Sharon is already too old for him.

1985 Sharon stars in *King Solomon's Mines*. In other news: The Super Bowl–shuffling Chicago Bears proclaim that they're so bad, they know they're good, blowing your minds like you knew they would. We don't argue!

1987–90 Loses roles to Glenn Close and Kim Basinger in *Fatal Attraction* and *Batman*, respectively. Happily, she does end up landing leads in *Action Jackson* and *Police Academy 4*. Did we say *happily*? Somebody get us a competent proofreader!

1990 Sharon costars with Ahnold in *Total Recall*. Her accompanying *Playboy* spread leaves little to the imagination. And trust us when we say we have a good imagination. We create all sorts of fanciful worlds that exist solely within our own minds!

1992 Stars in the hit *Basic Instinct*. Sharon claims director Paul Verhoeven tricked her into filming the cooterific close-up, using the excuse that her panties were creating a camera glare. Stone says he then promised, "No one will know you're not wearing them." "*Bullshit*," coughs Sharon's crotch.

1995 Stone divulges that she'd contracted cancer in 1991. "When I stopped drinking coffee, 10 days later I had no tumors in any of my lymph glands," claims sharing Sharon. After a collective "that's impossible" from the medical community, Stone's publicist states she was merely misdiagnosed and actually had nothing more than a coffee allergy. God bless publicists and the verbal diarrhea they wipe up.

Her legs formed a big *M*. Then she rolled over. Hey, a *W*!

"I made a lot of crap."

1997 On the set of *Sphere*, Sharon says that if it weren't for *Basic Instinct*, she'd be doing "more of the same shit I was doing before. For 15 years I made a lot of crap." Well, thank God for *Sphere*, then. (*Phlllbbbt!* You can stifle a laugh for only so long!)

2000 Sharon sports a shorter, more boyish 'do. And the role that follows? Playing Ellen DeGeneres' life partner in HBO's *If These Walls Could Talk 2*, of course. The director let her work around her softball-coaching schedule!

2001 As a Father's Day gift, Sharon and her newest husband, Phil Bronstein, visit a Komodo dragon, and the lizard bites Bronstein's big toe. Four months later, Sharon has a brain hemorrhage. "Are the two instances related?" you ask. Uh, dude—please tell us you're kidding.

2002 Stars as the narrator in the beloved children's book–turned–animated television series *Harold and the Purple Crayon*. But it's just her voice, not her face. And the reason for this? It's an animated series. Man, wise up. —*Mike Dojc*

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Birthday
November 12, 1978
School
Francis Marion University (South Carolina)
Major
Psychology
Future goal
Work with children who have speech impediments
Miscellaneous
Was bitten by a stripper; worked at Hooters for one day

Women's Studies Applicant No.17

CINDY WEBSTER

Will Cindy win our $4,999 scholarship? Maybe. Will she be shocked and offended by our editor's searing questions? Oh—oh, most definitely.

STUFF: Do people make fun of your breasts?
CINDY: Since high school. My girlfriend's mom started the whole thing. She said my boobs are too high up. She doesn't understand it. She said that at Spring Break in front of a whole group of people. So if they want to embarrass me, they just bring that up.

Do you have constant lower-back pain?
Yeah, my lower back hurts. But I wouldn't go through a reduction—too painful. It's not that bad. It's not like I can't do something on a daily basis. I just stretch and keep my stomach muscles in shape.

Belts go on after pants, silly nilly!

SEXSPY

"One club we went to had the *Girls Gone Wild* guys there."

Why do you want to help kids with speech impediments? Getting made fun of is an important life lesson, don't you know.
Why would you want children to be made fun of? What if that was your child?

Leave him out of this. As a gymnastics instructor, is it your job to kick girls off the team once they start developing?
Girls either have a body for it or they don't. So there are girls who make it to college and get scholarships, and there are girls who start to develop and simply can't do it anymore.

You claim to be a fan of hugs. Do you think that's just a way for guys to cop a cheap feel?
I haven't really thought about it like that.

Don't guys ever prolong the hug or hug too hard?
It doesn't matter what kind of hug. I'm a physical-contact type of person. Everyone I see I like to hug. It's like a hello.

You seem pretty innocent. Would you consider yourself sexually experienced?
Yeah, a little. But I won't just go out to have some fun, sexual experience with somebody. If it's someone I've been with who I really like and I trust, then I'm up for new stuff.

[*Stifling a yawn*] So you *have* had sex?
Yes.

[*Perking up again*] How'd that work out for you?
Pretty good. It relieved a little stress.

Did you "relieve stress" at Mardi Gras this year?
Bourbon Street was really nasty. There were so many guys grabbing all over the women. There were people with their clothes off and nasty stuff on the ground. One club we went to had the *Girls Gone Wild* guys there.

What was that scene like?
Girls do anything. They acted like it was the best thing to be on *Girls Gone Wild*. The guys tell them what to do, and if they do it they get these little tank tops. Girls were lined up to do it. As for me, I stayed up against the bar the whole time. I was kind of in shock.

Have you met a prospective Mr. Right down in South Carolina? Please say no.
I'm not looking to settle down. Guys turn psycho—having to know what you're doing 24/7. One guy ended up at my school hiding behind a tree, watching me to see who I was talking to. If you're dating someone, it shouldn't be a life-controlling situation.

Yeah. Guys can be too possessive *and* too forward. Will you marry me?
What kind of question is that? I've known you for 40 minutes.

Don't make me get psycho on you, Miss Thang!
—Mike Olson

Attention, coed cuties: Send your pics and vitals to *Stuff*, Women's Studies Scholarship, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy Page. For more pics of Cindy, plus a gallery of past applicants, go to StuffMagazine.com.

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– Dr. Nick Evans, MD

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Rat Bear says:
"Check out my cameo in the Bahama Mamas interview on page 88! Don't want to spoil the ending for you, but both the models found my presence during the scenic shoot to be both startling and fairly uncomfortable! Sigh."

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Clothing Credits
Iza Does It p.58–65
Opening image: Panties, $19, by Cosabella (at Cosabella flagship store). Bracelet by Pent Manufacturing (213-484-9770). On hands and knees: Bathing suit, $160, by Rebecca V. (at Flash Swimwear). Bracelet at Red Balls (323-655-3409). In red top: Fishnet top, stylist's own. Boy shorts, $8, by Bella (www.bellainc.com). Cuff by Pent Manufacturing (213-484-9770). Kneeling: Bathing suit, $160, by Rebecca V. (at Flash Swimwear). Bracelet at Red Balls (323-655-3409). In black: Bikini top, $14, by Bella (www.bellainc.com). Arm band by Pent Manufacturing (213-484-9770). On stomach: Panties, $19, by Cosabella (at Cosabella flagship store). Bracelet by Pent Manufacturing (213-484-9770). On boxes: Shirt, $230, by John and He Yang (at Emma Goldila). Bikini bottoms, $86, by Rebecca V. (at Flash Swimwear). Sandals, $330, by Sonia Rykiel (at Diavalina II).

Adult Swim p.72–76
Opening image: Bathing suit, $155, by Zu Swimwear (800-847-0767). Sandals, $169, by BCBG (www.bcbg.com). Ring, $74, by BOJC (at Le Trend Couture, 213-688-1500). Earrings, $95, by Shea Murray (949-678-0429). Necklace, Alexandra's own. Standing: Bikini, $160, by Shelley Caudill (www.shelleycaudill.com). Earrings, Alexandra's own. In black: Corset, $66, and black panties, $20, both by On Gossamer (at Le Petite Coquette, NYC, 212-473-2478). Sandals, $118, by BCBG (at Macy's, 800-957-6229). Bracelet, $30, by Argento Vivo (at Le Trend Acc., 213-624-9566). Necklace, $45, by Dana Tag (at Mindy Lubell). On couch: Bathing suit, $110, by Onda de Mar (www.ondademar.com).

Women of 39th and Sixth p.129–130
On Krizia: Bikini, $216, by Rosa Cha (at the NY Look). On Angela: Bikini, $143, by Zimmerman (at Bloomingdale's). Necklace, $25, by Baby Phat (at Phat Farm, NYC). Bangles, $22 each, by Agatha Paris (at Agatha Paris, NYC, L.A. and Las Vegas).

Powder Room p.132–133
On Snezana: Bikini top, $180, by Rosa Cha (at French Pink, 631-898-0025). Hair comb, $95, by Leah C. (www.leahc.net). On Stephanie: Tube top by Tina Bembry (at Homebrewed, New Jersey). Earrings, $72, by Agatha Paris (800-AGATHA-7). On Renata: Top and bottoms by Tina Bembry (at Homebrewed, New Jersey). Earrings, $72, by Agatha Paris (800-AGATHA-7). On Dawn: Bikini, $160, by Zimmerman (at ARB Associates, NYC, 212-695-2512). Sarong, $227, by Chio (at ARB Associates, NYC, 212-695-2512). Necklace, $88, and ring, $20, both by Agatha Paris (800-AGATHA-7). On Therese: Bikini top by Tina Bembry (at Homebrewed, New Jersey). Bikini bottoms, $115 (part of set), by Rosa Ferrer (at Rosa Ferrer). On Marcela: Bikini, $150, by Rosa Cha (at the NY Look, NYC, 212-245-6511). Shoes, $195, by Charles Jourdan (at CJ Stores, 800-997-2717). Necklace, $60, by Kenneth Jay Lane (at Bergdorf Goodman).

WOMEN'S STUDIES OFFICIAL RULES–NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

How to Enter: To enter, send your name, street address (including apartment number), zip code, daytime telephone number and a recent photograph of yourself to: Stuff's Scholarship Competition, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than July 15, 2002, for inclusion in the June 2002 selection. Dennis Stuff, Inc. is not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, postage-due or late entries. You may enter as often as you like, but each entry photograph must be separately mailed. You must submit an entry each month that you want to participate in the contest; entries submitted in previous months will not be considered. No photocopied, mechanically reproduced or incomplete entries or airbrushed or altered photographs will be eligible.

Eligibility: Open to residents of the United States, 18 years and older. Winner must be enrolled in a school or planning to attend school on or before January 1, 2003. Winners will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, including an affidavit that the entrant has all rights in the photograph submitted, that the photograph is less than six months old, and that the entrant is the person in the photograph submitted. Employees and their families of Dennis Stuff, Inc., its parent companies, subsidiaries, affiliates and their advertising and production companies are not eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations of the United States apply. Void where prohibited or restricted. Participants agree to be bound by these rules.

Winner Selection: Each month, the editors of STUFF will choose one photograph as the most attractive entrant of the month, as determined through their sole discretion. After 12 entrants are chosen, the readers of STUFF will vote for the most attractive of the monthly winners.

Prize/Value: Each month, the monthly winner's photograph will be featured in STUFF Magazine and/or on STUFF's Web site (prize has no monetary value). The person chosen by the readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners will win a grand prize of $4,999.

Notification/Terms: Winner will be notified by mail. Entry constitutes winner's permission to post winner's name in STUFF Magazine and/or on the World Wide Web, and their consent to use his/her name, photograph and/or voice recordings and likenesses for advertising or publicity purposes, in all media, without additional compensation or permission, except where prohibited by law. This competition shall be governed and construed by New York law, and the venue for all controversies will be in state or federal court in New York, New York. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winner. STUFF reserves the right to terminate the contest early, and to award the grand prize to the woman chosen by its readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners already chosen.

Release of Liability: All entrants and winners release Dennis Stuff, Inc., and its parents, affiliates, subsidiaries, wholesalers, retailers, officers, directors, agents, employees and all others associated with the development and execution of this competition from any and all liability with respect to, or in any way arising from, this competition and/or acceptance or use of the prizes, including liability for personal injury, death, damages or monetary loss.

Winners List: For a copy of the Official Rules or the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 by May 15, 2003. (Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where proscribed by law may omit the stamp.)

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ADDITIONAL PHOTO CREDITS

p.8: Gutfeld: Greg Broom; plane: AP; soldier: Turnley/Corbis; Siskel: Steve Granitz/Retna; puppy: Corbis; bean: Getty; mom: courtesy of Greg Gutfeld; Whoopi: Jean-Paul Aussenard/Wire Image. **p.14:** Teletubbies: Retna; Baldwin: Jeff Vespa/Wire Image. **p.16:** Masked "woman": Planet Syndication; cocktails on beach: Image Bank/Getty. **p.20:** Businessman: Mauritius/Index Stock; beach: Getty. **p.22-23:** Airport images (2): Terry Farrell and Partners. **p.24:** Eggs: Stefano Carofei/Gamma; man and shoes: AP; kangaroo: Paul Tyson; ironing board: SuperStock; Eastwood: Sara DeBoer/Retna. **p.26:** Crap machine: AP; can of crap: Globe; chocolate bunny: Corbis; pope: Corbis; giraffe: SuperStock. **p.28:** Kid's head: Index Stock; trash lid: Comstock; eye: BSIP Agency/Index Stock. **p.30:** Prince Albert: Corbis Sygma; Minogue: Liaison; Silvestedt: Liaison; Tyson: Liaison; Shea: Corbis; fish: SuperStock; teapot: Comstock; Seles: AP; kea: Craig Lovell/Corbis; bucket: Corbis. **p.32:** Embarassed man: SuperStock; cockroach: Tom Young/Corbis Stock Market. **p.34:** 1: Brenda Chase/Online; 2: Ron Davis/Shooting Star; 3: Ron Davis/Shooting Star; 4: Jean-Paul Aussenard/Wire Image; 5: Stephen Trupp/Globe; 6: Corbis Sygma; 7: Wally McNamee/Corbis; 8: Liaison; sneakers: IndexStock; wave goodbye: Liaison. **p.40:** DJ Shadow: Stephen Stickler/Corbis Outline. **p.42:** WX: (2): Perou/Camera Press/Retna; Robbins: Sipa Press. **p.44:** Wrestling croc: Everett Collection; with snake: John Barrett/Globe; Brimley: Foto Fantasies. **p.45:** Blue Velvet: Everett Collection; Juwanna monkey: IndexStock; Minority monkey: IndexStock; Deeds monkey: IndexStock; MiB monkey: IndexStock; Fire monkey: Photonica; Perdition monkey: IndexStock. **p.46:** Swamp Thing: Foto Fantasies; Forrest Gump: Everett Collection; Leprechaun: Foto Fantasies. **p.50:** The Wild Bunch: Photofest; on the camera: Photofest; with glasses: John Bryson/Corbis Sygma. **p.52:** Main image: Isabel Snyder/Corbis Outline; gun: Liaison; Rivers: AP; statue: Getty; mitt: courtesy of Rawlings; ball: courtesy of the Baseball Hall of Fame; Mexican baseball: Neal Preston/Corbis. **p.54:** Ivanisevic: Corbis Sygma; Jones and Douglas: Boiserie/Sipa. **p.56:** Drug image: Foto Fantasies; KISS: Neal Preston/Corbis; Dion: Galbraith/Sipa. **p.66:** Ozzy: Vaughn Youtz/Liaison. **p.67:** Tenacious D: Dan Dion/Retna. **p.68:** No Doubt: Brooke Ismach/Wire Image; Mighty Mighty Bosstones: Lawrence Mariano/London Features; New Found Glory: B.J. Papas/Retna. **p.69:** P.O.D.: Kelly A. Swift/Retna; Outkast: Leo Sorel/Retna; The Locust: Sylvia Farago/Retna; Superdrag: Daniel Coston/Retna; Korn: Michael Schreiber/Retna. **p.70:** Crow: David Atlas/Retna; Incubus: Jeffrey Mayer/Wire Image; Primus: Vaughn Youtz/Liaison; String Cheese: Jay Blakesberg/Retna. **p.79:** Cheering soldiers: Liaison; Spears: London Features. **p.80:** Aiming guns: Foto Fantasies; sleeping soldiers: Corbis Sygma. **p.81:** Drinking: Owen Franken/Corbis; shaking hands: Black Star. **p.82:** Hatchetfish: Norbert Wu Photography. **p.83:** Pacific stargazer: Fabio Liverani/Naturepl.com; angelfish: ZEFA/Photonica; wolffish: Bjorn Keller/Photonica; Forrest Gump: Everett Collection; pufferfish: ZEFA/Photonica; cownose ray: Henry Horenstein/Photonica; birdbeak dogfish: Gwen Lowe/Innerspace Vision. **p.84:** Viper eel: Carlos Villoch/Visual and Written; anglerfish: Bruce H. Robison/Minden Pictures; frogfish: Ron Kimball Photography; panamic green eel: Scott Johnson. **p.85:** Pacific stargazer: Scott Johnson; smooth lumpsucker: Josh Roper/Accent Alaska; red scorpion fish: Bob Barber; balloon fish: Clay Wiseman/Animals Animals; skate: Jeff Rotman Photography; tangtooth: Norbert Wu Photography. **p.86:** Thumbs up: Comstock; Forrest: Foto Fantasies; Some Like It Hot: Foto Fantasies. **p.87:** Thelma and Louise: MPTV; The Color of Money: Photofest; Rebel Without a Cause: Neal Peters Collection; Five Easy Pieces: Photofest; Fantasia: Photofest; Crouching Tiger: Kobal Collection; Sunset Boulevard: MPTV; Easy Rider: Shooting Star. **p.94:** Opening image: MPTV. **p.95:** Train: SuperStock; hobo on ground: AP; guy in chair: courtesy of Officer Robert Grandinetti. **p.96:** Girl on tracks: Beltmann/Corbis; all other photos: courtesy of Officer Robert Grandinetti. **p.97:** Silveria in orange: AP. **p.98:** Hobo pointing: Magnum Photos. **p.101:** Film reels: Getty. **p.110:** Godzilla 1: Photofest; Godzilla 2: Foto Fantasies; Godzilla 3: Photofest. **p.111:** MiniCooper images: courtesy of EMAP Automotive, Ltd. **p.121:** Myers: Foto Fantasies. **p.134:** Stone main image: MPTV; standing in slip: Neal Peters Collection; sitting in robe: Foto Fantasies.

Photography: (Dawn) Rod Spicer

COMPETITION RULES

OFFICIAL RULES–NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

TRUE LIES (VOID IN CALIFORNIA)

To enter, send your name, address, daytime telephone number and True Lie to TRUE LIES, STUFF Magazine at 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be received no later than July 15, 2002. Dennis Stuff, Inc. ("DSI") is not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, postage due or late entries. Winner will be selected by the editors of STUFF, whose decisions are final, binding and conclusive on all matters. Odds of winning depend upon the number of eligible entries received. Open to residents of the United States, except California, 21 years of age and older. Employees of DSI, Allied Domecq Spirits & Wine USA, Inc. and E! (collectively, "Sponsors") and any of their parent companies, subsidiaries and affiliates, and their families, are not eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations of the United States apply. Void where prohibited or restricted. By entering this Contest, entrants accept and agree to be bound by these Official Rules. Prize includes two (2) round-trip economy class tickets to a hot spot selected by the Sponsors from the U.S. gateway city closest to winner's home, two nights' accommodation (double occupancy) at a hotel selected by Sponsors, and round-trip transportation between the airport and hotel. (Approximate retail value of prize: $1,500). Travel must be taken between September 19 and 21, 2002. Winner is responsible for all expenses, including taxes, not specifically referred to herein. No transfer or assignment of prize is permitted. The cash equivalent of prize will not be substituted, except at the sole discretion of Sponsors. Guest selected by Winner must be at least 21 years of age. Winner and guest will be required to execute and return an eligibility affidavit/release of liability and publicity release, which must be received within fourteen (14) days of issuance of notification. Failure to comply with these requirements will result in the award of winner's prize to an alternate. Except where prohibited, winner will agree to use of his/her name and likeness for publicity, and the right to edit and publish the entry in STUFF Magazine without additional compensation. Winner and guest release Sponsors and their respective parent and affiliate companies, subsidiaries, alcoholic beverage retailers, distributors/wholesalers and the directors, officers, employees and agencies of the above organizations from any and all liability whatsoever for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind caused by participation in the contest or resulting from acceptance, possession, use/misuse of the prizes. For the names of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF by August 1, 2002. Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where this requirement is proscribed by law may omit stamp.

LETTERS AND STUFF PICKS

Send your name, address, telephone number and entry to STUFF Magazine at 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 by July 15, 2002. Selection of the winning entries is within the sole discretion of the STUFF editors. You must be a U.S. resident to win. Void where prohibited or restricted. Entries will not be returned. Prize consists of an X Games bike and skateboard worth $178 ("Letters"), and $200 worth of Nike Battlegrounds footwear and apparel ("Stuff Picks"). One winner per contest. STUFF reserves the right to edit all entries.

IF YOU'RE IN L.A. ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, AT 7 P.M., COME ON DOWN TO MACY'S BEVERLY CENTER, WHERE STUFF'S SEXPERT, DAWN YANEK, WILL HOST A LIVE 2(X)IST UNDERWEAR FASHION SHOW.

Why should you go? For the special buy-three-get-the-fourth-pair-free incentive and hot girls in underwear—it doesn't get any better.

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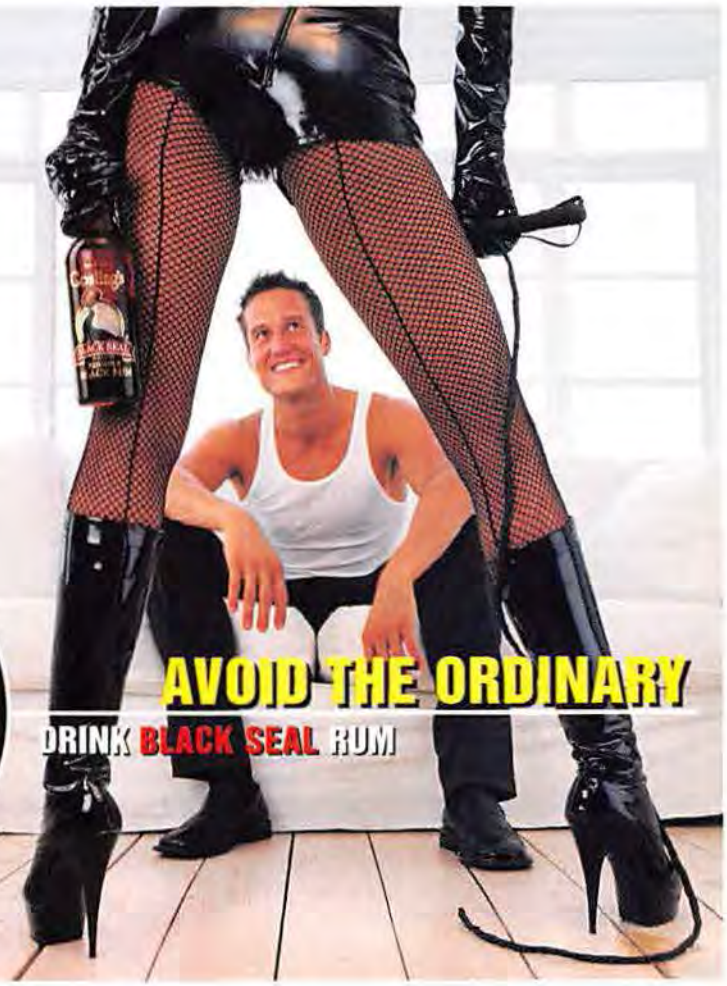

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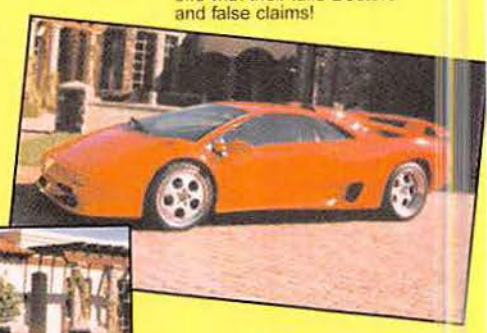
Use Longitude And Win My Lamborghini Diablo!

Longitude- The Original Penis Enlargement Capsule- Don't get ripped-off by knock-offs with their fake Doctors and false claims!



Actual Car In Photos

This Lamborghini has got me more women than I could handle. They just seem to flock to it. It is an incredible machine!

My Lamborghini Diablo is the "SV" model, which is even quicker than the "VT" model. The "SV" blasts from 0 to 60 in just 3.8 seconds and it's still in first gear! Top speed is 200mph!

I'm a car fanatic, so you be assured the car is in "mint" condition. It's a 1998 model with just 3000 miles on it. Not a scratch, ding, or dent. You couldn't tell it from a brand-new one.

My friends say that I'm crazy to give this Diablo away, but I think it'll make a great promotion for Longitude- The penis enlargement capsule that I've created and many try to copy.

Here's how the "Win My Lamborghini" promotion works:

This promotion is valid only to US Residents and you must be at least 18 to participate.

The car will be awarded to the man with the most drastic results using Longitude. Basically, whoever grows the most regardless of total size, wins my prized Lamborghini.

Simply read my ad on the next 3 pages and order a risk-free bottle of Longitude. When the bottle arrives, fill out the entry form and take a few "Before" photos in an erect state.

Keep taking Longitude until you are satisfied with your new growth, then stop. Take a few "After" photos, this time you'll be a lot larger.

Then, simply drop the Before and After photos in the mail along with your entry form. All entries must be received no later than September, 30th, 2002.

My group of judges will review the hundreds of thousands of entries and pick a winner. They'll review the photos for maximum growth percentages and they'll make sure the photos haven't been altered. So, no cheaters please.

That's it. If you're the lucky winner, I'll remove my tags and personal belongings from the car, have it detailed, and shipped to your door at my cost.

I'll also make sure to remove the g-string underwear I found last week underneath the passenger seat.

There's no additional fee to enter this contest, except for the price of the product.

It doesn't matter how long you take Longitude. Two, Three, Four months, or you can go until the September 30th deadline. It's up to you. Just make sure your entry form gets to me no later than September 30th. And the winner is the man with the largest growth from start to finish- not who is simply the largest.

The winner will be notified 2 weeks after the deadline, and then the car will get shipped on it's way to your home.

When the truck pulls up, he'll unload the car, hand you the title and keys then take a quick snapshot of you and the car. Then the car is yours forever!

Can you think of a better way to show women the "new you"? My Lamborghini will get you so many women, you won't believe it! That car has landed me models, strippers, even a famous actress- seriously.

This Diablo game me hundreds of opportunities to show women the results Longitude gave me. Now the car can be yours.

The Ultimate Car, The Ultimate Product. Order Longitude risk-free on the next page and who knows... you may be the new owner of my Lamborghini! Good Luck!

Muscles, Money, and Looks Help, But Women Want A "Bigger" Man

What Do Women Secretly Say Behind Their Lover's Back?

67% of Women Say They're Unhappy With Their Lover's Penis Size!

Herbal Science Breakthrough!

World-Famous Pharmacist Creates *Revolutionary* Herbal Pill That Is Guaranteed To Increase Your Penis Size By 1"... 2"... 3"... or more in just a few short weeks! *(with absolutely no adverse side-effects)*

Dear Fellow Man...

What I'm about to tell you is absolutely true. If you believe me, you will be greatly rewarded for the rest of your life. If you don't believe me... I'll make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

I'm the President of what I believe is, the most advanced Herbal Nutrition Company in the United States. Over the past few years, my company created some incredible, breakthrough products... but this one has been our most successful by far!

Our latest and most *controversial* product is called LONGitude and by simply taking 2 LONGitude capsules every day... it will make your penis grow in both length and thickness by a whopping 26%.

Sounds impossible? Of course it does... but 96% of the men who try LONGitude have great success, growing 1"... 2"... 3"... and more. I myself gained 2 1/8" in just 8 short weeks on LONGitude. I am extremely pleased with this product's performance.

I'm a single guy... so I do date quite often and let me tell you man-to-man... NOTHING, and I mean NOTHING beats the look on my lover's face as she sees it for the first time... watching her gasp... almost in disbelief... with a slight look of fear in her eyes. I can't describe how confident a bigger penis makes me feel!

You Don't Believe Me... Right?

I don't blame you for being skeptical of LONGitude... hell, even when my research team told me they had finally got it right after 3 years of research and testing, I didn't believe it. That's why I tried LONGitude personally.

Let Me Explain How LONGitude Works... It'll Help Convince You...

Your penis has three chambers... 2 large ones on top which are your erectile tissue and one smaller one on the bottom which you urinate and ejaculate from. And...

(next page please...)

Why Settle With Just An "Average" Six-Inches?

When you get an erection, your brain releases a hormone which sends blood to your penis, filling your erectile tissue. The blood cavities in your erectile tissue fill to the maximum, giving you an erection.

Now get this... the maximum your erectile tissue can fill with blood creates the size your erect penis presently is. But here's the breakthrough we've discovered... Your erectile tissue can be developed much larger and stronger than it is with our product LONGitude.

Simply put... your penis is EXTREMELY unfit and smaller than what it could be if your erectile tissue chambers were larger (holding more blood). LONGitude will go to work on these chambers - increasing their size in both length and width... to hold more blood... getting you a few extra inches you wish you were born with.

After just a few days on LONGitude, you will start to see and feel much difference in the way your penis hangs and feels when erect.

LONGitude will also promote increased sensitivity... getting you more "feelings" during intercourse, enabling you to achieve ROCK HARD erections ANY time you desire.

LONGitude will give you a more muscular look, surely standing apart from other penis... A penis your lover will remember for the rest of her life!

Here's What You Can Expect To Happen Taking LONGitude:

Week 1-3: Your penis will experience greater and longer lasting erections and a noticeable increase in thickness.

Week 4-8: Your penis will have grown in length and will possess much more thickness in both- erect and flaccid states.

Week 9+: Your penis will have taken on a new body, not just longer and thicker, but much harder and healthier.

100% Natural & Safe LONGitude Will:

- ***Strengthen and harden your erections like a length of STEEL PIPE!***
- Develop your PC Muscle to form a truly "muscular" looking penis that will impress and arouse your lover. I guarantee they'll brag to their friends.
- ***Enlarge your penis 1-4" or more AT HOME, without vacuum pumps, weights, or surgery.***
- Intensify your orgasms.
- ***Achieve more powerful thrusting ability.***
- Last as long as you want without drugs.
- ***Achieve ROCK HARD erections any time you want... your lover won't believe it!***
- Safely and Permanently enhance your penis size, strength, and ability without expensive and dangerous pumps, weights, drugs, or surgery.
- ***And much, much more!***

When you feel you are at your peak performance level in penis size and mass... you'll have a new found confidence... knowing you can please any woman more than any other man could - no matter how hard he tried!

It's pretty simple to understand... the size of your erectile tissue chambers is what limits your penis to the size it is now. LONGitude painlessly makes these chambers longer and wider, holding more blood... making your penis several inches longer.

90% Of Men Have A 6" Penis... That's The Average Size LONGitude is made for men that are NOT HAPPY WITH AVERAGE!

You don't want to make an average income... live in an average home... drive an average car... why settle for an average penis... especially since it is inexpensive and safe to have some serious machinery between your legs.

Try LONGitude without risk... here's how:

A One-Month supply of LONGitude (60 capsules) costs just $59.95 plus shipping. Get yourself a bottle right now by calling 1-800-518-3492 with your credit card, 24 hours a day - 7 days a week. We'll rush you off a bottle of LONGitude... try them as recommended- just 2 easy-to-swallow capsules per day.

You're Guaranteed To See An Increase Of ONE FULL INCH in 30-Days Or You Pay NOTHING!

If after trying LONGitude for 30-days, you do not experience a FULL INCH in length and a noticeable increase in thickness, simply send the bottle back to us and we'll refund 100% of your money - even the shipping fees you've incurred! No questions asked!

How Can We Be So Generous?

Be The Biggest Man Your Lover Has Ever Had!

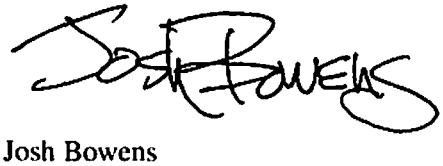
Easy- with a 96% success rate... we're more than confident it'll work for you... with amazing results that almost defy belief! Think about it... standing in the mirror with a penis 1"... 2"... 3" larger... or more. That would be something, wouldn't it?

You bet it would. And with our 30-Day NO GROW-NO PAY guarantee, where *we'll even refund your shipping cost*... you have absolutely nothing to lose!

I know you may still be skeptical... but all I want you to do is "try" LONGitude... I won't consider this purchase binding until after 30-days. Can it really work for you? You'll never know unless you give it a try. Look- pass up on this offer and 30-days from now, you'll simply be a month older with the same penis you have now... or you can be on enjoying a new life as thousands of other men are... many inches longer. **You decide**.

And by the way... LONGitude will be *discreetly* billed to your credit card under CP DIRECT and it is shipped in a plain box, with only our return address on the label.

Thank You,



Josh Bowens
CP NUTRITIONALS DIRECT
Call 1-800-518-3492 to "try" LONGitude risk-free for one month

PS: In a recent survey conducted by Durex Condoms, 67% of women said that they are unhappy with the size of their lover's penis. Proof that size does matter! A larger penis has much more surface area and is capable of stimulating more nerve endings, providing more pleasure for you and your partner. A man endowed with a 7" or 8" penis is simply better *"equipped"* than a man with a 5" or 6" penis. Would you rather have more than enough to get the job done... or fall short. It's totally up to you.

PPS: A special bonus if you are one of the first 250 men to try LONGitude risk-free... You'll receive FREE membership into our Preferred Customer Club where you'll receive a $20 discount off every future bottle of LONGitude. In addition, so you do not go a day without our capsules, you'll automatically receive a new 30-day supply every month and we'll bill you just $39.95, plus shipping - that's $20 OFF the retail price. Trust me- after a week on LONGitude you will not want to live a day without this product until you reach your optimum length. Once you reach your optimum length in about 3 months, call us and we'll stop sending automatic shipments. There is no minimum amount of bottles to buy and you can cancel shipments at any time. And if you take us up on our 30-day money back guarantee, your credit card will never be billed again.

PPPS: This breakthrough product will make your penis grow, and grow until you decide it's the perfect size. When it reaches it's optimum size, stop taking LONGitude. You do not have to take LONGitude ever again- the results are permanent. Most users stop taking LONGitude once they reached 8" to 9" (about 12 weeks). It is not advised to go past the 9" limit for the simple fact that you'll be too big for many women.

Here's Some Of The Most Common Questions New Users Have:

What Is LONGitude?
LONGitude is a 100% safe and natural formula that is guaranteed to increase penis size by an average of 26%.

How Does LONGitude Work?
LONGitude permanently enlarges your two erectile tissue chambers in your penis to hold more blood during an erection... thus, making your penis much, much larger in size.

Are Their Any Negative Side-Effects?
Absolutely zero. A positive side-effect is that you'll be more sensitive, enjoying intercourse more.

How Do I Take LONGitude?
Simply take 2 easy to swallow capsules every day.

How Long Can I Expect My Penis To Get?
Measure yourself during full erection and add 26% - that is the average size increase. LONGitude will continue to work the longer you use it.

How Long Will It Take To Work?
LONGitude will start working instantly, making your penis thicker and erect more often. Length growth starts a few weeks later and the total process usually takes 12 weeks.

How Long Should I Take LONGitude?
Take it until you get to 8" or 9". After you get to this size, we advise you stop taking it. Any longer of a penis would be too large for most women to handle.

What Are The Ingredients of LONGitude?
LONGitude is a proprietary blend of the following 100% safe and natural ingredients: Zinc, 300 Yohimbe, Maca, Catuaba, Muira Pauma, Oyster Meat, L-Arginne, Oat Straw, Nettle Leaf, Cayenne, Pumpkin Seed, Sarsaparilla, Orchic Substance, Licorice Root, Astragalus, Tribulus, Boron, and Ginseng.

To *"try"* LONGitude risk-free for an entire 30-days, call TOLL-FREE 1-800-518-3492 (anytime 24 hours a day) *or...* Go to www.longitudecapsules.com to order online and to view some *DRAMATIC* before and after photos!!!

"I know just the place."

Photography: Damien Dorck.

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Now, total comfort
whether you
shave down or up—
even against the grain.
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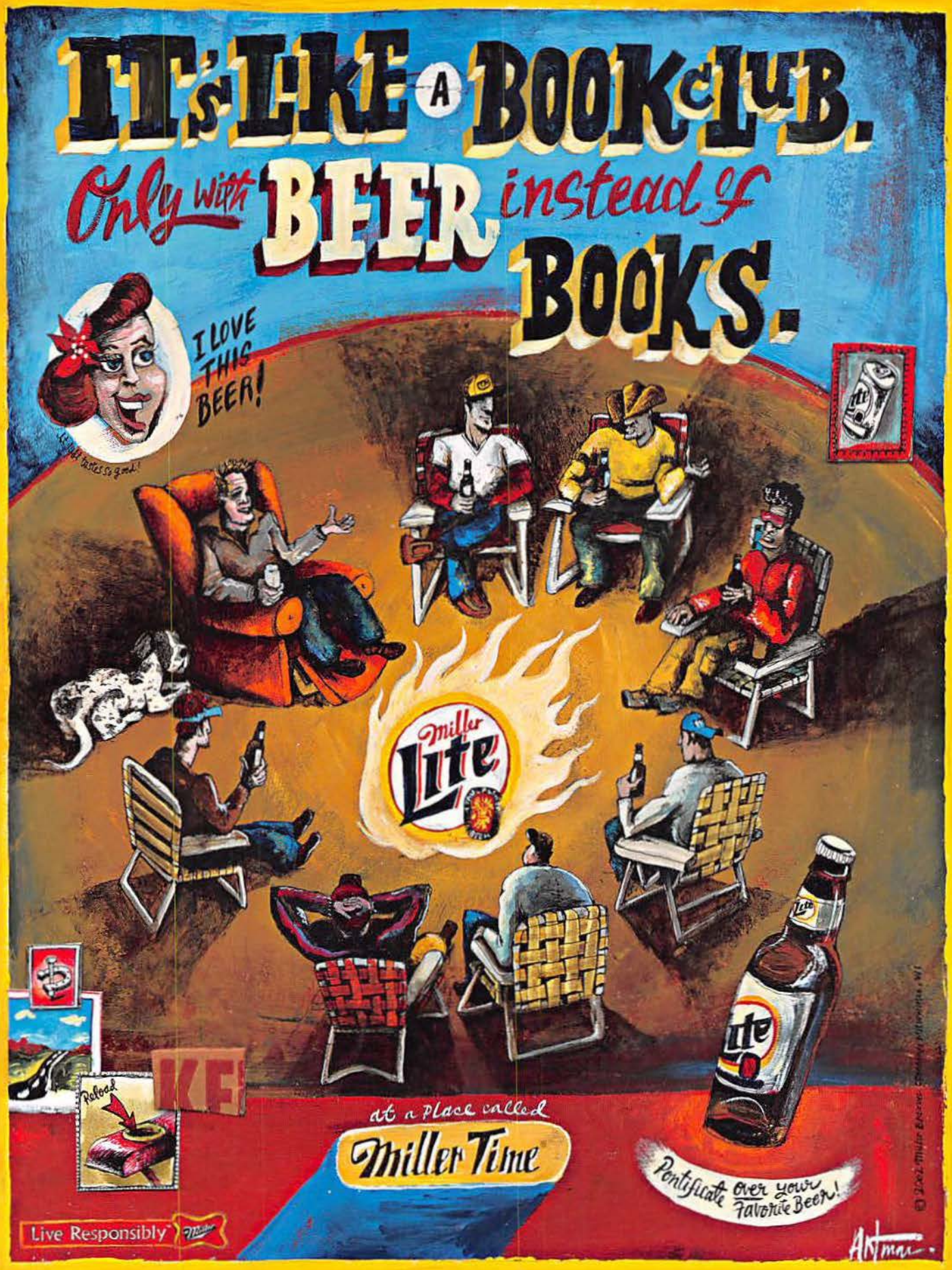
IT'S LIKE A BOOK CLUB.
Only with BEER instead of BOOKS.
I LOVE THIS BEER!
It just tastes so good!
Miller Lite
at a place called
Miller Time
Pontificate over your favorite Beer!
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